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PRÉCIS-WRITING

*A MODERN COURSE, INCLUDING PARAPHRASING AND
NARRATIVE-WRITING, WITH WORKED EXAMPLES*

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PREFACE.

THIS book forms a course in Précis-Writing, Paraphrasing, and other exercises in Composition, intended primarily for the use of candidates for University Matriculation and School Certificate Examinations, and for the Civil Service.

The first six chapters deal with Précis-Writing, including précis of prose and verse passages and of correspondence, and cover the requirements of examinations of the standard of the First School Certificate and Matriculation, and the lower and intermediate grades of the Civil Service. The copious material provided for practice in these chapters includes exercises of very varied character and difficulty.

The remaining three chapters are on Paraphrasing, Exercises involving Paraphrasing, and Narrative-Writing, by which is meant the expansion into readable narrative of brief notes of an incident, or of such matter as extracts from a ship's log, or diary jottings. They deal with the miscellaneous exercises in expression which are commonly set by examiners in English. These sections are designed especially to meet the needs of candidates for the Civil Service, but they also give excellent composition practice for the general student.

In addition to explaining the theory of the various subjects included, the authors have provided fully-worked examples of every type of exercise. These, in conjunction with the explanatory comments, should prove particularly useful to the private student.

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CHAPTER I.

THE NATURE OF PRÉCIS-WRITING.

1. The nature of a *précis* is indicated by the name itself, which is derived from the French *précis*, meaning "precise." To make a *précis* of a given passage is to extract its main points, and to express them as clearly and in as few words as possible. In fact, a *précis* is just a straightforward statement of the bare facts without any unnecessary trimmings.

2. It is not only of long passages that it is possible to make a *précis*; as a rule, both in speaking and in writing, there is a tendency to use more words than are absolutely necessary, and the result is that even a short sentence may often be capable of more precise expression. For example, the sentence "He is always recklessly spending more money than he can afford" means, in essence, no more than "He is extravagant."

A clause, too, may often be condensed into a phrase: thus "when the first rays of the sun were beginning to dispel the darkness" is equivalent to "at dawn." Even a phrase may be expressed in fewer words—perhaps in one word: "in the near future" is the same as "soon." Similarly, a compound sentence can often be condensed by the conversion of its two clauses into one: "I was robbed of all my money; and for that reason I was unable to proceed" becomes: "Having been robbed of all my money, I could not proceed."

3. The fact is that there are always two methods of expressing one's meaning—a short one, and a longer, more ornamental one. The short one is not necessarily the better, for a writer may have perfectly good reasons for using more words than the bare minimum—he may aim at greater variety, or greater beauty; but there are occasions when we want to sum up what such a writer has said—that is, to express his meaning in the short form, and to do that is the same thing as to make a *précis* of it.

Thus we see that the précis is merely an alternative method of expression. When a man writes, "He suffers from an inability to tell the truth," he is simply using a more polished way of stating, "He is a liar," and the latter sentence may be called a précis of the former.

4. The first essential, then, in making a précis is to understand the original passage clearly. When that is done, it is possible to begin the task of stating the meaning in the shorter form, but any attempt to make a précis before the whole of the original has been thoroughly grasped is bound to fail. Indeed, to begin otherwise is to show ignorance of the very nature of précis-work. Précis does not consist merely in omitting words and phrases—that is, in the use of an editorial blue pencil. However skilfully such work is carried out, it is only lopping the branches, whereas, to keep the metaphor, what is wanted is not a tree that has been trimmed, but a miniature of the tree.

5. Nor can a précis be made by taking the original clause by clause, or sentence by sentence, although each clause and sentence may, as shown above, be capable of condensation. Such a method would ignore the unity of the original passage: it would be as ridiculous as trying to make a smaller chair by sawing lengths off a bigger one and joining together again the pieces left. Any well written passage is an organic whole and cannot be taken as the mere sum of its separate parts.

6. The précis, in fact, is an entirely fresh statement; it need not follow the wording of the original at all, and very often the fewer the words of the original that are retained, the clearer the new version will be. The following example will serve to show what a different form the précis may assume:—

Original.—The fact that our army was in every respect a better fighting force than the enemy's, possessing larger numbers, more modern equipment, braver soldiers, and more experienced officers, accounted for the swiftness with which we drove the foe from his position, and won the day.

This passage mentions the victory, the swiftness of the victory, and the reason for the victory, and only these points are needed in a précis. The detail that the victory

consisted in driving the enemy from his position is unnecessary ; further, the original enumerates so many ways in which the one army was superior to the other that it seems roughly true that it was superior in all respects, and therefore the details can be dispensed with. Thus we have as our précis the following :—

Précis.—Our swift victory was due to the all-round superiority of our army.

7. This shows us on a small scale what a précis of a simple concrete statement is like, and if we take a short piece of abstract reasoning we shall find that it involves just the same kind of treatment. Let us consider the following paragraph as an example :—

Original.—Speech is a great blessing, but it can also be a great curse, for, while it helps us to make our intentions and desires known to our fellows, it can also, if we use it carelessly, make our attitude completely misunderstood. A slip of the tongue, the use of an unusual word, or of an ambiguous word, and so on, may create an enemy where we had hoped to win a friend. Again different classes of people use different vocabularies, and the ordinary speech of an educated man may strike an uneducated listener as showing pride ; unwittingly we may use a word which bears a different meaning to our listener from what it does to men of our own class. Thus speech is not a gift to use lightly without thought, but one which demands careful handling : only a fool will express himself alike to all kinds and conditions of men.

Here we have a little talk on speech. The writer admits that speech is a valuable gift, but he points out that, to be understood, we must be careful how we speak. He illustrates his meaning by referring to two ways in which we may make ourselves misunderstood : the first is through carelessness in the use of words, and the second is through disregarding the fact that different classes speak differently. In mentioning these two ways he goes into more detail than is absolutely necessary. Then he concludes by repeating his first remark in a different way, to emphasise the need of careful speech.

Thus the essence of his meaning is that, though speech is a valuable gift, it must be used carefully because for two reasons it is possible for our use of words to make us misunderstood. Those two reasons we shall, in our précis, give baldly without

the writer's amplifications ; and his ending, since it echoes his beginning, we shall omit. Thus our précis will be as follows :—

Précis.—Speech is a valuable gift, but, if we are to make ourselves understood, we must use it carefully, since we may distort our meaning not only by the careless use of words, but by ignoring the fact that words do not always mean the same thing to different people.

8. From the preceding remarks, then, it should be clear that the making of a précis is very far from being a mechanical process, but that it is an intellectual process involving the translation of an idea from one form to another. Indeed it is a process akin to translation from one language to another. In translation a dictionary is merely an aid, and a good rendering can only be made by one who has grasped the general meaning, and who appreciates the spirit of the original. It is the same in writing a précis, with the addition that the new version must be much more concise.

9. To test how far you have succeeded in following the thought of a passage you should attempt to give to the passage a title expressive of its theme, and, when there is more than one idea in it, to state as shortly as possible each idea. You should, in fact, be able to do this clearly and accurately before proceeding to the next step of making a complete précis.

10. The application of this process to the following passage will serve as an illustration :—

Original.—When our childhood has fallen behind us and taken on some of the glamour of distance, we often ransack our memories in order to call up to our mind's eye the picture of the children we were. Then we are surprised to discover how little we remember of our earliest days ; they have gone for ever and seemingly have left nothing behind them. All is lost in haze, and no definite image rewards our efforts to recapture the incidents of infancy.

Some, however, can recall more than others : one man may remember something that happened when he was only a child of two, while another may find his memory blank—a clean sheet of paper as far as anything is concerned which befell him before he was five. Yet perhaps, as regards things generally, the memory of the latter may be stronger than that of

the former : it is only in regard to his early childhood that the first man's memory is stronger.

To account for these variations is not easy ; there are so many factors to be taken into account. Nature and circumstances have to be considered. One man may be markedly introspective, unconsciously looking into himself from his earliest days ; another may have had an accident which could not fail to impress itself on his memory. Again, one man may remember earlier events because his memory is a visual one, while another looks not so far back because his memory is more of the mind and a child's mind is of slower development than his sight.

The general theme of the above passage can be expressed in the title, " Our memory of our childhood," and there are three leading ideas, each embodied in a separate paragraph :—

- (1) We remember little of our earliest days ;
- (2) The memory of some extends farther back than that of others ;
- (3) Variations in our memory of childhood are due to our nature and early circumstances.

In this title and these summaries we have an outline précis, but, in making the précis itself, they must be used only as a guide and not as a framework. That is, we must not take the summary of these three ideas, and start to build them up into the concise expression which is required of the whole passage. Our preliminary process has been merely one of making sure that the original has been clearly understood. That ascertained, the new expression of the entire meaning in concise form must be undertaken afresh. When it is completed, we can turn again to the summary to make sure that the new version has embodied the leading ideas. A précis of the above piece might be as follows :—

Précis.—When, in later years, we look back to our earliest days, we find that we remember very little. The memories of some, however, go back farther than those of others, although it is not necessarily the strongest memories that do so ; it is the nature of a man, and his early circumstances, that determine the extent of his memory.

EXERCISE I.

1. (i) Substitute a noun for each of the following phrases :—
(a) A baby still too young to speak.

- (b) A very small but detailed portrait.
- (c) One who is guilty of taking for himself what belongs to others.
- (d) A wild, roaring wind, sweeping on at fifty miles an hour.
- (e) An instance upon which one can fall back in order to justify a course of action.
- (f) The glorious source of light and life.
- (g) The feeling that one is quite capable of dealing effectively with a situation.

(ii) Substitute an adjective for each of the following groups of words in italics :—

- (a) He was a man *in whom one could place every confidence*.
- (b) The water was *full of floating particles of earth*.
- (c) His tale was *altogether too strange to be believed*.
- (d) A workman *who is capable of doing all that his task involves is one whose value it is impossible to overestimate*.
- (e) *Liable at any time to fail to fulfil his promises—that was the opinion of him which everyone held*.
- (f) Men *who are incapable of acting with discretion and deliberation* are no use as spies.
- (g) A judge at a trial must be *uninfluenced by any opinions which he may have previously formed*.

(iii) Substitute an adverb for each of the following groups of words in italics :—

- (a) He writes *in such a way that his thoughts are perfectly easy to follow*.
- (b) I have seen him *not once or twice, but several times*.
- (c) Answer me *without making your tale unnecessarily long or detailed*.
- (d) Rise *with the lark*, and prepare for the journey, *taking care not to make the least noise*.
- (e) The guns fired *with varying intervals between the bursts of shells*.
- (f) He served his master *to the disregard of all his own interests and desires*.
- (g) *Before a second had elapsed* he leapt over the wall—*the last thing anyone would have expected him to do*.

2. State in as few words as possible the essential idea of each of the following sentences :—

- (a) Those who love what is beautiful cannot fail to be impressed by the wonderful rich pageantry of Nature in the woods when, with the passing of summer, the leaves flaunt their gold and scarlet and red and bronze like a vast mantle.
- (b) A man who has specialised in a particular branch of study is not always capable of giving the public the fruits of his researches in a

form which is praiseworthy from the point of view either of literary style or of lucid exposition.

- (c) If we are to keep ourselves really healthy, we must not let a day pass without our taking some form of exercise.
- (d) It is useless to entrust to another any task which we want performed particularly well, for, unless we do it ourselves, we are sure to be disappointed, because none can understand as well as ourselves the exact thing we desire to be done.
- (e) When we gain a victory easily, or find our desires fulfilled at the mere asking, or have more than enough money to buy anything on which we set our hearts, we are inclined to undervalue the victory or the possession, as though the ease with which we have obtained it has taken the edge off our pleasure.
- (f) There are dogs of many breeds—terriers, spaniels, bull-dogs, toy dogs, and a long list more—and dogs of many tempers, some cunning, some vicious, some treacherous, some gentle, some rough; but if we were asked to say what we considered the outstanding quality of dogs as a species we should be very near the truth if we said that it is faithfulness, an unswerving devotion to and love for their owners, and we should be able to quote countless instances in which this faithfulness has been strikingly shown.

3. Give the substance of each of the following passages concisely in one sentence :—

- (a) The blossom-laden fruit-trees in May are a beautiful sight, but to the fruit-grower they are a source of great anxiety. In the warm sun the fruit quickly forms, but then comes the night and, with the uncertainty of an English May, perhaps a sharp frost. The result is that the promise is blighted, and one or two such frosts may mean an almost fruitless season.
- (b) Every summer we read of people being drowned while bathing. The victims of these tragedies are perhaps more often than not swimmers—at least, they can swim sufficiently well to save themselves in any but very difficult circumstances. The reason why they are drowned is that they have not enough confidence in themselves, but, as soon as they get into difficulties, lose their heads, dash wildly about, exhaust themselves, and perhaps struggle madly with those who attempt to save them.
- (c) He was an old, bent man, the kind of man whose exact age it is impossible to guess, but whom we must be content to call aged. I met him on the road to Newmarket one bright Spring morning, or perhaps it would be truer to say that he met me, for, as I was walking along lost in thought, he pounced on me with an agility

amazing in a man of his years. Would I give him a coin—a copper to help a poor old fellow on his way? I hesitated. What should I do? What ought I to do? I was in a hurry, and so I picked out the first coin I found in my pocket, a silver one, gave it him without a word and hastened on.

- (d) What is a home without children? It is like a summer day without sunshine, or a man without a smile. We want an excuse to play, a justification for doing foolish things and romping about as if we were not serious men and women, and the games and laughter and high spirits of children give us the justification we need. They bring sunshine into our lives, for they are a ceaseless fount of merriment, dissolvers of care, deniers of boredom.
- (e) He will not be able to come this month as we had hoped. The fact is that he has caught scarlet fever, and, although he is now convalescent, it will not be possible for him to make the journey here for a few weeks. All being well, however, I think we may expect him in May.

4. Supply a title for each of the following passages, and, without giving a complete précis, make a skeleton summary by setting down brief headings indicating the main points in the extract:—

- (a) The show of war was calculated to rouse the martial spirit of Ojeda. He brought his ships to anchor, ordered out his boats, and provided each with a paterero or small cannon. Besides the oarsmen, each boat contained a number of soldiers, who were told to crouch out of sight in the bottom. The boats then pulled in steadily for the shore. As they approached, the Indians let fly a cloud of arrows, but without much effect. Seeing the boats continue to advance, the savages threw themselves into the sea, and brandished their lances to prevent their landing. Upon this, the soldiers sprang up and discharged the patereroes. At the sound and smoke, the savages abandoned the water in affright, while Ojeda and his men leaped on shore and pursued them. The Carib warriors rallied on the banks, and fought for a long time with a courage peculiar to their race, but were at length driven to the woods, at the edge of the sword, leaving many killed and wounded on the field of battle.

On the following day the savages were seen on the shore in still greater numbers, armed and painted, and decorated with war-plumes, and sounding defiance with their conches and drums. Ojeda again landed with fifty-seven men, whom he separated into four companies and ordered to charge the enemy from different directions. The Caribs fought for a time hand to hand, displaying

great dexterity in covering themselves with their bucklers, but were at length entirely routed, and driven with great slaughter to the forests. The Spaniards had but one man killed and twenty-one wounded in these combats—such superior advantage did their armour give them over the naked savages. Having plundered and set fire to the houses, they returned triumphantly to their ships, with a number of Carib captives; and made sail for the mainland.
(Washington Irving.)

- (b) I have always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities; and the reason is obvious. They are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favourable to the engendering of self-conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrescences of overwrought refinement; and though their baneful influence has indeed penetrated to the country and corrupted men there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known.

(Borrow: *Bible in Spain*.)

- (c) The once universal practice of learning by rote is daily falling into discredit. All modern authorities condemn the old mechanical way of teaching the alphabet. The multiplication table is now frequently taught experimentally. In the acquirement of languages, the grammar-school plan is being superseded by plans based on the spontaneous process followed by the child in gaining its mother tongue. Describing the methods there used, the *Reports on the Training School at Battersea* say:—"The instruction in the whole preparatory course is chiefly oral, and is illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature." And so throughout. The rote-system, like all other systems of its age, made more of the forms and symbols than of the things symbolised. To repeat the words correctly was everything; to understand their meaning, nothing; and thus the spirit was sacrificed to the letter. It is at length perceived that, in this case as in others, such a result is not accidental but necessary—that in proportion as there is attention to the signs, there must be inattention to the things signified.
(Herbert Spencer.)

- (d) In the centre of this battery stands the tomb of Moore, built by the chivalrous French, in commemoration of the fall of their heroic antagonist. It is oblong and surmounted by a slab, and on either side bears one of the simple and sublime epitaphs for which our rivals are celebrated, and which stand in such powerful contrast with the bloated and bombastic inscriptions which deform the walls of Westminster Abbey:—

“ John Moore,
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES,
SLAIN IN BATTLE
1809.”

The tomb itself is of marble, and around it is a quadrangular wall, breast-high, of rough Gallegan granite; close to each corner rises from the earth the breech of an immense brass cannon, intended to keep the wall compact and close. These outer erections are, however, not the work of the French, but of the English Government.

Yes, there lies the hero, almost within sight of the glorious hill where he turned upon his pursuers like a lion at bay and terminated his career. Many acquire immortality without seeking it, and die before its first ray has gilded their name: of these was Moore. The harassed general, flying through Castile with his dispirited troops before a fierce and terrible enemy, little dreamed that he was on the point of attaining that for which many a better, greater, though certainly not braver man, had sighed in vain. His very misfortunes were the means which secured him immortal fame—his disastrous route, bloody death, and finally his tomb on a foreign strand, far from kin and friends. There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of this tomb, and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe. Immense treasures are said to have been buried with the heretic general, though for what purpose no one pretends to guess. The demons of the clouds, if we may trust the Gallegans, followed the English in their flight, and assailed them with water-spouts as they toiled up the steep winding paths of Fuencebaddon; whilst legends the most wild are related of the manner in which the stout soldier fell. Yes, even in Spain immortality has already crowned the head of Moore—Spain, the land of oblivion, where the Guadalete flows.

(Borrow: *Bible in Spain*.)

- (e) It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. “It is

very late," wrote Papal Nuncio; "and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The solicitor for the Bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly jurymen with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room: but nothing certain was known.

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way; but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied; and he should not acquit the Bishops. It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed: but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

(Macaulay: *History of England*.)

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES AND METHOD OF PRÉCIS-WRITING.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

11. The previous chapter has stressed the fact that précis-writing is essentially an intellectual, and in no way a mechanical process. In such examples, however, as have so far been given, little more than commonsense has been necessary. But when one comes to tackle longer passages, one cannot proceed satisfactorily without a grasp of certain general principles.

12. The aim of a précis, as we have said, is to extract the essentials of a given passage, and to present them concisely ; in addition, the précis must itself be written in good literary form : the effort to be concise must not result in abrupt transitions of thought, inadequately connected sentences, or a telegraphic omission of links.

13. Most writers give us more than is absolutely necessary for the understanding of their main idea. They do so partly to enforce what they have to say by means of illustration and comparison, partly to make their matter more pleasing by the added grace of a literary treatment, and partly because to keep constantly to the bare essentials would be uninteresting and monotonous.

But as a summary is concerned only with the essentials, we have in précis-writing the task of disentangling them from what has been, for these various reasons, added. Or, on a bigger scale, a précis may consist in the extraction of what is essential from among a mass of subsidiary detail, as for example in an official correspondence on a particular question ; or it may resemble the judge's summing up in a court of law. But précis-writing is always definable as " giving the essentials

in the fewest words"; in fact, it reminds us of the mathematician's definition of a straight line as "the shortest distance between two points."

14. The ability to make a good précis is therefore a valuable acquirement. It means that we can get to the heart of any matter, however involved it is in detail, and can make a clear and concise statement about it so that anyone can grasp in a moment the main points. A good précis will give the outline of a narrative, the important threads of an argument, the gist of a correspondence or of a committee's report, and so on, without any irrelevant matter. Such a summary has an obvious practical value, and the practice of getting at these essentials is no less valuable: it trains one to think clearly, to sift one's material, and to express oneself pointedly.

15. The general principles to be borne in mind in all précis-work may be summed up under the headings **selection, perspective, order, conciseness, clearness, smoothness, unity**: they are the Seven Lamps of Précis-writing, and they must receive very careful attention.

16. The process of **selection** is that which has already been indicated in the advice to sum up the contents of the given passage under comprehensive headings. Obviously the matter must first have been thoroughly mastered; only then can you determine what is essential to the understanding of what the writer is saying, and what is not.

In fact, it can hardly be too often repeated that to begin before the meaning is perfectly clear in your own mind is merely to make certain that your précis will be less clear, and not clearer than the original. To read the passage a third or even a fourth time in order to understand it perfectly is not waste of time, but plain commonsense; further, during each reading, the mind will unconsciously be selecting the salient features.

17. As an aid to this process it will be found helpful to underline the chief words or sentences. That can be done on the second reading. Then, as you read the passage the third

time, you must ask yourself of each sentence that is not underlined such questions as, "Is it true that this adds nothing essential? Is it necessary for the argument? Is the whole clear without it?"

As thus explained, this scrutiny may sound a formidable process, but with very little practice it will soon become almost subconscious. Yet whether you proceed in this selection deliberately or achieve it subconsciously, the selection must be made. Nothing irrelevant or unessential must be retained.

18. An example of the kind of thing which this selective process will at once eliminate may be seen in the following passage discussing the instinct of expansion in man.

"The instinct of expansion is one of the most vital instincts in man. It is an essential factor in his development, and is, indeed, as important to man as light is to the vegetable kingdom."

Now the simile which compares the importance of the instinct to that of light is an illustrative one: it emphasises the idea and makes it clearer. But the comparison is not absolutely necessary: we have been told that the instinct is vital and essential, and the addition or omission of the comparison makes no difference. Therefore in the précis it will have no place. In fact, it is a general rule in this process of selection that comparisons, particular examples, and illustrative similes are to be omitted.

19. Next in importance to the selection, and indeed inseparable from it, is the process of securing the true **perspective**. All the important points are not equally important. It is even possible to write a précis which omits nothing that is important and rejects all that is not, and which is yet a bad précis because it loses the perspective: it does not make the central idea stand out, but puts it on a level with other ideas which should be subordinated to it.

The reader of such a précis is worse off than if he had had to read the original for himself. He is like a traveller whose map has no contours to show him which is a mountain and which are only hills. The précis-writer must make his mountain, that is, the central idea of the passage, stand out.

20. To show what we mean by perspective let us take the following paragraph, and examine it :—

Original.—Unemployment arises from a variety of causes. One which is always recurring, and of the effects of which we have had a recent example, is the disorganisation of industry resulting from a long war : this is a serious problem admitting of no easy solution at the best of times. Again, there is the unemployment which follows a marked diminution in the quantity of any raw product, such as cotton : fewer hands are required in the mills and factories. We may call this cause “ bad harvests.” Similar, but more serious, is the effect of changes in industry due to the invention of machinery which does more work and requires fewer workers. And yet another serious cause is a strike or lock-out ; and this is the more to be deplored because such a stoppage sometimes is due to a very trivial matter—perhaps the fact that men are working half-an-hour longer than the regulations of their union permit.

21. Now suppose a *précis* of this passage reads as follows :—

Supposed Précis.—Outstanding causes of unemployment are the disorganisation of industry by war, the falling off in the supply of raw materials, and the invention of labour-saving machinery. Another important cause is the dislocation due to industrial disputes, and this sometimes arises from so trivial a point as half-an-hour's over-time.

The writer of this *précis* has grasped the essentials, but, by separating the fourth cause of unemployment from the other three, and by including the unnecessary detail about over-time, he has given it an undue prominence—that is, he has lost his sense of perspective. The original simply expounds four causes, and none of them is stressed more than the others ; moreover, as the *précis* has rightly omitted the details in the first three causes, it must omit that in the last. Thus the *précis* should read as follows :—

Précis.—Four leading causes of unemployment are the disorganisation of industry by war, the falling off in the supply of raw materials, the invention of labour-saving machinery, and the dislocation due to industrial disputes.

22. A *précis* must also possess order : it must present a clear, unbroken sequence of ideas, a kind of logical ladder, rung after rung. To say “ he walked and got up ” is obviously absurd, but when one is dealing with several ideas, one may be more liable to make a slip. However, a breach

of order is always inexcusable, and most of all in a précis; hence, every care must be taken to avoid it. One part of a tale or of a piece of reasoning comes inevitably before another. If you vary the order you produce confusion and the thought becomes difficult to follow. So a précis must be made with careful attention to order, and in a précis of a continuous passage such as is set in most examinations the order will almost invariably be the order of the original. However freely the matter be re-expressed in your own words, the sequence of the thoughts must remain the same. It is only when handling a group of documents that the problem of determining the order afresh is likely to arise. But nevertheless attention must always be given to the order so as to be sure that the thoughts follow in the right succession.

23. Next comes **conciseness**, a quality which hardly needs emphasising, since it is the essential characteristic of a précis—the characteristic which gives it its name. Yet it is possible, in writing a précis, to introduce an element of weakness by producing a version which is brief, as compared with the original, but which itself uses diffuse expressions. Thus in what is really a short version, there may occur a clause where a phrase would suffice, or a phrase instead of a single word. Such a slip does not, of course, make the précis a bad one, but it certainly makes it less than perfect.

24. Another indispensable feature is **clearness**. Without it no writing is good, but in a passage which is intended to give the reader as effectively and quickly as possible the gist of the matter the writer must aim at it even more than usual. In reading a long passage it is annoying enough to have to pause and to re-read in order to gain the writer's meaning, but when we have to do so in reading a précis we feel that the writer has neglected one of his first duties. Failure to secure unity and perspective and order is, in fact, almost preferable to failure to be clear, for, however well those three qualities are secured in a précis, obscurity of expression nullifies their value. Further, failure to be clear is often a confession of failure to understand the original,

25. Again, there must be **smoothness**. The reader of a *précis* must not be required to supply the links himself. Too often, in the desire to save words, the writer of a *précis* produces a jerky succession of sentences, in the right order, perhaps, and containing the gist of the matter, but jerky and leaving little gaps where connections should be. But, though this may save a word or so, it is a false economy. It means that the parts do not fit neatly together, and thus the effect of the whole is spoilt. Such a *précis* pants brokenly like a man out of breath. All it wants to make it good is a few links, sometimes only a "but" or an "and." But the effect of inserting these small words is to replace jerkiness by smoothness, and every *précis* must aim at smoothness—in fact, at having the literary quality of a miniature essay.

26. Finally, a *précis* must possess **unity**. Selection, perspective, order, conciseness, clearness and smoothness are not enough, but there is needed something above and beyond all these things. The *précis* must be an organic whole, not a mere sum of its various parts. Its parts must not only be the right parts; they must not only be well joined; they must not only be efficient parts (*i.e.*, clear and concise); they must be knit together indivisibly.

27. This quality of unity cannot be easily defined, but its nature can be understood if we think of the human body. The body is made up of various members—legs, arms, and so on—but, without the spirit of life to animate them, they are useless; it is life which makes them function as a living whole. Similarly, unity is the really vital quality of a *précis*, and without it the *précis* remains incomplete, a mass of words not yet fused into a living thought.

28. When the *précis* has unity, it is a complete literary form independent of the passage from which it is derived. In fact, as has already been pointed out in speaking of smoothness, a good *précis* should be a miniature model essay, and like an essay it should have a clear, simple structure—a beginning, a middle, and an end, whether it is the *précis* of a narrative or of an argument. Nor is there any reason why it should be

in any way less literary than any other literary form ; its obedience to the laws of literature is involved in its possession of unity.

METHOD OF APPROACH.

29. The method of précis-writing follows naturally from a consideration of these principles. There is no royal road in making a précis : it is too much an intellectual process. Thus the rules can be only a rough guide. We all think at different rates, and some minds can cover in one step the ground which others take two steps to cover. But the stages given below are those which a beginner should always follow, and by which even a practised précis-writer will proceed at least subconsciously.

30. (i) Read the passage in order to understand the general meaning.

(ii) Read the passage a second time, and determine what are the main ideas ; underline them, or draw a line in the margin by the side of them.

(iii) Unless the passage is very straightforward, and until you have had considerable practice in writing précis, it is best to read the original a third time. This time it may be helpful to draw a line through all that is clearly unessential.

(iv) Sum up the matter in a short, but comprehensive title. Such a title is often asked for in examinations, and, in any case, the thought required to determine it helps towards writing the précis. The title can, moreover, serve as a criterion by which to judge the perspective of the précis, and the relevance to the main theme of all the ideas that make up the original.

(v) Make a brief statement on paper of the main ideas. This is a kind of first draft of the précis, and at this stage the links between the ideas need not be inserted.

(vi) It is now time to write the précis itself. Ideally the first draft (made in step v) should be entirely disregarded. The mind should, by this stage, have completely understood the original, and be able to re-state it in summarised form

with the minimum of reference to the passage. In fact, the work of making the précis ought to have been completed mentally in the first five steps, so that the last step should be merely that of writing it down.

31. At first sight the preliminary steps may seem so long that inadequate time must be left for writing the précis, but the more one grasps the fact that the whole process is an intellectual one, and primarily a question of understanding and sifting the passage to be summarised, the more one sees that scamping the early stages makes the last step harder, and less likely to be achieved successfully. A slow, but thorough beginning, on the other hand, makes the last step quick and easy.

32. To illustrate our point we may consider the furnishing of a room. The wise man first measures his room and decides what articles it will hold, and how they can be arranged; then, when he comes to install his furniture, he knows exactly where to put it, and the whole matter is settled in a very short time. The foolish man, on the other hand, buys his furniture after only a casual look at the room, and with no more than a vague consideration of what is actually needed. When he comes to put in his tables, chairs, book-cases, and so on, he is reduced to shifting them about, first to one place, and then to another, until he has found a satisfactory arrangement.

The précis-writer is given a large number of facts from which he is to select a few which are to be arranged in a small space: he should imitate the wise furnisher, and think before he writes.

33. Let us now apply these principles and methods to the précis of a fairly detailed, but straightforward passage—a scene from *Pickwick Papers*.

Original.—While these things were going on in the open air, an elderly gentleman of scientific attainments was seated in his library, two or three houses off, writing a philosophical treatise, and ever and anon moistening his clay and his labours with a glass of claret from a venerable-looking bottle which stood by his side. In the agonies of composition, the elderly gentleman looked sometimes at the carpet,

sometimes at the ceiling, and sometimes at the wall ; and when neither carpet, ceiling, nor wall, afforded the requisite degree of inspiration, he looked out of the window.

In one of these pauses of invention, the scientific gentleman was gazing abstractedly on the thick darkness outside, when he was very much surprised by observing a most brilliant light glide through the air, at a short distance above the ground, and almost instantaneously vanish. After a short time the phenomenon was repeated, not once or twice, but several times : at last the scientific gentleman, laying down his pen, began to consider to what natural causes these appearances were to be assigned.

They were not meteors ; they were too low. They were not glow-worms ; they were too high. They were not will-o'-the-wisps ; they were not fire-flies ; they were not fire-works. What could they be ? Some extraordinary and wonderful phenomenon of nature, which no philosopher had ever seen before ; something which it had been reserved for him alone to discover, and which he should immortalise his name by chronicling for the benefit of posterity. Full of this idea, the scientific gentleman seized his pen again, and committed to paper sundry notes of these unparalleled appearances, with the date, day, hour, minute, and precise second at which they were visible : all of which were to form the data of a voluminous treatise of great research and deep learning, which should astonish all the atmospherical sages that ever drew breath in any part of the civilised globe.

He threw himself back in his easy chair, wrapped in contemplations of his future greatness. The mysterious light appeared more brilliantly than before : dancing, to all appearance, up and down the lane, crossing from side to side, and moving in an orbit as eccentric as comets themselves.

The scientific gentleman was a bachelor. He had no wife to call in and astonish, so he rang the bell for his servant.

" Pruffle," said the scientific gentleman, " there is something very extraordinary in the air to-night. Did you see that ? " said the scientific gentleman, pointing out of the window, as the light again became visible.

34. Comments.—A minor point which we may notice first is that the passage shows a trace of being part of a longer narrative—the gentleman's house is " two or three houses off " somewhere. That, however, is immaterial to the précis. To include this reference to the wider tale would only be to detract from the unity of the particular episode, and the reference is, therefore, to be omitted.

Now if we proceed to mark the key words we shall underline in the first paragraph *elderly gentleman of scientific attainments, library, philosophical treatise, clay, claret, agonies of composition, looked sometimes, looked out of the window*. These give us the central figure and his occupation. Possibly the pipe and the claret could be omitted, but as they add something to the nature of the man their inclusion is justifiable. We do not want, however, to know exactly where he looked, except that at last he looked out of the window : it is sufficient to say that he was looking about.

In the second paragraph we shall underline *thick darkness outside, brilliant light vanish, several times, what natural causes*. Here we see that *outside* refers to *window* in the preceding paragraph, and we shall therefore link these ideas. Again *vanish* and *brilliant light* can clearly be combined : it is a brilliant *flash* which the scientific gentleman sees.

In the third paragraph we shall underline *What could they be ? Some extraordinary and wonderful phenomenon of nature, immortalise his name by chronicling, sundry notes, precise second*. The opening details we can pass by, because it is sufficient to realise that he was thinking of the cause. Again, *What could they be ?* is a repetition of *what natural causes* in the preceding paragraph : the one idea will be enough in the précis. Nor do we need to mark anything after *precise second*, because the idea of the famous treatise has already been hinted at in *immortalise his name by chronicling*.

In the next paragraph only *more brilliantly, and eccentric* call for underlining. Finally, we underline *servant* and *Did you see that ?* and we have all we need.

It remains to re-express the matter in a smooth narrative, linking it up, and avoiding redundancy and expressions which, for précis, are verbose. For instance, we must not keep the first phrase we underlined because *gentleman of scientific attainments* is, for the purpose of précis, merely *a scientific gentleman* : to retain the original phrase would be to offend against the rule of conciseness.

35. Thus for our précis we shall have something like the following :—

Précis.—An elderly scientific gentleman sat in his library composing a philosophical treatise with the help of his pipe and some claret. Finding his task difficult, he glanced about, and once, when he looked out of the window, he was surprised to see a light moving hither and thither. He began to think that it must be some rare phenomenon of nature, and, believing himself about to make a great scientific discovery, he noted the exact time. Then, the light becoming brighter and its movements more erratic, the gentleman called his servant, and pointed the light out to him.

36. This passage from *Pickwick Papers* is quite straightforward, and relatively simple because it is concrete—it is part of a tale, not a passage of reasoning. Let us now attempt what is harder—the précis of abstract ideas—and deal with the following extract from Carlyle's *Hero as Poet*.

Original.—Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall-out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakespeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered,

scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one*: Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.

37. Comments.—When we begin to underline the words that embody the leading ideas, we find our task not so simple as in the previous passage. The ideas are contained rather in clauses than in particular words, and they are not kept so distinct as in the extract from "Pickwick": in place of the succession of separate ideas commonly found in a description there is a gradual forward flow of thought. We may still underline words, but these words will not serve to give the complete ideas, but rather to suggest the ideas expressed by the surrounding words. In fact, in dealing with such a passage a line drawn down by the side of the leading idea may be more useful.

However, to begin by underlining, we mark *apart from spiritualities*, which is the key phrase opening the argument. Then comes *tangibly-useful*; next, from *England* to *English*; next, *what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation*; *greatest practical problem*; *prime-ministers cannot*; *no time . . . can dethrone King Shakespeare*. Then we need a line by the side of *We can fancy . . . years hence*, and again another by *this Shakespeare is ours . . . kind with him*.

In the second paragraph we underline *it is a great thing . . . articulate voice*, draw a line by *poor Italy . . . Italy can speak*, underline *Russia, something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness*, and draw a line beside *The Nation . . . Hero-Poet*. The last sentence must not be omitted, for it serves to bind together the whole argument.

38. Now, let us think out the title that will express the gist of the whole: it is "The practical value of the Hero-

Poet." Then we should state for ourselves the main ideas: they are:—(1) Shakespeare's practical value; (2) the English will soon spread all over the world; (3) some force will be needed to hold them together; (4) Shakespeare is the only King we can conceive as ruling the English people for centuries; (5) only a nation that has a voice is surely bound together; (6) the Hero-Poet is such a voice.

39. We are now in a position to write our précis, and it will take the following form:—

Précis.—Let us consider Shakespeare not for his spiritual but for his practical value. Soon the English race will spread all over the world, and something will be needed to hold it together as one Nation. That will be a difficult practical task, and King Shakespeare is the only ruler who can do it. No power can dethrone him, and it is possible to think of him years hence binding the whole English people together. Such a man is the voice of a nation. Dismembered Italy speaks as one man through Dante, and is greater than the Russian Empire because the latter has no such voice. This shows the great value of the Hero as Poet.

EXERCISE II.

A.—Easy Passages.

Make a précis of each of the following passages, reducing it to about one-third of its present length. Your précis should have no paragraph-divisions even if the original passage contains more than one paragraph.

1. 'Tis needless in these memoirs to go at any length into the particulars of Harry Esmond's college career. It was like that of a hundred young gentlemen of that day. But he had the ill-fortune to be older by a couple of years than most of his fellow-students; and by his previous solitary mode of bringing up, the circumstances of his life, and the peculiar thoughtfulness and melancholy that had naturally engendered, he was, in a great measure, cut off from the society of comrades who were much younger and higher-spirited than he. His tutor, who had bowed down to the ground, as he walked my lord over the college grass-plats, changed his behaviour as soon as the nobleman's back was turned, and was—at least Harry thought so—harsh and overbearing. When the lads used to assemble in their *greges* in hall, Harry found himself alone in the midst of that little flock of boys; they raised a great laugh at him when he was set on to read Latin, which he did with the foreign pronunciation taught to him by his old master, the Jesuit, than

which he knew no other. Mr. Bridge, the tutor, made him the object of clumsy jokes, in which he was fond of indulging. The young man's spirit was chafed, and his vanity mortified; and he found himself, for some time, as lonely in this place as ever he had been at Castlewood, whither he longed to return. (Thackeray: *Henry Esmond*.)

2. These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind, and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes, and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread), it will conceive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot, glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated, which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it. (Swift: *Gulliver's Travels*.)

3. Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles' distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers, who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent-free, with their little gardens won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer-walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end-window, now lighted up, was the only ground-star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the

small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case, across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, midday, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

(Christopher North : *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.)

4. It was a pretty scene, though it was too familiar to the eyes of all who then saw it for them to notice its beauty. The sun was low enough in the west to turn the mist that filled the distant valley of the river into golden haze. Above, on either bank of the Dee, there lay the moorland heights swelling one behind the other; the nearer, russet brown with the tints of the fading bracken; the more distant, grey and dim against the rich autumnal sky. The red and fluted tiles of the gabled houses rose in crowded irregularity on one side of the river, while the newer suburb was built in more orderly and less picturesque fashion on the opposite cliff. The river itself was swelling and chafing with the incoming tide till its vexed waters rushed over the very feet of the watching crowd on the staithes, as the great sea waves encroached more and more every minute. The quay side was unsavourily ornamented with glittering fish-scales, for the hauls of fish were cleansed in the open air, and no sanitary arrangements existed for sweeping away any of the relics of this operation.

The fresh salt breeze was bringing up the lashing, leaning tide from the blue sea beyond the bar. Behind the returning girls there rocked the white-sailed ship, as if she were all alive with eagerness for her anchors to be heaved.

How impatient her crew of beating hearts were for that moment, how those on land sickened at the suspense, may be imagined, when you remember that for six long summer months those sailors had been as if dead from all news of those they loved; shut up in terrible, dreary Arctic seas from the hungry sight of sweethearts and friends, wives and mothers. No one knew what might have happened. The crowd on shore grew silent and solemn before the dread of the possible news of death that might toll in upon their hearts with this uprushing tide

The whalers went out into the Greenland seas full of strong, hopeful men; but the whalers never returned as they sailed forth. On land there are deaths among two or three hundred men to be mourned over in every half-year's space of time. Whose bones had been left to blacken on the grey and terrible icebergs? Who lay until the sea should give up its dead? Who were those who should come back to Monks-haven never, no, never more?

Many a heart swelled with passionate, unspoken fear, as the first whaler lay off the bar on her return voyage.

Molly and Sylvia had left the crowd in this hushed suspense. But fifty yards along the staithe they passed five or six girls with flushed faces and careless attire, who had mounted a pile of timber, placed there to season for ship-building, from which, as from the steps of a ladder or staircase, they could command the harbour. . . .

Old sailors stood about in little groups, too proud to show their interest in the adventures they could no longer share, but quite unable to keep up any semblance of talk on indifferent subjects.

(Mrs. Gaskell: *Sylvia's Lovers*.)

5. After that I kept on the track, trudging very stoutly, for nigh upon three miles, and my beard (now beginning to grow at some length) was full of great drops and prickly, whereat I was very proud. I had not so much as a dog with me, and the place was unkind and lonesome, and the rolling clouds very desolate; and now if a wild sheep ran across he was scared at me as an enemy; and I for my part could not tell the meaning of the marks on him. We called all this part Gibbet-moor, not being in our parish; but though there were gibbets enough upon it, most part of the bodies was gone for the value of the chains, they said, and the teaching of young chirurgeons.

But of all this I had little fear, being no more a school-boy now, but a youth well acquainted with Exmoor, and the wise art of the sign-posts, whereby a man, who barred the road, now opens it up both ways with his finger-bones, so far as rogues allow him. My carbine was loaded and freshly primed, and I knew myself to be even now a match in strength for any two men of the size around our neighbourhood, except in the Glen Doone. "Girt Jan Ridd," I was called already, and folk grew feared to wrestle with me; though I was tired of hearing about it, and often longed to be smaller. And most of all upon Sundays, when I had to make way up our little church, and the maidens tittered at me.

The soft white mist came thicker around me, as the evening fell; and the peat ricks here and there, and the furze-hucks of the summer-time, were all out of shape in the twist of it. By-and-by, I began to doubt where I was, or how come there, not having seen a gibbet lately;

and then I heard the draught of the wind up a hollow place with rocks to it ; and for the first time fear broke out (like cold sweat) upon me. And yet I knew what a fool I was, to fear nothing but a sound ! But when I stopped to listen, there was no sound, more than a beating noise, and that was all inside me. Therefore I went on again, making company of myself, and keeping my gun quite ready.

Now when I came to an unknown place, where a stone was set up endwise, with a faint red cross upon it, and a polish from some conflict, I gathered my courage to stop and think, having sped on the way too hotly. Against that stone I set my gun, trying my spirit to leave it so, but keeping with half a hand for it ; and then what to do next was the wonder. As for finding Uncle Ben—that was his own business, or at any rate his executor's ; first I had to find myself, and plentifully would thank God to find that self at home again, for the sake of all our family.

The volumes of the mist came rolling at me (like great packs of wool, pillowed out with sleepiness), and between them there was nothing more than waiting for the next one. Then everything went out of sight, and glad was I of the stone behind me, and view of mine own shoes. Then a distant noise went by me, as of many horses galloping, and in my fright I set my gun, and said, " God send something to shoot at." Yet nothing came, and my gun fell back, without my will to lower it.

But presently, while I was thinking " What a fool I am ! " arose as if from below my feet, so that the great stone trembled, that long, lamenting lonesome sound, as of an evil spirit not knowing what to do with it. For the moment I stood like a root, without either hand or foot to help me, and the hair of my head began to crawl, lifting my hat, as a snail lifts his house ; and my heart, like a shuttle, went to and fro. But finding no harm to come of it, neither visible form approaching, I wiped my forehead, and hoped for the best, and resolved to run every step of the way, till I drew our own latch behind me.

(Blackmore : *Lorna Doone*.)

6. And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world ; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cythera, from the flashing foam of Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were

beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx. (Kingleake: *Eothen*.)

7. Coming up to London again some short time after this retreat, the Lord Castlewood despatched a retainer of his to a little cottage in the village of Ealing, near to London, where for some time had dwelt an old French refugee, by name Mr. Pastoureau, one of those whom the persecution of the Huguenots by the French king had brought over to this country. With this old man lived a little lad, who went by the name of Henry Thomas. He remembered to have lived in another place a short time before, near to London too, amongst looms and spinning-wheels, and a great deal of psalm-singing and church-going, and a whole colony of Frenchmen.

There he had a dear, dear friend, who died, and whom he called Aunt. She used to visit him in his dreams sometimes; and her face, though it was homely, was a thousand times dearer to him than that of Mrs. Pastoureau, Bon Papa Pastoureau's new wife, who came to live with him after Aunt went away. And there, at Spittlefields, as it used to be called, lived Uncle George, who was a weaver too, but used to tell Harry that he was a little gentleman, and that his father was a captain, and his mother an angel.

After this, Harry's Bon Papa and his wife, and two children of her own that she brought with her, came to live at Ealing. The new wife gave her children the best of everything, and Harry many a whipping, he knew not why. Besides blows, he got ill names from her, which need not be set down here, for the sake of old Mr. Pastoureau, who was still

kind sometimes. The unhappiness of those days is long forgiven, though they cast a shade of melancholy over the child's youth, which will accompany him, no doubt, to the end of his days ; as those tender twigs are bent the trees grow afterward ; and he, at least, who has suffered as a child, and is not quite perverted in that early school of unhappiness, learns to be gentle and long-suffering with little children.

Harry was very glad when a gentleman dressed in black, on horseback, with a mounted servant behind him, came to fetch him away from Ealing. The noverca, or unjust stepmother, who had neglected him for her own two children, gave him supper enough the night before he went away, and plenty in the morning. She was a great, big, handsome young woman ; but, though she pretended to cry, Harry thought 'twas only a sham, and sprung quite delighted upon the horse, upon which the lacquey helped him.

He was a Frenchman ; his name was Blaise. He was very lively and voluble, and informed the boy that the gentleman riding before him was my lord's chaplain, Father Holt—that he was now to be called Master Harry Esmond—that my Lord Viscount Castlewood was his *parrain*—that he was to live at the great house of Castlewood, in the province of —shire, where he would see Madame the Viscountess, who was a grand lady. And so, seated on a cloth before Blaise's saddle, Harry Esmond was brought to London, and to a fine square called Covent Garden, near to which his patron lodged.

(Thackeray : *Henry Esmond*.)

8. REPORT OF A MAIL ROBBERY.—An extensive mail robbery, which appears to have been cleverly conceived and executed with great daring, became known on Saturday, when it was found that registered letters and parcels which formed part of a particularly heavy mail carried by the United States Lines steamer *Leviathan* from New York to Southampton had been tampered with and their valuable contents removed.

To all appearances the mails were transferred intact in the usual way to the British postal authorities at Southampton on the arrival of the liner, and large consignments of bags were sent forward by rail to the principal postal centres in the United Kingdom. It was not until sorting began that the thefts were discovered. The registered bags were sealed, and had been placed for safety in ordinary mail bags. The seals were intact, but when the bags were opened it was found that a large number of parcels and letters had been interfered with and money and valuables taken. In view of the condition of the bags on arrival it is believed that the robbery must have taken place before the *Leviathan* left New York.

The matter is being investigated by the detective branch of the General Post Office, and an inspector and sergeant of the branch are now

at Southampton. Scotland Yard detectives at Southampton are co-operating with the local police in their inquiries. At the General Post Office yesterday it was learned that the extent of the robbery had not yet been ascertained, and that no official statement could be made at present.

The *Leviathan* carried 3,253 bags of letters and parcels consigned to various parts of the British Isles. She had also a big mail for the Continent, which was landed at Cherbourg on Friday morning before the vessel came on to Southampton, and it is thought probable that this also suffered.

The 3,253 bags of mails landed at Southampton were handled by the special department of the Southampton post office that deals with oversea mails, and were sorted into railway vans. The largest consignment, 1,700 bags, was sent to London; 120 bags went to Birmingham; 130 to Edinburgh; 160 to Manchester; 130 to Glasgow; 100 to Belfast; 140 to Liverpool; 80 to Bristol; and 60 to Dublin, while smaller quantities were sent to other centres. When the bags were put in the trains everything appeared to be in perfect order, but when sorting began the thefts came to light at Southampton, and later in London, Leeds, and Birmingham. When the seal of the outer bag containing ordinary mails was broken, the smaller bag inside, containing the registered letters, was also found to be intact. There was not the slightest sign that the smaller bag or its seal had been interfered with, but when the letters were turned out to be sorted some of them were found to be open. In most cases they had been neatly cut with a sharp instrument. Many of them still contained documents that had been placed in them by the senders, but in nearly every case everything that could be easily turned into cash had been removed, whilst non-negotiable securities were left in the packets. The American police were at once informed of the thefts. (From *The Times*.)

9. THE SCIENCE OF BIOLOGY—And then the science of life—Biology: does not this, too, bear fundamentally on these processes of indirect self-preservation? With what we ordinarily call manufactures, it has, indeed, little connection; but with the all-essential manufacture—that of food—it is inseparably connected. As agriculture must conform its methods to the phenomena of vegetal and animal life, it follows that the science of these phenomena is the rational basis of agriculture. Various biological truths have indeed been empirically established and acted upon by farmers, while yet there has been no conception of them as science; such as that particular manures are suited to particular plants; that crops of certain kinds unfit the soil for other crops; that horses cannot do good work on poor food; that such and such diseases of cattle and sheep are caused by such and such conditions. These,

and the every-day knowledge which the agriculturist gains by experience respecting the management of plants and animals, constitute his stock of biological facts ; on the largeness of which greatly depends his success. And as these biological facts, scanty, indefinite, rudimentary, though they are, aid him so essentially ; judge what must be the value to him of such facts when they become positive, definite, and exhaustive. Indeed, even now we may see the benefits that rational biology is conferring on him. The truth that the production of animal heat implies waste of substance, and that, therefore, preventing loss of heat prevents the need for extra food—a purely theoretical conclusion—now guides the fattening of cattle : it is found that by keeping cattle warm, fodder is saved. Similarly with respect to variety of food. The experiments of physiologists have shown that not only is change of diet beneficial, but that digestion is facilitated by a mixture of ingredients in each meal. The discovery that a disorder known as “ the staggers,” of which many thousands of sheep have died annually, is caused by an entozoon which presses on the brain, and that if the creature is extracted through the softened place in the skull which marks its position, the sheep usually recovers, is another debt which agriculture owes to biology.

(Herbert Spencer : *Education*.)

B.—More Difficult Passages.

Make a précis of each of the following passages, reducing it to about one-third of its present length (unless otherwise directed).

1. Under the Roman empire, the labour of an industrious and ingenious people was variously but incessantly employed in the service of the rich. In their dress, their table, their houses, and their furniture, the favourites of fortune united every refinement of conveniency, of elegance, and of splendour, whatever could soothe their pride, or gratify their sensuality. Such refinements, under the odious name of luxury, have been severely arraigned by the moralists of every age ; and it might, perhaps, be more conducive to the virtue, as well as happiness, of mankind, if all possessed the necessaries, and none the superfluities of life. But in the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice or folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property. The diligent mechanic, and the skilful artist, who have obtained no share in the division of the earth, receive a voluntary tax from the possessors of land ; and the latter are prompted, by a sense of interest, to improve those estates, with whose produce they may purchase additional pleasures. This operation, the particular effects of which are felt in every society, acted with much more diffusive energy in the Roman world. The provinces would soon have been exhausted of their wealth, if the manufactures

and commerce of luxury had not insensibly restored to the industrious subjects the sums which were exacted from them by the arms and authority of Rome. As long as the circulation was confined within the bounds of the empire, it impressed the political machine with a new degree of activity, and its consequences, sometimes beneficial, could never become pernicious. (Gibbon : *Decline and Fall*.)

2. From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbours. Nor indeed was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First, after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles.

Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish

among men set from their birth in high place, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is, however, only by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported, with strange fidelity, the interest of his descendants. (Macaulay : *History of England*.)

3. Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may : thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty ; endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one : when we can name him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing

than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness. (Carlyle : *Sartor Resartus*.)

4. If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art ; heroic minds come under no rule ; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end ; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class ; he knows when to speak and when to be silent ; he is able to converse, he is able to listen ; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon ; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result. (Newman : *The Idea of a University*.)

5. SUNSET BEFORE A GALE.—The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now

assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear.

The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to rise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder. (Scott: *Guy Mannering*.)

6. Now for that other Virtue of Charity, without which Faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed Laws of Charity. And if I hold the true Anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general,

that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather Idiosyncrasie, in dyet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander: at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: those National repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my Countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth Climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England every where, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition.

(Browne: *Religio Medici*).

7. There is not a greater error than to suppose that you avoid the envy, malice, and uncharitableness, so common in the world, by going among people without pretensions. There are no people who have no pretensions; or the fewer their pretensions, the less they can afford to acknowledge yours without some sort of value received. The more information individuals possess, or the more they have refined upon any subject, the more readily can they conceive and admit the same kind of superiority to themselves that they feel over others. But from the low, dull, level sink of ignorance and vulgarity, no idea or love of excellence can arise. You think you are doing mighty well with them; that you are laying aside the buckram of pedantry and pretence, and getting the character of a plain, unassuming, good sort of fellow. It will not do. All the while that you are making these familiar advances, and wanting to be at your ease, they are trying to recover the wind of you. You may forget that you are an author, an artist, or what not—they do not forget that they are nothing, nor bate one jot of their desire to prove you in the same predicament. They take hold of some circumstance in your dress; your manner of entering a room is different from that of other people; you do not eat vegetables—that's odd; you have a particular phrase, which they repeat, and this becomes a sort of standing joke; you look grave, or ill; you talk, or are more silent

than usual ; you are in or out of pocket : all these petty, inconsiderable circumstances, in which you resemble, or are unlike other people, form so many counts in the indictment which is going on in their imaginations against you, and are so many contradictions in your character. In any one else they would pass unnoticed, but in a person of whom they had heard so much they cannot make them out at all. Meanwhile, those things in which you may really excel go for nothing, because they cannot judge of them. They speak highly of some book which you do not like, and therefore you make no answer. You recommend them to go and see some picture in which they do not find much to admire. How are you to convince them that you are right ? Can you make them perceive that the fault is in them, and not in the picture, unless you could give them your knowledge ? They hardly distinguish the difference between a Correggio and a common daub. Does this bring you any nearer to an understanding ? The more you know of the difference, the more deeply you feel it, or the more earnestly you wish to convey it, the further do you find yourself removed to an immeasurable distance from the possibility of making them enter into views and feelings of which they have not even the first rudiments. You cannot make them see with your eyes, and they must judge for themselves.

(Hazlitt : *Table Talk*.)

8. INTEREST AND LEARNING.—As a final test by which to judge any plan of culture, should come the question,—Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the pupils ? When in doubt whether a particular mode or arrangement is or is not more in harmony with the foregoing principles than some other, we may safely abide by this criterion. Even when, as considered theoretically, the proposed course seems the best, yet if it produces no interest, or less interest than some other course, we should relinquish it ; for a child's intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. In respect to the knowing-faculties, we may confidently trust in the general law, that under normal conditions, healthful action is pleasurable, while action which gives pain is not healthful. Though at present very incompletely conformed to by the emotional nature, yet by the intellectual nature, or at least by those parts of it which the child exhibits, this law is almost wholly conformed to. The repugnances to this and that study which vex the ordinary teacher, are not innate, but result from his unwise system. Fellenberg says, " Experience has taught me that *indolence* in young persons is so directly opposite to their natural disposition to activity, that unless it is the consequence of bad education, it is almost invariably connected with some constitutional defect." And the spontaneous activity to which children are thus prone, is simply the pursuit of those pleasures which the healthful exercise of the faculties gives. It is true that some

of the higher mental powers, as yet but little developed in the race, and congenitally possessed in any considerable degree only by the most advanced, are indisposed to the amount of exertion required of them. But these, in virtue of their very complexity, will, in a normal course of culture, come last into exercise; and will therefore have no demands made on them until the pupil has arrived at an age when ulterior motives can be brought into play, and an indirect pleasure made to counter-balance a direct displeasure. With all faculties lower than these, however, the immediate gratification consequent on activity, is the normal stimulus; and under good management the only needful stimulus. When we have to fall back on some other, we must take the fact as evidence that we are on the wrong track. Experience is daily showing with greater clearness, that there is always a method to be found productive of interest—even of delight; and it ever turns out that this is the method proved by all other tests to be the right one.

(Herbert Spencer: *Education*.)

9. ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Remember that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by-and-by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences, so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. In feudal times, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood, parental vengeance should be a chief means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one—now that the good or evil which he experiences is mainly that which in the order of things results from his own conduct, he should from his first years begin to learn, experimentally, the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the parental government, as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self government arising from a foresight of results. During infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year old urchin playing with an open razor, cannot be allowed to learn by this discipline of consequences; for the consequences may be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of peremptory interferences may be, and should be, diminished; with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All transitions are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the

policy we advocate; which, by cultivating a boy's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which he is left to his self-restraint, and by so bringing him, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally-governed youth to internally-governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule: at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful; by-and-by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject; gradually ending in parental abdication.

(Herbert Spencer: *Education*.)

10. Summarise the following article in not more than 200 words:—

FURS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—London vies with St. Louis, U.S.A., for supremacy in the fur markets of the world; but few people think of Great Britain as a fur-producing country. Our wild animals are not of the kinds that naturally spring to the mind as sources of wealth in the export trade. Yet this country, tame as its countryside appears to be, supplies its quota of furs to the world's markets.

This chiefly consists of rabbit and mole skins; in smaller quantities the pelts of hares, red foxes, badgers, otters, polecats, ferrets, stoats, weasels, and even cats and rats may be included. Of rat skins millions could be supplied, but although they are in a small degree being used now, after a process of dyeing to render them unrecognizable, they cannot be said to be in demand.

British moles yield yearly as many as two and a half million skins. An enormous number of beautiful garments can be made from this supply, although it requires three or four hundred pelts to make a lady's coat. Moles are caught all over the Continent, but the British are considered the best and are always in greater demand than the foreign variety. Wild rabbits are caught in large numbers for their meat as well as for their pelts during those months having names in which the letter "r" appears; and by the time the season has drawn to an end the skins collected up and down the country amount to about 20 millions. In the process of treatment they are disguised to resemble more distinguished and valuable skins and appear in the shops as Electric Seal Coney, Beaver Coney, or Kolinsky Coney. Often the name coney (the only indication of the skin's true classification) disappears—when the furrier's conscience is not his strong point.

The British red fox has also a comparatively important place in the list. About 1,500 skins are garnered in yearly from all sources—hunted trapped or shot. As regards other skins, about 100 of each kind are gathered yearly, but not enough are obtainable to be of appreciable commercial value. The animals are usually caught at random, not for

commercial reasons, and, in any case, there are not sufficient numbers to make their hunting worth while.

Trapping is mainly done by agricultural labourers as a spare-time employment. While such work rids the farmer of pests, and the money acquired from the sale of the skins augments the trapper's wages, trapping for skins does not exist as a regular industry in the true sense, but during a few months of the year a certain number of men manage to secure a sort of living by this means.

All this applies to the skins of wild animals. In recent years there has been an increasing business in the breeding of tame animals; indeed, there has come into existence a rapidly growing and flourishing industry in the production of British-grown skins. During the War, when the supply of food was in jeopardy, the Ministry of Agriculture began to encourage the breeding of tame rabbits. This proved so profitable that an industry grew very quickly out of it. It was soon realised that the skins also had their value, and were actually worth more than the meat. The quantity of skins of tame rabbits is not at present large enough to influence the fur markets, but there is no doubt of their potentiality in industry. Already there are 2,000 members of the Fur Board, Limited, an organisation which exists to assist rabbit breeders. The chief task of the board is to regulate prices and dispose of pelts. Much is being done to breed beautiful skins that need no dyeing to improve them, and Chinchillas, Havanas, Beverens, and Argentes are among the names given to the skins according to their colours. Last year the Fur Board, after deducting its expenses, was able to distribute about £8,000 among its members for pelts produced, and, when it is remembered that pelts are worth an average of 7s. 6d. each, it is evident that the supply was considerable. Most of the rabbit-breeding farms are situated in Hayling Island, where, it is computed, about 10,000 pelts are grown yearly.

Another and more important branch of breeding established in this country is that of silver foxes. The farms for these are mostly in East Lothian, Scotland, where the conditions of climate and country are best suited to the silver fox, which is an animal foreign to this country, having been brought here from North America. The work of breeding this fox is highly specialised. This industry was also introduced immediately after the War, and has prospered so well that silver-fox breeders now have a journal of their own and an association to protect their interests. In last year's fur sales nearly 22,000 silver foxes were offered, and it should be remembered that silver foxes may bring anything from £10 each. At the last fur sales in London in January of this year several skins brought the remarkable price of £220 each.

(From *The Times*.)

CHAPTER III.

PRÉCIS OF PASSAGES CONTAINING DIRECT SPEECH.

40. So far our examples have been of passages written in the third person. It is now time to examine the treatment of passages in the first person or in dialogue. The general principles remain the same, but this kind of subject-matter deserves separate mention, because, although it involves no change in the general method of approach, it requires a special technique in detail. When passages of dialogue or direct speech are set for the purpose of précis, there is always the condition that they must be summarised in reported speech. We must, therefore, understand clearly what the putting of direct speech into reported speech entails.

41. Reported (or Indirect) Speech is narrative in the third person : what a speaker says is re-told by some one else, and the re-telling is done in the past tense. A verb of telling in the past tense may or may not be prefixed. Thus " I am going out " becomes in reported speech " He said that he was going out," or simply " He was going out." In translating the direct speech into indirect or reported speech it may help at first to prefix the " he said," but we should do it mentally, and when we write down our version of reported speech, we should generally omit it, and write only " He was going out." After some practice, it becomes quite unnecessary to think of the prefatory " he said " at all.

42. By expanding this sentence " I am going out " we can illustrate nearly all that is involved in the conversion of direct into reported speech.

It is already clear that the verb of the direct speech is changed from the present continuous tense " am going " to the past continuous tense " was going." Let us add another verb to the sentence, and say, " I am going out as soon as I finish " ;

this becomes: "He was going out as soon as he finished." Again if the original is "as soon as I have finished," the reported speech will be: "as soon as he had finished." In the first case the present tense has become the past, and in the second case the present perfect has become the past perfect. Thus in reported speech the verbs will appear in a past tense. Here we have the first general rule.

43. That "I" in "I was going out" becomes "he" is obvious, but when more than one pronoun is introduced, care is needed. There is one great guiding law—that indirect speech must contain *no* first or second persons; an "I" or a "you" in indirect speech at once condemns it as faulty. Only the third person may appear. Thus "I am going out as soon as my coat has been mended" becomes "He was going out as soon as *his* coat had been mended."

That is simple, but, with the use of the second person and third person, there arises a danger of vagueness and ambiguity. If we take as the original "I am going out as soon as you are ready," the reported speech becomes "as soon as *he* was ready." But this "he" is too vague. If the sentence occurs in a longer passage, we shall know who "he" is, and often it will be necessary to use the name of the person instead of "he" in order to avoid confusion due to too many identical pronouns. Thus the reported speech in this case should, perhaps, read: "as soon as *his friend* was ready."

44. The necessity of adopting this expedient is clearer when we have a third personal pronoun in addition to the second person, as in "I am going out as soon as you and he are ready." It is impossible to render this "as soon as he and he were ready"—the context must supply the equivalents of the pronouns. For example, the true version in reported speech might prove to be "as soon as his friend and his brother were ready."

45. A further point arises when, instead of plain affirmation, we have a question or an exclamation in the original sentence. For example, let us take "Are you going out?" We could simply retain the question mark, and say "Was he going out?"

But this becomes abrupt if we are treating a dialogue. A link is necessary, and the reported speech becomes: "He asked if he (his friend) was going out."

Again, an exclamation mark may call for the introduction of a verb: thus, "How beautiful the flowers are!" will become: "He remarked how beautiful the flowers were." Similarly, "Look at this peculiar mark" will be rendered: "He pointed out the peculiar mark." Many other variations may be found calling for this kind of treatment, but the above examples will serve to indicate the general method. Particular instances merely call for the use of commonsense.

46. One last point needs notice. Let us say: "I am going out by this gate"; this will become "he was going out by *that* gate." The imaginary speaker who is reporting what was said is, as it were, farther away: he is not in a position to say *this*; he needs to say *that*. Similarly if the spoken words are "I am going out now," they become "He was going out *then*"; it is as if the speaker had said "at this moment," which would have become "at *that* moment," an expression equivalent to the *then* which we have used.

47. To sum up, the following are the rules to be remembered in turning direct speech into reported speech:—

- (1) All tenses are put into the past. *Shall* becomes *should*, *will* becomes *would*, *may* becomes *might*.
- (2) The third person must be used throughout.
- (3) Questions and exclamations call for the introduction of a verb.
- (4) *This* becomes *that*; *now* becomes *then*; *here* becomes *there*; etc.

48. The treatment of the following passage will provide an example of the application of these rules:—

Original.—"I am thoroughly out of humour with all this folly of yours," said Jones. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for behaving in this manner now. We are faced with a more difficult problem than we have had to solve for some time."

"I shall act as I choose," retorted Smith. "I may not have your brains, but I have more than your courage. These are, indeed, difficult

times, but 'a stout heart goes all the way.' Let us put the best face we can on this business, and all will be well."

Reported Speech.—Jones said that he was thoroughly out of humour with Smith's folly. Smith ought to have been ashamed of himself for behaving in that manner then. They were faced with a more difficult problem than they had had to solve for some time. Smith retorted that he would act as he chose. He might not have Jones's brains, but he had more than his courage. Those were, indeed, difficult times, but 'a stout heart goes all the way.' Let them put the best face they could on that business, and all would be well.

Comments.—The pronouns at the beginning clearly require to be replaced by their equivalents. But the chief thing to notice is an additional point—the retention of the present tense in "a stout heart goes all the way." This retention is clearly justified on logical grounds. The statement is one which time does not affect: it remains true in all circumstances. Thus, whenever a quotation or proverb occurs in a passage of direct speech, it will be kept in the present tense in reported speech.

49. It remains to apply these rules in making a *précis*. The expression in reported speech is, of course, the secondary step. At first, the procedure is exactly the same as if the passage of which the *précis* is to be made were in indirect speech. It is merely a question of translating the essentials of the original into this particular form after they have been thoroughly understood. The writer of a *précis* must not confuse himself by thinking of this process of translation until the time has come for it.

50. The following short examples should serve to make the *précis* of reported speech quite clear.

(i) **Original.**—I have seen such a sight as one does not often see.

Précis.—He had seen an unusual sight.

(ii) **Original.**—I am not altogether sure in my own mind that you, my friend, will prove successful in the position into which you have just stepped.

Précis.—He doubted his friend's success in his new position.

(iii) **Original.**—*Letter from Brown to James.*—"You will easily recognise from my dreadful, shaky, sprawling writing that my hand is not

at its firmest—that it is, in fact, most sorely afflicted with rheumatism and all kinds of cramping and uncomfortable pains which make it no easy or pleasant task to write. But I hope that the news I have to send you will more than compensate you for the trouble and vexation you will have in piercing through these hieroglyphic mysteries. They are the result only of my illness, and you must not think that I have deliberately set out to make it as hard a task as I can for you to penetrate the trembling disguise of inky signs behind which my thoughts lurk on this paper.”

Précis.—Brown, in his letter to James, said that his bad writing was due to the pains in his hand. He hoped James would find his news worth the trouble of reading the almost illegible script, and James must not think that he had deliberately made his letter hard to decipher.

(iv) **Original.**—“Let’s have in Dick the Scholar,” cried Captain Westbury, laughing: and he called to a trooper out of the window—“Ho, Dick, come in here and construe.”

A thick-set soldier, with a square good-humoured face, came in at the summons, saluting his officer.

“Tell us what is this, Dick?” says the lawyer.

“My name is Steele, sir,” says the soldier. “I may be Dick for my friends, but I don’t name gentlemen of your cloth amongst them.”

“Well, then, Steele.”

“Mr. Steele, sir, if you please. When you address a gentleman of his Majesty’s Horse Guards, be pleased not to be so familiar.”

“I didn’t know, sir,” said the lawyer.

“How should you? I take it you are not accustomed to meet with gentlemen,” says the trooper.

“Hold thy prate, and read that bit of paper,” says Westbury.

“’Tis Latin,” says Dick, glancing at it, and again saluting his officer, “and from a sermon of Mr. Cudworth’s”; and he translated the words pretty much as Henry Esmond had rendered them.

Précis.—Captain Westbury called for Dick the Scholar. When a trooper appeared, the lawyer spoke to him familiarly as Dick, and asked him to explain the document. The soldier first insisted that the lawyer should address him with more respect. Then he told them that the paper was part of a Latin sermon by Mr. Cudworth, and proceeded to translate it.

51. From these short examples let us now proceed to the précis of the following longer passage of combined narrative and dialogue.

Original.—Mr. Slope read all this in her hesitating manner just as plainly as though she had opened her heart to him. It was the talent

of the man that he could so read the inward feelings of women with whom he conversed. He knew that Eleanor was doubting him, and that if she thanked him she would only do so because she could not help it; but yet this did not make him angry or even annoy him. Rome was not built in a day.

"I did not come for thanks," continued he, seeing her hesitation; "and do not want them—at any rate before they are merited. But this I do want, Mrs. Bold, that I may make to myself friends in this fold to which it has pleased God to call me as one of the humblest of His shepherds. If I cannot do so, my task here must indeed be a sad one. I will at any rate endeavour to deserve them."

"I'm sure," said she, "you will soon make plenty of friends." She felt herself obliged to say something.

"That will be nothing unless they are such as will sympathise with my feelings; unless they are such as I can reverence and admire—and love. If the best and purest turn away from me, I cannot bring myself to be satisfied with the friendship of the less estimable. In such case I must live alone."

"Oh! I'm sure you will not do that, Mr. Slope." Eleanor meant nothing, but it suited him to appear to think some special allusion had been intended.

"Indeed, Mrs. Bold, I shall live alone, quite alone as far as the heart is concerned, if those with whom I yearn to ally myself turn away from me. But enough of this; I have called you my friend, and I hope you will not contradict me. I trust the time may come when I may also call your father so. May God bless you, Mrs. Bold, you and your darling boy. And tell your father from me that what can be done for his interest shall be done."

And so he took his leave, pressing the widow's hand rather more closely than usual. Circumstances, however, seemed just then to make this intelligible, and the lady did not feel called on to resent it.

"I cannot understand him," said Eleanor to Mary Bold, a few minutes afterwards. "I do not know whether he is a good man or a bad man—whether he is true or false."

"Then give him the benefit of the doubt," said Mary, "and believe the best."

"On the whole, I think I do," said Eleanor. "I think I do believe that he means well—and if so, it is a shame that we should revile him, and make him miserable while he is among us. But, oh, Mary, I fear papa will be disappointed in the hospital"

(Trollope: *Barchester Towers*.)

52. Comments.—In dealing with such a passage as this it is not only the general meaning that we must grasp, but also

the situation. We realise that there are three speakers ; Mr. Slope is attempting to win the sympathies of Eleanor, who is clearly the same as Mrs. Bold ; Eleanor, while not repulsing him, avoids encouraging him, and, when Mr. Slope has left, she and Mary Bold discuss his sincerity. This situation and the speech and thoughts of these three people we have to express concisely without the aid of dialogue.

Now, when we dispense with the dialogue, we realise that we are left freer to deal with the order of the original ; we need not keep Eleanor's share in the dialogue where it occurs, but, since her first two remarks are mere interjections, both made in the same spirit, we can summarise them after we have summarised the whole of Mr. Slope's talk.

Similarly, when we come to the dialogue between Eleanor and Mary, we do not need to say " Eleanor said " and " Mary said," but we can run the ideas together.

In fact, when we are making a précis of a passage in which we have a question and a reply, we shall often find it possible to run the two together, summarising the question, perhaps, in narrative style, and summarising the reply only in the form of reported speech. Thus the question is often explained by the reply, and the précis will be clear enough if it runs : " He answered that . . ." Sometimes indeed whole speeches can be omitted.

We approach the précis just as we did that of unbroken narrative in Chapter II, but we must be ready to apply easily the rules governing translation into reported speech, and above all we must intelligently bear in mind the situation.

53. Our précis, then, of the preceding example will be as follows : -

Précis.—Although Mr. Slope saw that Eleanor doubted him, he was not annoyed ; he realised that he must advance slowly. He did not want to be given thanks, he told her, but rather to deserve thanks and to win such friends as he could respect and love, or, failing that, to live alone. In particular, he hoped that she would be his friend, and he wished her to tell her father that everything possible would be done for him. Then he left. Eleanor, who had only made brief replies to him, did not know whether to think him sincere or not. Mary was for believing him, and Eleanor, though fearing disappointment for her father, was inclined to agree.

54. In some of the Civil Service examinations it is customary to set a fairly long narrative with dialogue to be reduced to a brief précis of about 200 words. The passage is sometimes an account of a single incident from a novel and sometimes a complete short story. In either case, for the purposes of a summary it is necessary not only to grasp the salient points but to get them in their right relationship so that the *point* of the story is made clear. The events generally lead up to some climax or dénouement, and in the précis it is most important that the stages by which the conclusion is reached should be carefully preserved.

In exercises of this type, owing to the extreme brevity required in the summary, the process of pruning has to be much more drastic than in those so far dealt with. If the original passage contains a large proportion of dialogue, it is not generally feasible to use underlining during the preliminary readings in order to mark the essential points. It will be found more helpful to jot down brief notes so as to make an outline-précis as illustrated in the example worked below.

Careful attention must be paid to *proportion*. A frequent error made by students is to give too much space to the first part of the narrative, so that the conclusion has to be huddled up in order to keep within the prescribed number of words.

55. The following may be taken as a typical example. The passage is to be reduced to a précis of not more than 230 words :—

Original.—"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to ; "what say you to an hour on the ice ? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital !" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime !" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle ?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes ; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening ; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs : whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice ; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies : which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone ; "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, Stop !" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam !"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir !"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates ; ain't they, Sam ?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come ; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off !"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No ; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders ; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words :

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what ?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it ?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide ?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense !" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here ; I'll keep you company ; come along." And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started: to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face, when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief, were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anyone could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance. The males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness, while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming, "Fire!" with all his might and main.

(Dickens: *Pickwick Papers*.)

56. Comments.—When a general idea of the subject-matter has been gained, the passage should be read carefully once more and notes of the chief stages in the narrative should be made somewhat in the following manner:—

Outline Précis.—Mr. Winkle has never skated before, but says he has—yields to persuasion—clumsiness with skates—helped by Sam Weller—holds on to Sam—promises him tips—Sam helps him along—Mr. Pickwick calls—Sam pushes Mr. Winkle—thus he collides with Bob Sawyer—they fall—Mr. Pickwick orders Mr. Winkle's skates to be taken off—calls him an impostor—Mr. Wardle persuades Mr. Pickwick to join the party on the slide—Mr. Pickwick enjoys sliding—suddenly ice gives way and he falls in—consternation of his friends—Mr. Tupman runs off shouting "Fire!"

We observe that the extract describes two incidents on the ice. Each must be given its due proportion of space; the first will need longer treatment than the second because we must mention some of the details of Mr. Winkle's exploit if we are to make clear what happened.

Several of the people named in the extract will not appear in our summary. Mr. Wardle need not be mentioned in connection with the episode of Mr. Winkle, but, in the second part, we may bring him in as the person who persuaded Mr. Pickwick to slide.

At the beginning of the summary we must get behind Mr. Winkle's hesitating and evasive replies to questions about his ability as a skater, and state definitely that, though he had never skated before, he said that he had done so. We need not give any account of Bob Sawyer's skilful performance, since this is irrelevant to the main interest. We must concentrate on the facts which led to the dramatic climax in which Mr. Pickwick denounced Mr. Winkle as an impostor.

Mr. Pickwick's misfortune is a kind of nemesis for his treatment of Mr. Winkle. This scene can be adequately described in very few words. It will be observed that Dickens devotes a complete paragraph to explaining Mr. Pickwick's manner of sliding and his eager enjoyment of the exercise. In a sense these are mere details, and we might be inclined to omit them. But when we remember that they are important as illustrations of Mr. Pickwick's character, we shall decide to give a few words to them. At the end of the passage we have a second climax in Mr. Tupman's absurd behaviour.

Of course, most of the humour of the account will be lost in

our summary, but that cannot be helped. We must try, however, to preserve the spirit of the original as far as possible.

57. Our *précis* of the extract will therefore be as follows :—

Précis.—Mr. Winkle, who had never skated before, foolishly said that he had done so, and, yielding to persuasion, agreed to go on the ice. He spent some time in awkwardly trying to put on his skates, and, with the assistance of Sam Weller, he at last got them fixed. When he rose to his feet he showed the utmost nervousness. He clutched Sam tightly, and, by promising lavish tips, did his best to prevent him from going away. Sam was assisting Mr. Winkle to proceed over the ice when suddenly Mr. Pickwick called for his servant. In disengaging himself to answer the call, Sam pushed Mr. Winkle, who then bore down upon Bob Sawyer, so that they both crashed to the ground. Mr. Pickwick indignantly ordered Sam to remove Mr. Winkle's skates and lift him up. Then, taking his discomfited friend aside, he told him sternly that he was an impostor.

Mr. Pickwick returned to his friends, who were amusing themselves on a slide. They were anxious for him to join them, and at length he followed Mr. Wardle's lead. The middle-aged Mr. Pickwick went down the slide time after time with boyish enthusiasm. Suddenly, however, the sport came to an end. The ice gave way, and Mr. Pickwick disappeared beneath the surface. His friends were in dismay. Mr. Tupman ran off shouting "Fire !"

EXERCISE III.

1. Turn the following passages into Reported Speech, *without condensation* :—

- (a) "I do not think that these measures will be altogether satisfactory in view of the difficulties now confronting us."
- (b) "Those of my opponents who have already spoken on this matter have shown a lamentable inability to foresee what may happen in the next few years if the scheme now before us is rejected."
- (c) "I am sorry," she said, after a pause, in a hard, dry voice—"I repeat I am sorry that I showed myself so ungrateful for the safety of my son. It was not at all my wish that you should leave us, I am sure, unless you found pleasure elsewhere. But you must perceive, Mr. Esmond, that at your age, and with your tastes, it is impossible that you can continue to stay upon the intimate footing in which you have been in this family. You have wished to go to the University, and I think 'tis quite as well that you should be sent thither. I did not press this matter, thinking you a child, as you are, indeed, in years—quite a child; and I should

never have thought of treating you otherwise until—until these *circumstances* came to light. And I shall beg my lord to despatch you as quick as possible: and will go on with Frank's learning as well as I can (I owe my father thanks for a little grounding, and you, I'm sure, for much that you have taught me)—and—and I wish you a good-night, Mr. Esmond."

- (d) "Well, Madeline; so I'm going to be married," Bertie began, as soon as the servants had withdrawn.

"There's no other foolish thing left, that you haven't done," said Madeline, "and therefore you are quite right to try that."

"Oh, you think it's a foolish thing, do you?" said he. "There's Lotte advising me to marry by all means. But on such a subject your opinion ought to be the best; you have experience to guide you."

2. The following is an extract from the Chairman's speech at the meeting of a Company owning coal-mines. Set out the main points, in *Reported Speech*, in not more than 80 words. (*Begin: The Chairman said . . .*)—

On the colliery side of the undertaking vast sums of money have been spent during the last eight or nine years upon electrical development; on the provision of compressed air; of mechanical coal-cutting and conveying machinery; and of picking belts; but unfortunately the market for the coal is not there. Indeed, one of your collieries, which some three or four years ago was completely re-equipped with electrical winding gear and other machinery at a considerable outlay, has not since turned a wheel, and in lesser degree this applies to other portions of your colliery undertaking. The fact remains that, as I have said on previous occasions, the market for South Wales coal has in large measure been lost by the stupidity of the people whose first business it should have been to conserve it. I allude naturally to the strikes and troubles generally in the coal trade of South Wales, and most of all to the stoppages of work in 1926, which, following on a long series of previous stoppages, has completely disorganised the call for South Wales coal. Former buyers have been driven to alter, with doubtful economy, tramp steamers to burn oil instead of coal. Railways in all parts of the world are being altered at greater haste than would have otherwise been the case to utilise electric power instead of coal. Those who must use coal have been driven to employ the cheaper and often inferior coals from other districts and countries, which have expanded their trade at a much more rapid rate than they would otherwise have done, and all due to our own national stupidity.

3. Give the substance of the following letter in not more than a third of its present length, and in *indirect form*:—

The Duke of Wellington to H.R.H. the Prince Regent of Portugal.

Bruxelles, 16th April, 1815.

Your Royal Highness will have learned that I signed, on the 25th March last, with the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, as the Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, a treaty of alliance and co-operation, applicable to the circumstances of the moment in Europe, occasioned by the return of Buonaparte to France, and of the usurpation of the supreme authority in that country. All the Powers of Europe are invited to accede to that treaty; and I imagine that the Plenipotentiaries of your Royal Highness consider themselves authorised to accede to it on the part of your Royal Highness.

The object of the treaty is to put in operation against Buonaparte the largest force which the contracting or acceding parties can bring into the field; and that upon which I wish to trouble Your Royal Highness is the seat to be chosen for the operation of your Royal Highness' troops.

The natural seat for the operations would be the frontiers of Spain, but I am very apprehensive that the financial resources of His Catholic Majesty are not of a nature, nor in a situation, to enable him to equip and maintain an army to co-operate actively with that of your Royal Highness; and yet, without that co-operation, and the assistance which your Royal Highness would expect to derive from the country, it does not appear that your Royal Highness' army could carry on their operations with their accustomed credit in that quarter.

Under these circumstances, it has appeared to me that it would be expedient, and I have recommended to your Royal Highness' Ministers to recommend to the Regency at Lisbon, that your Royal Highness' troops should be employed with the allied army assembling in Flanders, and destined to act, under my command, against the common enemy.

I need not point out to your Royal Highness' penetration the advantages to your Royal Highness' reputation of appearing in the field in this part of Europe; and, as your troops cannot serve actively in the natural seat for their operations, and they will serve here with their old companions, and under their old commanders, it appears to me that this measure is to be recommended, if only as one of military expediency. I trust, then, that your Royal Highness will approve of my having recommended it to your Ministers and to the Regency.

4. Summarise the following extract in Reported Speech in not more than 120 words:—

"You are quite right to choose this way of coming to the Chase," he said at last, looking down at Hetty, "it is so much prettier as well as shorter than coming by either of the lodges."

"Yes, sir," Hetty answered, with a tremulous, almost whispering voice. She didn't know one bit how to speak to a gentleman like Mr. Arthur, and her very vanity made her more coy of speech.

"Do you come every week to see Mrs. Pomfret?"

"Yes, sir, every Thursday, only when she's got to go out with Miss Donnithorne."

"And she's teaching you something, is she?"

"Yes, sir, the lace-mending as she learnt abroad, and the stocking-mending—it looks just like the stocking, you can't tell it's been mended; and she teaches me cutting-out too."

"What, are *you* going to be a lady's-maid?"

"I should like to be one very much indeed." Hetty spoke more audibly now, but still rather tremulously; she thought, perhaps she seemed as stupid to Captain Donnithorne as Luke Britton did to her.

"I suppose Mrs. Pomfret always expects you at this time?"

"She expects me at four o'clock. I'm rather late to-day, because my aunt couldn't spare me; but the regular time is four, because that gives us time before Miss Donnithorne's bell rings."

"Ah, then, I must not keep you now, else I should like to show you the Hermitage. Did you ever see it?"

"No, sir."

"This is the walk where we turn up to it. But we must not go now. I'll show it you some other time, if you'd like to see it."

"Yes, please, sir."

"Do you always come back this way in the evening, or are you afraid to come so lonely a road?"

"Oh no, sir, it's never late; I always set out by eight o'clock, and it's so light in the evening. My aunt would be angry with me if I didn't get home before nine."

"Perhaps Craig, the gardener, comes to take care of you?"

A deep blush overspread Hetty's face and neck. "I'm sure he doesn't; I'm sure he never did; I wouldn't let him; I don't like him," she said hastily, and the tears of vexation had come so fast, that before she had done speaking a bright drop rolled down her hot cheek. Then she felt ashamed to death that she was crying, and for one long instant her happiness was all gone. But in the next she felt an arm steal round her, and a gentle voice said:

"Why, Hetty, what makes you cry? I didn't mean to vex you. I wouldn't vex you for the world, you little blossom. Come, don't cry; look at me, else I shall think you won't forgive me."

(G. Eliot: *Adam Bede*.)

5. Summarise in Reported Speech in not more than 150 words the following account of how the Vicar of Wakefield reproved his family:—

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children handsome and neat about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

(Goldsmith: *Vicar of Wakefield*.)

6. Summarise in Reported Speech in not more than one-third of its present length:—

Nicholas was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed the boy's dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers: "let the things alone, can't you?"

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers; "Is there—"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and, putting his hand to his face, moved towards the door.

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here, all these years, and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not," said the schoolmaster; "for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink, anyway. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let's have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

(Dickens: *Nicholas Nickleby*.)

7. Summarise in Reported Speech in not more than one-third of its present length:—

Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months. At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook's shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived, the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:—

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds; and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said:—

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more."

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.
 "I know that boy will be hung." (London Matriculation.)

8. Summarise in Reported Speech in not more than one-third of its present length:—

"Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicester, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding beholding.

"Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Plato in Greek, and with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio.

"After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: 'I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'

"'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?'

"'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a school-master. For when I am in presence either of father or mother; whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking me. And thus my book hath been so much pleasure and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles to me.'

"I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."—ROGER ASCHAM.

(*London Matriculation.*)

9. Summarise in Reported Speech in about one-third of its present length :—

"Now that which specially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man—that which constitutes human goodness, human greatness, human nobleness—is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage; but it is self-forgetfulness,

it is self-sacrifice, it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantages remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.

"We are sometimes told that this is but another way of expressing the same thing; that when a man prefers doing what is right, it is only because to do right gives him a higher satisfaction.

"It appears to me, on the contrary, to be a difference in the very heart and nature of things.

"The martyr goes to the stake, the patriot to the scaffold, not with a view to any future reward to themselves, but because it is a glory to fling away their lives for truth and freedom.

"And so through all the phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we must love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur; who do simply and with no ulterior aim, with no thought whether it will be pleasant to themselves or unpleasant, that which is good, and right, and generous.

"Is this still selfishness, only more enlightened? I do not think so. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

"Surely it is a paradox to speak of the self-interest of a martyr who dies for a cause, the triumph of which he will never enjoy; and the greatest of that company in all ages would have done what they did, had their personal prospects closed with the grave. Nay, there have been those so zealous for some glorious principle as to wish themselves blotted out of the book of Heaven if the cause of Heaven could succeed."

(London Matriculation.)

10. Summarise in Reported Speech in about one-third of its present length :—

One strong and beneficial influence, however, the administration of a vigorous and high-minded aristocracy is calculated to exert upon a robust and sound people. . . . That elevation of character, that noble way of thinking and behaving, which is an eminent gift of nature to some individuals, is also often generated in whole classes of men by the possession of power, by the importance and responsibility of high station, by habitually dealing with great things, by being placed above the necessity of constantly struggling for little things. And it is the source of great virtues. It may go along with a not very quick or open intelligence, but it cannot well go along with a conduct vulgar or ignoble. A governing class imbued with it may not be capable of leading the masses of the people to the highest pitch of welfare possible for them,

but it sets them an invaluable example of qualities without which no really high welfare can exist. This has been done for their nations by the best aristocracies. The Roman aristocracy did it; the English aristocracy has done it. They each fostered in the mass of the peoples they governed a greatness of spirit, the natural growth of the condition of magnates and rulers, but not the natural growth of the condition of the common people. They made, the one of the Roman, the other of the English people, in spite of all the shortcomings of each, great peoples. And this they did, while wielding the people according to their own notions, and in the direction which seemed good to them; not as servants and instruments of the people, but as its commanders and heads; solicitous for the good of their country indeed, but taking it for granted that of that good they were the supreme judges, and were to fix the conditions.

The time has arrived, however, when it is becoming impossible for the aristocracy of England to conduct and wield the English nation any longer. Signs not to be mistaken show that its headship and leadership of the nation, by virtue of the substantial acquiescence of the body of the nation in its predominance and right to lead, is nearly over. That acquiescence was the tenure by which it held its power; and it is fast giving way. The superiority of the upper class over all others is no longer so great; the willingness of the others to recognise that superiority is no longer so ready.

(London Matriculation.)

11. Summarise in Reported Speech in a third of its present length:—

The fact is—and I do not say so with any expression of scorn or with any feeling of triumph—the aristocracy of England which so lately governed the country has abdicated, and its most boastful leader, Lord Derby, its chief, in its name, and for it, has capitulated to the people. One hundred and eighty years ago there was a revolution in England. The revolution of 1688 had this effect. It stripped the monarch of absolute power, and, pretending to confer it upon the nation, conferred it mainly upon the nobility. The Bill of 1832, combined with the Bill of last year, gave us another revolution. Power has not been taken from the Crown and given to the nobility, but it has been taken from the nobility and has been given henceforth and for ever to the people. The form of aristocratic power yet remains. In every country the possessors of great wealth are likely to have power. I am not complaining of this; but I am stating a fact, which must be plain to all. But although the influence of wealth is great, the spirit of the country has changed, and the centre of power has been moved. We are, in fact—do not let us attempt to conceal it from ourselves—standing on the threshold of a new career. Being there, we need no longer have recourse to the arguments which we have often heard from platforms

in times past, such indeed as I sometimes have been ready to use. There is no longer a contest between us and the House of Lords; we need no longer bring charges against a selfish oligarchy; we no longer dread the power of the territorial magnates; we no longer feel ourselves domineered over by a class; we feel that denunciation and invective now would be out of place; the power which hitherto has ruled over us is shifted. We now have to appeal to you, to address our arguments to you, to couple facts—if we are capable of doing so—with wisdom, and, if we may, to counsel you, so that you who are now part of the government of the country may show in the acts which you do the wisdom which you have learned. The fate of this great nation is in the nation's hands: come weal, come woe, the responsibility of the future must rest with the mass of the people, for they are now admitted, at least within the boroughs, to a large share of representation, and thereby of political power.—*From a speech by John Bright to an audience of working men after the Reform Act of 1867.* (London Matriculation.)

12. Write a summary of the following passage in not more than 150 words:—

By the time I reached Dover, my money was all gone and I had nothing left to dispose of. I was hungry, thirsty, and worn out. My shoes were ragged, my hat crushed and bent, my clothing stained and torn. My face and hands were brown with exposure, and I was powdered with dust from head to foot. In this plight I was to introduce myself to my formidable aunt. I inquired about her first among the boatmen. One said she lived in the lighthouse; another, that she was made fast to the great buoy outside the harbour; a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone Jail. Then I tried the cab-drivers, whose replies were just as jocose and disrespectful. The shopkeepers, not liking my appearance, drove me away without even hearing my question. I was sitting disconsolate on the step of an empty shop, when a cab-driver coming by with his carriage dropped a horse cloth. Something good-natured in his face, as I handed it up, encouraged me to make one more attempt. "Trotwood?" said he. "Let me see. I know the name. Old lady?" "Yes," I said, "rather." "Pretty stiff in the back?" said he. I said I should think it very likely. "Why then, I tell you what," said he: "if you go up there" (pointing with his whip towards the heights), "and keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea, I think you'll hear of her. Here's a penny for you."

I accepted the gift thankfully and bought some bread with it, which I ate by the way. After walking a good distance I came to the houses which the man had mentioned. Approaching them, I went into a little shop and asked if they could tell me where Miss Trotwood lived. I

spoke to a man behind the counter, who was weighing some rice for a young woman ; but the latter turned sharply round and said, " My mistress ? What do you want with her ? " " I want to speak to her, if you please," I replied. " To beg of her, I expect," retorted the damsel : " Well, you can follow me, and you'll soon see where she lives." I followed her out of the shop, and we soon came to a neat cottage with cheerful bow-windows and a small garden in front of it. " This is Miss Trotwood's," said the woman, and then disappeared into the house, leaving me standing at the garden gate.

I stared for some time at the parlour window, thinking that my aunt was seated in awful state within. Its stillness leading me to dismiss this idea, I lifted my eyes to the window above. There I saw a pleasant looking gentleman, who nodded his head at me grotesquely several times, then laughed and went away. I was so much discomposed by this unexpected behaviour that I was on the point of slinking off to think how I'd best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady with a handkerchief tied over her cap and a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, wearing a large apron and carrying a formidable knife. " Go away," she cried, shaking her head and waving the knife : " Go away. No boys here."

I watched her with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden and stooped to dig up some root there. Then in desperation I stole softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger. " If you please, ma'am," I began. She started and looked at me. " If you please, aunt, I am your nephew." " Mercy on us," cried my aunt in a tone of amazement, and sat down flat on the garden path. " I am David Copperfield of Blunderstone. I have been very unhappy since my mother died. I have been slighted and taught nothing and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you, and I have walked all the way from London." Here my self-control gave way and I broke into a passion of tears. My aunt sat staring at me till I began to cry, when she got up in a hurry, collared me, took me into the parlour and plied me with restoratives, still ejaculating at intervals, " Mercy on us ! Mercy on us ! "

(Civil Service : Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist.)

13. Make a précis of the following matter in not more than 200 words :

(The following is taken from a novel dealing with the scenes in France at the time of the French Revolution.)

CITIZEN EVRÉMONDE.

The Marquis St. Evrémonde was one of the great lords in power at the French Court. There was such frizzling and powdering and sticking up of hair, such a rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, that he and his

friends might have been dressed for a fancy-dress ball that was never to leave off. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decorations, to conduct the Marquis's morning chocolate to his lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate pot into his sacred presence, a second frothed it with a little instrument he bore for that purpose, a third presented the napkin, a fourth poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monsieur the Marquis to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate. When Monsieur the Marquis drove over his estate, the peasants fled before his face in terror. For generations the family of Evrémonde had oppressed them, and the Marquis himself upheld the cruel traditions of his race.

He paid a fearful penalty for his misdeeds. When the people of France began their dreadful revenge upon the aristocrats during the French Revolution, the Marquis St. Evrémonde was amongst the first to meet a violent death.

His nephew, the only remaining member of his family, was living in England under the name of "Charles Darnay." He had nothing in common with his cruel uncle, but the fact that he belonged to a hated family of tyrants would have been enough to place his life in danger, had he ventured to set foot in France. Moreover, although of this he was as yet ignorant, his name had been placed upon the list of "emigrants," i.e., aristocrats who were exiled from their native land by the Republic on pain of death.

In his hatred of his uncle's bad deeds, Charles Darnay did all in his power to make amends by giving orders to Monsieur Gabelle, the family steward, that the people on his estate should be spared and helped in every possible way. It was not easy, however, to wipe out the remembrance of centuries of cruelty, and the Revolutionaries, in spite of his well-meant efforts, seized Monsieur Gabelle and flung him into prison, his only crime being fidelity to the hated family of Evrémonde. The unfortunate steward wrote to Darnay from prison, begging for help. Upon receiving this communication, Darnay, feeling that he could not resist the appeal of a faithful servant in danger of his life, at once made up his mind to go to Paris, in spite of the dangers awaiting him. He therefore bade "good-bye" to his wife Lucie and his child and, taking horse for Dover, began his perilous journey.

In the autumn of the year 1792, the period of which we are speaking, the traveller from England to Paris found his way beset with obstacles, since every town-gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen patriots, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, and turned them back or sent them on, as judgment or fancy dictated. This watchfulness not only stopped Darnay on the highway twenty times a day, but the citizen patriots continually

hindered his progress by riding after him and taking him back and sometimes keeping him under restraint for several hours at a time. He had been some days upon his journey through France, when one evening he went to bed tired out in a small town on the high road, still a long way from Paris. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such that he felt his journey to have reached a crisis. He was therefore as little surprised as a man could be to find himself awakened in the middle of the night by three armed patriots, accompanied by a local magistrate, all in round red caps and with pipes in their mouths. They sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the magistrate, "I am going to send you on to Paris under an escort. Rise and dress yourself."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay, and with a sinking heart he put on his clothes and was taken back to the guard-house, where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking or sleeping before the watch-fire. At three o'clock in the morning he set forth along the wet roads with his escort. This consisted of two mounted patriots in red caps, armed with muskets, who rode one on each side of their prisoner. A loose line was attached to Darnay's bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded round his wrist. When they reached the town of Beauvais on the second evening of their journey, Charles Darnay could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming, although he did not as yet know what charge was to be brought against him.

A crowd gathered to see him dismount, and many voices cried loudly :

"Down with the emigrant, the hateful aristocrat!"

"Let him be!" said one of the escort. "Let him be! He will be judged in Paris."

"Ay, and condemned as a traitor!" roared the crowd.

This reception caused Darnay the greatest anxiety, and he began to realise that his rank alone was enough to bring untold dangers upon his head. When daylight at last found them before the walls of Paris, his worst fears were confirmed. The two patriots led him to a guard-house, where he was questioned by the officer in command.

"Your age?" "Thirty-seven."

"Married?" "Yes." "Where is your wife?" "In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned to the prison of La Force."

"Under what law?" exclaimed Darnay, "and for what offence?"

"We have new laws and new offences, since you were here," replied the officer with a harsh smile. "I have come here in response to the written appeal of a fellow-countryman," replied Darnay. "I demand no more than the opportunity to assist him without delay. Is not that my right?" "Emigrants have no rights," was the stolid reply, and

Darnay was led away to the gloomy prison of La Force. There the jailer opened a low, black door, and motioned him into a solitary cell—cold and damp.

"Yours," said the man. "Why am I confined alone?" "How do I know?" "I can buy pens, ink and paper?" "Such are not my orders. At present you may buy your food and nothing more," and with these words he left the prisoner to his own gloomy reflections.

After many days Darnay succeeded in obtaining permission to send news of his fate to his wife in England. She immediately hastened with her little girl and her father to Paris, but all her entreaties on Darnay's behalf proved unavailing. The Republic would not delay its fearful war against the aristocrats for the sake of anxious wives and mothers! Charles Darnay lay in prison one year and three months, and during the whole time Lucie was never certain from hour to hour but that the guillotine would strike off her husband's head the next day. One circumstance alone gave her hope. Her father, Doctor Manette, had suffered many years' imprisonment in the Bastille, through the cruelty of some aristocratic enemies. When he was at last released, the tale of his sufferings gained the sympathy of the people. He was regarded as a good friend to the Republic, and hence was not without hope that his influence might prove sufficient to procure the release of his unhappy son-in-law. At present all he could accomplish was an occasional interview with the prisoner, but even this was denied to Lucie.

"My dear," said her father one evening, "there is an upper window in the prison to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three o'clock in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stand in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and, even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition." "Oh! Show me the place, my father!" cried Lucie, "and I will go there every day." From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was at her post, and at four she went away. When it was not too wet for her little girl, they set forth together; at other times she was alone, but Lucie never missed a single day.

The dread Tribunal, before which the prisoners were carried to be tried, sat every day. The trial was merely a form: not one prisoner in a hundred was acquitted. The lists of those to be examined the next day went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to the prisoners. The standard jailer-joke was: "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!" So at last began the "evening paper" at La Force. The next day fifteen prisoners were

put to the bar, before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied only an hour and a half.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was summoned at last. He was accused as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic under the Decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death.

A few unimportant questions were put to him, and the President then demanded the name of the prisoner's wife.

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Doctor Manette was summoned as a witness, and his personal popularity excited the crowd on behalf of his unfortunate son-in-law. He showed that Darnay had remained in England and that, so far from being in favour with the aristocratic government, he had once been tried by it for his life.

At length the jury declared that they had heard enough and that they were ready to return their verdict. This was in the prisoner's favour, and the President accordingly declared him free. The crowd set up a mighty shout of applause, and, putting him by sheer force into a large chair, carried him on their shoulders to the house where his wife and child awaited him.

But their happiness was short-lived. On the following evening Darnay was again arrested. The next day he was again taken before the Tribunal, was denounced as an enemy of the Republic and sentenced to be executed within twenty-four hours.

(Civil Service : Women Clerks.)

14. Make a précis of the story below in not more than 220 words :—

"Mad bull! Mad bull!"

Florence Dombey and Susan Nipper, the nursemaid carrying her baby brother, were in the act of crossing the road, when the alarm was raised, and instantly the whole street was plunged into wild confusion. People were running up and down and shouting, and Florence screamed and ran with the rest, urging Susan to do the same. She ran until she could run no farther, and then, coming breathlessly to a standstill, gazed about her in dismay to find that she had left the nursemaid with the baby behind, and that she was quite alone in a strange neighbourhood.

"Susan! Susan!" she cried. "Oh, where are they? Where are they?"

"Where are they?" said an old woman coming hobbling across as fast as she could from the opposite side of the way. "Why did you run away from 'em?"

"I was frightened," answered Florence. "I didn't know what I did. I thought they were with me. Where are they?"

"I'll show you," said the old woman, taking Florence by the hand.

She was a very ugly old woman with red rims round the eyes and a mouth that mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. She was miserably dressed and carried some skins over her arm.

Florence was afraid of her and looked hesitatingly up the street, of which she had almost reached the end. It was a solitary place—more a back road than a street—and there was no one in it but herself and the old woman.

"You needn't be frightened now," said the old woman, still holding her tightly. "Come along with me."

"I—I don't know you. What's your name?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. Brown," said the old woman. "Good Mrs. Brown." But Florence could not help wondering whether Bad Mrs. Brown, if there was such a person, was at all like her.

"Are they near here?" she asked, beginning to be led away.

"Susan ain't far off," said Good Mrs. Brown.

They had not gone far when the old woman turned down a dirty lane, where the mud lay in deep, black ruts in the middle of the road. She stopped before a shabby little house, that was as closely shut up as a house full of cracks and crevices could be. Opening the door with a key, which she took out of her bonnet, she pushed the child before her into a back room, where there was a great heap of rags of different colours lying on the floor, a heap of bones, and a heap of sifted dust or cinders; but there was no furniture at all, and the walls and ceiling were quite black.

Florence was so frightened that she became speechless.

"Now don't be a young mule," said Good Mrs. Brown, giving her a shake. "I'm not going to hurt you. Sit upon the rags."

Florence obeyed in fear and trembling.

"I'm not going to keep you even above an hour," said Mrs. Brown. "D'ye understand what I say?"

"Yes," said Florence in a whisper.

"Then," said Good Mrs. Brown, taking her own seat upon the bones, "don't vex me. If you don't, I tell you I won't hurt you. But if you do, I'll kill you. I could have you killed at any time even if you was in your own bed at home. Now let's know who you are, and what you are, and all about you."

The old woman's threats and promises, and the dread of giving her offence, helped Florence to do her bidding. She told Mrs. Brown that her mother had died soon after her brother Paul was born, and that her father was a very rich man, the head of the firm of Dombey and Son, whose offices were in the City, but she did not know exactly where. The old woman listened attentively until she had finished.

"So your name's Dombey, eh?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want that pretty frock, Miss Dombey," said Good Mrs. Brown, "and that little bonnet and a petticoat or two and anything else you can spare. Come, take 'em off."

Florence obeyed as fast as her trembling hands would allow, keeping all the while a frightened eye on Mrs. Brown. The old woman examined the clothes carefully, and seemed fairly well satisfied with their quality and value.

"Humph," she said. "I don't see anything else—except the shoes. I must have the shoes, Miss Dombey."

Poor Florence took them off, and the old woman then produced some wretched garments from the bottom of the heap of rags, which she turned up for that purpose, together with a girl's cloak, quite worn out and very old, and the crushed remains of a bonnet.

In this raiment she instructed Florence to dress herself, which she did readily, hoping this meant that her release was at hand. In hurriedly putting on the bonnet she caught it in her thick hair and could not at once disentangle it. Good Mrs. Brown whipped out a large pair of scissors and fell into a state of great excitement.

"Why couldn't you let me be," she cried, "when I was contented, you little fool?"

"I beg your pardon. I don't know what I have done," panted Florence. "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it?" cried Mrs. Brown. "How do you expect I can help it? Why," said the old woman, ruffling the curls which a furious pleasure, "anybody but me would have had 'em off first of all."

Florence was so relieved to find that it was only her hair and not her head which Mrs. Brown coveted that she offered no resistance.

"If I hadn't once had a girl of my own who's beyond seas now that was proud of her hair," said Mrs. Brown, "I'd have every lock of it. She's far away! She's far away! Oho! Oho!"

Mrs. Brown's was not a melodious cry, but it had its part in saving Florence's curls, however, for Mrs. Brown, after hovering about her with the scissors for some moments like a new kind of butterfly, bade her hide them under the bonnet and let no trace escape to tempt her.

Having accomplished this victory over herself, Mrs. Brown resumed her seat on the bones and smoked a very short, black pipe, moving and mumbling all the time, as if she were eating the stem. When the pipe was out, she gave Florence a rabbit-skin to carry that she might appear the more like her ordinary companion, and told her she was now going to lead her to a public place whence she could inquire the way to her friends. But she warned her with threats of vengeance in case of disobedience not to talk to strangers nor to go to her own home (which

was too near for Mrs. Brown's convenience), but to her father's office in the City, and to wait at the street corner where she would be left, until the clock struck three.

These directions Mrs. Brown enforced with assurances that invisible eyes and ears would be watching for all she did, and Florence promised faithfully to observe them. At length Mrs. Brown led her changed and ragged little friend through narrow streets and lanes and alleys, until they reached a stableyard with a gateway at the end, beyond which they could hear the roar of a great thoroughfare. Mrs. Brown pointed out this gateway, informing Florence that when the clock struck three she was to go to the left. Florence stood in the gateway looking at the bustle in the streets and growing more and more confused by it, and in the meanwhile the clocks seemed to have made up their minds never to strike three any more ! At last, however, the steeples rang out ; and after looking over her shoulders and often going a little way and as often coming back, lest the all-powerful spies of Mrs. Brown should take offence, she hurried off as fast as she could in her slipshod shoes, holding the rabbit-skin tightly in her hand.

By dint of asking her way to Dombey and Son's, in the City, she reached the heart of that great region which is governed by the Lord Mayor of London. It was two hours later in the afternoon, when, escaping from the clash and noise of a narrow street, full of carts and wagons, she peeped into a kind of wharf or landing-place, upon the river side, where there were a great many packages, casks, and boxes strewn about ; a large pair of wooden scales, and a little wooden house on wheels, outside of which a stout man stood whistling.

" Now, then," said this man, happening to turn round. " We haven't got anything for you, little girl. Be off ! "

" If you please, is this the City ? " said Florence, trembling.

" Ah, it's the City ; you know that well enough, I dare say. Be off ! We haven't got anything for you."

" I don't want anything, thank you," was the timid answer ; " except to know the way to Dombey and Son's."

" Why, what can you want with Dombey and Son's ? "

" To know the way there, if you please."

The man looked at her yet more curiously, and rubbed the back of his head so hard that he knocked his own hat off.

" Joe ! " he called to another man, a labourer, as he picked it up and put it on again.

" Joe it is," said Joe.

" Where's that young fellow from Dombey's that's been watching the shipping of these goods ? "

" Just gone by t'other gate," said Joe.

"Call him back a minute."

Joe ran up an archway, calling as he went, and very soon returned with a merry-looking boy.

"You're at Dombey and Son's, aren't you?" said the first man.

"I'm in Mr. Dombey's office, Mr. Clark," returned the boy.

"Look ye here, then," said Mr. Clark.

The boy looked at Florence, wondering, as well he might, what he had to do with her. But Florence, reassured by his lively looks and manner, ran eagerly up to him, leaving one of the slipshod shoes on the ground, and caught her hand in his.

"I am lost, if you please," said Florence.

"Lost!" cried the boy.

"Yes; I was lost this morning a long way from here, and I have had my clothes taken away since. I'm not dressed in my own now. I'm Florence Dombey, and, oh dear! do take care of me, if you please!" sobbed Florence, bursting into tears.

Mr. Clark stood amazed, but the boy, whose name was Walter Gay, picked up the shoe and put it on her foot, as the Prince in the story might have fitted Cinderella's slipper on. He hung the rabbit-skin over his left arm and gave the right to Florence.

"Don't cry, Miss Dombey," said Walter, and they went arm-in-arm along the streets perfectly indifferent to any astonishment their appearance might excite by the way. It was growing dark and foggy and beginning to rain too, but they cared nothing for this, being both wholly absorbed in the late adventures of Florence.

"Have we far to go?" asked Florence at last.

"Let me see!" said Walter, stopping. "Where are we? Oh, I know. But the offices are shut up now. There's nobody there. Mr. Dombey has gone home long ago. Suppose I take you to my uncle's where I live—it's very near here—and go to your own house in a coach to tell them you are safe, and bring you back some clothes. Won't that be best?"

Florence agreed that this would be the best plan, and they continued their way once more until they reached the house of Walter's uncle—Solomon Gills, instrument maker. Walter burst in, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Halloa, Uncle Sol, here's a wonderful adventure! Here's Mr. Dombey's daughter lost in the streets and robbed of her clothes by an old witch of a woman!"

Uncle Sol started back against his favourite compass-box in amazement, and immediately became as hot and breathless as Walter, from sympathy and excitement, patting Florence's head, pressing her to eat and drink, and rubbing the soles of her feet with his pocket-handkerchief to dry them.

Florence fell into a doze before the fire, from which she did not awaken until Walter had set forth to Mr. Dombey's house with the news that his daughter was found. Darting excitedly into the room where Mr. Dombey, his sister, and Susan Nipper, the nursemaid, her eyes red with weeping, were discussing the mysterious disappearance of Florence, he exclaimed :

" Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm happy to say it's all right, sir. Miss Dombey is found."

Amidst the confusion and rejoicing which followed, Susan hastened away to reappear with a parcel of Florence's clothes, she and Walter returning together to the house of Solomon Gills, where they found Florence much refreshed by sleep. She had dined and greatly improved her acquaintance with old Solomon, and Susan caught her in her arms without a word of reproach. Then, regarding her rags with horror, she took Florence into the parlour and dressed her with great care in her own clothes.

A coach was called and Florence said " Good-bye." Running up to Solomon, " You have been very good to me," she added.

Old Solomon kissed her as if she had been his grandchild.

(Dickens : *Dombey and Son.*)

(*Civil Service : Female Writing Assistant.*)

15. Make a summary of the following passage in not more than 200 words :—

Silas Marner's life had been filled with the movement, the mental activity, and the close fellowship, which, in that day as in this, marked the life of an artisan brought up in a narrow religious sect, where the poorest layman has the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech. Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard. He was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith ; and a peculiar interest had been centred in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer-meeting, into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death. Both Silas and his minister and fellow members thought that some spiritual significance lay behind this strange occurrence, and it would have seemed to them sinful to have sought a medical explanation for the phenomenon. Silas was evidently a brother selected for a peculiar discipline, and though it was difficult to interpret this discipline because Silas himself did not remember any spiritual vision revealed to him during his trance, yet it was believed by himself and others that its effect was seen in an increase of spiritual insight and enthusiasm. A less truthful man than he might have been tempted into the subsequent creation of a vision ; a less sane man might have believed in such a creation ; but Silas was both

sane and honest. He had inherited from his mother some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—a little store of wisdom which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest—but of late years he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge, believing that herbs could have no efficacy without prayer, and that prayer might suffice without herbs; so that the inherited delight he had in wandering in the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot, began to wear to him the character of a temptation.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to over-severity towards weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner had one of those impressible self-doubting natures, which, at an inexperienced age, admire decision in others. The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenceless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane. One of the most frequent topics of conversation between the two friends was Assurance of Salvation: Silas confessed that he could never arrive at anything higher than hope mingled with fear, and listened with longing wonder when William declared that he had possessed unshaken assurance ever since, in the period of his conversion, he had dreamed that he saw the words "calling and election sure" standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant-woman, waiting only for a little increase to their mutual savings in order to marry her; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews. It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer-meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy towards a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him, this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favour, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing

within his soul. Silas, feeling bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly duty, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him ; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner towards him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished to break off their engagement ; but she denied this : their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer-meetings ; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community.

At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the night-watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usually audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see the patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead—had been dead some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock : it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come ? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there ; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, " You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocket-knife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife ? Silas said, he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket—but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside—found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag ; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged ? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment : then he said, " God will clear me : I know nothing about

the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling : you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, " The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken during the night, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come ; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

" I must have slept," said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, " Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended—in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber ! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, " William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie ? But God will clear me."

" Brother," said William, " how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you ? "

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

" I remember now—the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, " I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation : he only said, " I am sore stricken ; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the Church : prosecution was held by them to be forbidden to Christians, even if it had been a case in which there was no scandal to the community. But they were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then—that his

trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation—

“The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don’t remember putting it in my pocket again. *You stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door.* But you may prosper for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.”

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, “I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas.”

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul—that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, “*She will cast me off too.*” And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset, as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind which is never disturbed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner’s position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief, by getting to his weaver’s loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

(Civil Service : Army Entrance.)

CHAPTER IV.

ADVANCED PRÉCIS-WRITING.

A—DIFFICULT PASSAGES WITHOUT DIALOGUE.

58. The exercises given in Chapter II are not of more than moderate difficulty. It is obvious, however, that a passage set to be summarised may be of such a nature that it presents an exceedingly difficult problem. It may be written in an involved and obscure style; on the other hand, it may be clearly written and yet set out an intricate argument or an abstruse line of thought; or it may contain a large number of technical details and statistics from which it is hard to disentangle the main ideas. Whatever the character of the passage, however, and whatever special difficulties it presents, it should be treated in the same way as has been explained in connection with simpler exercises.

If the original passage is obscurely written, it is the special task of the précis-writer to produce a simply worded statement; if it concerns a philosophical discussion, he must see that he grasps the point at issue and is able to follow the argument stage by stage; if it is burdened with facts and figures, he must be prepared to get behind them to the leading ideas.

After what has been said in Chapter II on general method, it is not necessary to give additional illustrations here, but a number of continuous passages are included in the exercises on this chapter in order to give the student practice in dealing with harder material.

It will be obvious, however, that it is not merely practice in making a summary that is required in dealing with this more difficult subject-matter. It is essential to feel at home with this kind of material. The student who finds himself faced for the first time with the task of making a précis of, perhaps, a scientific theory, or a passage of philosophical

reasoning, or a political argument, or a discussion of the nature of poetry, will feel lost. In each case, some acquaintance with science, or philosophy, or politics, or poetry is indispensable to a proper understanding of the matter, and without such an acquaintance the student is more than likely to make some blunder in his summary. Therefore wide reading must supplement actual practice, for advanced précis-work is apt to be a test at once of clear thinking and of general knowledge.

B—PASSAGES WHOLLY IN DIALOGUE.

59. Passages such as scenes from plays, consisting entirely of dialogue, are sometimes required to be summarised. Such exercises are somewhat harder than those dealt with in Chapter III, since there are no narrative paragraphs in the third person to make clear the progress of the story. Whereas the writer of a dialogue (dramatic or other) expresses his ideas or tells his tale entirely through the agency of the puppets of his own creation, the précis-writer has to adopt a purely external position, and narrate what happens from the point of view of an observer. The précis will, of course, be given entirely in reported speech.

60. As an example let us take the opening scene of Sheridan's *The Rivals*. We are required to give a brief account of the scene in narrative form so as to make clear the facts which it is important that the audience should grasp if the development of the plot is to be understood.

Original.

Scene : *A Street.*

Enter THOMAS. He crosses the Stage. FAG follows, looking after him.

Fag : What ! Thomas ! sure 'tis he ?—What ! Thomas ! Thomas !

Thos. : Hey !—Odd's life ! Mr. Fag !—give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag : Excuse my glove, Thomas. I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad. Why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty !—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath ?

Thos. : Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion, be all come.

Fag : Indeed !

Thos. : Ay, master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit ; so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip ! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag : Ay, ay, hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute !

Thos. : But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master ? Odd ! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here !

Fag : I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Thos. : Why, sure !

Fag : At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Thos. : I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag : I have not changed, Thomas.

Thos. : No ! Why, didn't you say you had left young master ?

Fag : No. Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no further. Briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Thos. : The devil they are !

Fag : So it is indeed, Thomas ; and the ensign half of my master being on guard at present—the captain has nothing to do with me.

Thos. : So, so ! What, this is some freak, I warrant ! Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know, I ha' trusted you.

Fag : You'll be secret, Thomas ?

Thos. : As a coach horse.

Fag : Why, then, the cause of all this is—Love—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Thos. : Ay, ay ; I guessed there was a lady in the case—but pray, why does your master pass only for ensign ? Now if he had shammed general indeed—

Fag : Ah ! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter. Hark'ee Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste—a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Thos. : That is an odd taste indeed ! But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag ? Is she rich, hey ?

Fag : Rich ! Why, I believe she owns half the stocks ! Zounds ! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman ! She has a lapdog that eats out of gold, she feeds her parrot with small pearls, and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes !

Thos. : Bravo, faith ! Odd ! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least ; but does she draw kindly with the captain ?

Fag : As fond as pigeons.

Thos. : May one hear her name ?

Fag : Miss Lydia Languish. But there is an old tough aunt in the way ; though, by-the-by, she has never seen my master—for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Thos. : Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony. But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath ? I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry-making, hey ?

Fag : Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge. In the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters) ; after breakfast we saunter on the parade, or play a game at billiards ; at night we dance ; but damn the place, I'm tired of it ; their regular hours stupefy me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven ! However, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties. I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Thos. : Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag : I had forgot. But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must. Here now—this wig ! What the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas ? None of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

Thos. : More's the pity ! more's the pity ! I say. Odd's life ! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next. Odd rabbit it ! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the box !—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag : and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag : Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Thos. : Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind—for in the village now, tho'ff Jack Gauge, the exciseman, has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick, the farrier, swears he'll never forsake his bob, though all the college should appear with their own heads !

Fag : Indeed ! well said, Dick ! But hold—mark ! mark ! Thomas.

Thos. : Zooks ! 'tis the captain. Is that the lady with him ?

Fag : No, no ; that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Thos. : Odd ! he's giving her money ! Well, Mr. Fag—

Fag : Good-bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight ; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

61. Comments.—Since there is no impersonal narrative, we are left to infer who the characters are. It soon appears that Thomas is a coachman who serves Sir Anthony Absolute, and that Fag is a servant whose master is Sir Anthony's son.

During the conversation simple facts are elicited only as the result of rather elaborate cross-questioning. Much of the conversation, especially that which concerns the fashions in wigs, serves merely to exhibit the humours of the two characters, and this may be entirely neglected for our purpose.

We must use some discernment in selecting points which, while apparently unimportant in this scene, may have significance in connection with later events. Thus, the proposed marriage between Mr. Faulkland and Madam Julia seems likely to affect the plot, and we should therefore mention it in our summary. But as this matter is mentioned as it were carelessly after a much more important question has been discussed, we must introduce a few connecting words to effect a smooth transition from one subject to the other.

It will be observed that, in exercises of this kind, considerable care is necessary to avoid vagueness in the use of pronouns, or (at the other extreme) the awkward repetition of names.

62. Our précis of the preceding will therefore be on the following lines:—

Précis.—Meeting Fag unexpectedly in a street in Bath, Thomas, a coachman, told him that he had just driven down his master, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Madam Julia. He thought Sir Anthony would be surprised to meet his son in the city. Fag explained that his master, Captain Absolute, was not at the moment known in Bath by his true name. He was masquerading as Ensign Beverley in order to gain the hand of Miss Lydia Languish, a rich and romantic young lady who would prefer a beggarly ensign to a captain who was heir to a fortune. There were likely to be difficulties, however, for Lydia had an old aunt who would oppose any imprudent match. In the course of the conversation which followed, Fag referred to Mr. Faulkland, whereupon Thomas reminded him that that gentleman was to marry Madam Julia.

Note.—The above précis has been put into the past tense in accordance with the rules of reported speech, but in summarising a scene from a play

the present tense is quite natural and may be employed. Care must be taken, however, not to begin in the present tense and then lapse into the past.

C—MINUTES OF EVIDENCE,

VERBATIM REPORTS OF DEBATES, ETC.

63. Examiners sometimes set for *précis* a passage taken from the minutes of evidence given before a special commission of inquiry, or from the report of a Parliamentary debate. Such an exercise is similar, of course, to those we have just discussed. There are, however, one or two additional difficulties.

A verbatim report of evidence will necessarily include a certain amount of irrelevant material, for some of the questions will not elicit any information of importance, and some of the replies will contain pointless or repetitive matter. Moreover, special attention will have to be paid to *order*. The facts brought to light in the course of the taking of evidence will frequently not appear in the logical order in which they must be set out in a *précis* of the proceedings. Perhaps one point will be referred to more than once in the course of the interrogation: all the references must then be collected and a summary statement made. Of course, no mention need be made of the actual questions asked.

The *précis* of such material may sometimes be presented in a single paragraph. If several distinct matters are dealt with, however, a separate paragraph should be devoted to each.

64. As an example let us consider the following report (taken from *The Times*) of questions in the House of Commons:—

Original.

LORD BYNG'S APPOINTMENT.

Questions to Home Secretary.

Mr. Lansbury (Bow and Bromley, Lab.) asked the Home Secretary if he would state the salary proposed to be paid to Lord Byng during his tenure of office as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police; whether any definite period had been agreed to as his tenure of office; and whether his lordship would be entitled to a pension or other emolument on retirement from the position,

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—Lord Byng, as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, will be entitled to the salary of the post, as provided in the Estimates, viz., £3,000 per annum. No definite period has been fixed, but as the law stands a Commissioner of Police cannot retain office after he reaches the age of 70. As regards pension, I must refer the hon. member to the provisions of the Police Pensions Act, 1921, under which Lord Byng can only obtain any pension if specially sanctioned by the Secretary of State, with the concurrence of the Treasury.

Mr. Lansbury.—What period will he have to serve ?

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—No period. Under the provisions of the law as it stands Lord Byng must retire at 70. He can retire before that age if he thinks fit.

Mr. J. Jones (Silvertown, Lab.).—May we ask the Home Secretary to take into consideration the advisability of changing the name of the Metropolitan Police Force to the Byng Boys Association ? (Laughter.)

Mr. Lansbury asked what special conditions prevailed at the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police which in the judgment of the Home Secretary made it necessary for him to ask Lord Byng to accept the position of Chief Commissioner without any reference to his lordship's age and without any agreement as to length of service and remuneration, and without regard to the fact that his lordship was already five years older than the usual age at which Commissioners were expected to retire.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—When a post of the importance of that of Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis becomes vacant, it is usual and proper for the Minister responsible to survey the whole available field of choice with a view to finding the man who in his judgment is best suited by experience and personal qualities to undertake it. That is exactly what I have done in this instance, and in my judgment Lord Byng possesses qualifications which outweigh the disadvantages, such as they are, of advancing years. After all, he is younger than many gentlemen known to all of us who still apply themselves with unabated vigour to their self-appointed tasks. No special agreement as to length of service or remuneration was necessary in view of the facts which I have brought to the notice of the hon. member in reply to his earlier question. The last part of the question does not arise, for, as the hon. member will see when he has the particulars for which he is asking with regard to previous occupants of the post, it cannot be said that there is any usual age at which Commissioners are expected to retire.

Mr. Lansbury.—Is the right hon. gentleman aware that only two days ago he told the House that there were exceptional conditions which necessitated the appointment of such a man ; and may I ask why there is no person in the service of the Metropolitan Police who could be

promoted to this position without bringing in a gentleman of this age ? May I also say to the Home Secretary that persons who do voluntary work do not need sneers from him or from anyone else ? (Opposition cheers and Ministerial cries of " Order ! ") When you have done as much as I have—(further cries of " Order ! ")—he is beneath contempt, that is what I say.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—The hon. gentleman and I have worked together for many years. I am not complaining.

Mr. Lansbury.—Why did you sneer at me ?

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—I certainly did not sneer. The hon. gentleman is far too sensitive.

Mr. Lansbury.—You talked about self-appointed tasks.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—I am astonished at the hon. gentleman's lack of a sense of humour. As to the serious question he asked me, the position in the Metropolitan Police is that there are many high officers all carrying out their duties satisfactorily. But it may well be, and it is my view, having been responsible for 3½ years and worked with these officers, that none of them was the right man to appoint to the control of a great force of 20,000 men, involving the safety and the happiness of an enormous city of some eight million people. I felt it essential that I should get a man of great qualifications, great ability, and great character.

Lieut.-Com. Kenworthy (Hull, Central, Lab.).—A reflection on the police !

Mr. Montague (Islington, W., Lab.).—What is behind all this ?

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—While I make no reflection of any kind on these officers of the Metropolitan Police, who are carrying out their duties admirably, I felt, and still feel, that Lord Byng is better adapted for carrying out the duties of Commissioner than any one of these officers.

Mr. Lansbury.—Has the Home Secretary read the latest report issued by Sir William Horwood in reference to the condition of the police force in the metropolitan area ? The hon. member continued to speak vehemently, but his further remarks were inaudible amid the cries of " Order ! "

The *Speaker*, intervening, said that members were debating the question, and that was not the time for debate.

Replying to a further question by Mr. Lansbury, *Sir W. Joynson-Hicks* said that the ages of retirement of the last four gentlemen who held the post of Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis were 52, 66, 68 and 58 respectively. He would circulate further particulars in the official report.

Mr. Hayes (Liverpool, Edge Hill, Lab.) asked whether, in view of the fact that on the occasion of every appointment to the Commissionership

of the Metropolitan Police it had always been suggested that it was with a view to clearing up the mess, the Home Secretary would say what was the "stern call of duty" which prompted the invitation to Lord Byng to accept the post, and the reason for the reflection conveyed by his statement with regard to the conditions which existed in the Metropolitan Police.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—I never in any statement of mine said that there was any question of clearing up a mess. I said that I asked Lord Byng—who naturally might feel that, with his record, he need not be called upon to do any more public service—to undertake this important duty because I conceived that he had exactly those qualities which are required at the present time in the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

Mr. Hayes asked if the right hon. gentleman could say what were the conditions which required special qualifications which were not possessed by experienced and trained police officers. (Opposition cheers.)

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.—The hon. gentleman is, I understand, asking for a debate on this subject next week. He can put his points then, and I shall be prepared to meet them. It is really impossible to say more than I have done at the present time in answer to questions. I shall be prepared next week to go fully into all matters connected with the appointment of this gentleman and the steps I took with regard to it when I knew that a vacancy would occur.

65. Comments.—We must, of course, notice carefully the exact terms of Mr. Lansbury's original question, and our summary must give the Home Secretary's reply to each of the points raised. We must neglect irrelevant material like the flippant question of Mr. J. Jones, and the remarks of Mr. Lansbury concerning a personal issue raised by the Home Secretary's reference to people who apply themselves to "self-appointed tasks." The general tendency and the implication of the questions should be noted, and also the temper of those who ask them.

66. The summary given below is that which appeared in the Parliamentary news-article on another page in *The Times*.

Précis.—There was again a sharp clash between Mr. Lansbury and the Home Secretary over the appointment of Lord Byng to be Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, although the Speaker wisely insisted on restricting it to an affair of outposts in view of the forthcoming debate next week. In reply to a first question, the Home Secretary stated that

Lord Byng would have the usual salary of £3,000 a year, but could not legally hold office after the age of 70, nor obtain a pension except by special sanction of the Home Secretary and the Treasury.

There remained the question why a special appointment had been thought necessary. Here the Home Secretary insisted upon reserving his main defence for the debate, but he repeated that he had only followed the usual practice of selecting the best man, in his judgment, available for the post. The selection involved no reflection upon any of the high officers of the police force, but was dictated by his belief in Lord Byng's special suitability, owing to his experience and personal qualities. These advantages far outweighed any handicap of advancing years. In reply to a final question the Home Secretary pointed out that there was no usual age at which Commissioners were expected to retire by giving the ages—52, 66, 68 and 58—at which the last four Commissioners had, in fact, retired.

EXERCISE IV.

A.—Difficult Passages of Description, Exposition, Argument, etc.

Summarise each of the following passages in not more than one-third of the length of the original, unless special directions as to length are given :—

JONAH.

1. There is a new recruit for the distinguished company of pioneers who, at personal risk in ocean or channel, are demonstrating new methods of transportation. Turtles, for far too long unrepresented in the annals of adventure, have at last found a hero. The turtle who is at this moment resting in the Aquarium in New York, recovering from cuts and shock, is a long-distance traveller whose achievement was a much more perilous and breathless business than ocean flying. For this turtle made the journey from the West Indies by shark. The success of the trip is generously but rightly attributed in large measure to human aid, for it was easier to get into the shark than to get out again, and, if the shark had not been caught and opened by human hands, the end of the adventure might well have been very different. But everything went smoothly for the turtle, and the admiring sailors who found him alive inside the shark carried him on to New York, where skilled care was ready. They have made his name for him and have called him Jonah.

He can be left to recover fully before the question of a civic welcome need be settled. In a general way the City of New York is generous in its welcomes, but some nice considerations of delicacy arise in this case. If a civic banquet should be given, the turtle might well need reassuring that his name would appear in the toast list and not in the menu. In the flights of municipal oratory there would be grave risk of a proprietorial

note being struck—as if some mayor should say, Let us rejoice that the turtle, who is the rightful soup of Aldermen the world over, has been saved from the baser stomach of a presuming shark. There is much to be said against sharks, but on this occasion municipal authorities are hardly the people to say it. Indeed it is probable that the whole idea of a civic welcome will be dropped, and that, whatever secret admiration is entertained, the official attitude will discontinue the turtle's exploit as foolhardy and not to be encouraged by those who are interested to ensure that turtles shall always abound. Men have too much else to do, and cannot always undertake to follow in boats when these risky journeys are undertaken; and yet, without the men in the boat, what a shark-using turtle gains in swift motion he more than loses in his inability to stop or even to direct the machine. Sharks are, definitely, unsafe. For the turtle's own good, then, there is likely to be a tendency to class him rather as a misguided stowaway who, not unnaturally, found himself fastened under hatches, and whose good fortune in being rescued does not create a precedent. After all, it is little use trying to reason with sharks, who understand nothing but blows. If the supply of that symbolic soup which oils the wheels of city government is to be safeguarded, it is to the civic sense and conservative instincts of turtles themselves that the safety first appeal can most hopefully be made.

(From *The Times*.)

2. Total and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen; conquests and migrations are now very rare; but there are other causes of change, which, though slow in their operation, and invisible in their progress, are perhaps as much superior to human resistance, as the revolutions of the sky, or intumescence of the tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coasts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech.

There are likewise internal causes equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alterations, would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, secluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life; either without books, or, like some of the Mahometan countries, with very few: men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be

expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas ; and every increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combination of words. When the mind is unchanged from necessity, it will range after convenience ; when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions ; as any custom is disused, the words that expressed it must perish with it ; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.

As by the cultivation of various sciences a language is amplified, it will be more furnished with words deflected from their original sense ; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith or the eccentric virtue of a wild hero, and the physician, of sanguine expectations and phlegmatic delays. Copiousness of speech will give opportunities to capricious choice, by which some words will be preferred, and others degraded ; vicissitudes of fashion will enforce the use of new, or extend the signification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current sense : pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen must at length comply with the tongue ; illiterate writers will, at one time or other, by public infatuation, rise into renown, who, not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction, and forget propriety. As politeness increases, some expressions will be considered as too gross and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy ; new phrases are therefore adopted, which must for the same reasons be in time dismissed. Swift, in his petty treatise on the English language, allows that new words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a word obsolete, more than general agreement to forbear it ? and how shall it be continued, when it contains an offensive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when it has once become unfamiliar by disuse, and displeasing by familiarity ?

There is another cause of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet in the present state of the world cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief parts of education, and the most conspicuous accomplishment, is skill in ancient or foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory ; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.

The great pest of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom ; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation ; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same ; but new phraseology changes much at once ; it alters not the single stone of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style—which I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy—let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

(Dr. Johnson : *Preface to the Dictionary.*)

3. Set out the main ideas of the following passage from Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers*. Do not exceed 150 words.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words : " Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge ; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy that you regret ; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But, though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing

truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this : if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is ? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue :—

“How now, young fellow, what dost thou here ?”

“Truly, sir, I take mine ease.”

“Is not this the hour of the class ? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge ?”

“Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave.”

“Learning, quotha ! After what fashion, I pray thee ? Is it mathematics ?”

“No, to be sure.”

“Is it metaphysics ?”

“Nor that.”

“Is it some language ?”

“Nay, it is no language.”

“Is it a trade ?”

“Nor a trade neither.”

“Why, then, what is't ?”

“Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road ; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment.”

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise : “Learning, quotha !” said he ; “I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman !”

4. Set out the following argument in not more than 150 words :—

The great criterion of the state of the common people is the amount of their wages ; and, as four-fifths of the common people were, in the seventeenth century, employed in agriculture, it is especially important

to ascertain what were then the wages of agricultural industry. On this subject we have the means of arriving at conclusions sufficiently exact for our purpose.

Sir William Petty, whose mere assertion carries great weight, informs us that a labourer was by no means in the lowest state who received for a day's work fourpence with food, or eightpence without food. Four shillings a week therefore were, according to Petty's calculation, fair agricultural wages.

That this calculation was not remote from the truth we have abundant proof. About the beginning of the year 1685 the Justices of Warwickshire, in the exercise of a power entrusted to them by an act of Elizabeth, fixed, at their quarter sessions, a scale of wages for the county, and notified that every employer who gave more than the authorised sum, and every working man who received more, would be liable to punishment. The wages of the common agricultural labourer, from March to September, were fixed at the precise sum mentioned by Petty, namely four shillings a week without food. From September to March the wages were to be only three and sixpence a week.

But in that age, as in ours, the earnings of the peasant were very different in different parts of the kingdom. The wages of Warwickshire were probably about the average, and those of the counties near the Scottish border below it : but there were more favoured districts. In the same year, 1685, a gentleman of Devonshire, named Richard Dunning, published a small tract, in which he described the condition of the poor of that county. That he understood his subject well it is impossible to doubt ; for a few months later his work was reprinted, and was, by the magistrates assembled in quarter sessions at Exeter, strongly recommended to the attention of all parochial officers. According to him, the wages of the Devonshire peasant were, without food, about five shillings a week.

Still better was the condition of the labourer in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmund's. The magistrates of Suffolk met there in the spring of 1682 to fix a rate of wages, and resolved that, where the labourer was not boarded, he should have five shillings a week in winter, and six in summer.

In 1661 the justices at Chelmsford had fixed the wages of the Essex labourer, who was not boarded, at six shillings in winter and seven in summer. This seems to have been the highest remuneration given in the kingdom for agricultural labour between the Restoration and the Revolution ; and it is to be observed that, in the year in which this order was made, the necessaries of life were immoderately dear. Wheat was at seventy shillings the quarter, which would even now be considered as almost a famine price.

These facts are in perfect accordance with another fact which seems to deserve consideration. It is evident that, in a country where no man can be compelled to become a soldier, the ranks of an army cannot be filled if the government offers much less than the wages of common rustic labour. At present the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line amount to seven shillings and sevenpence a week. This stipend, coupled with the hope of a pension, does not attract the English youth in sufficient numbers ; and it is found necessary to supply the deficiency by enlisting largely from among the poorer population of Munster and Connaught. The pay of the private foot soldier in 1685 was only four shillings and eightpence a week ; yet it is certain that the government in that year found no difficulty in obtaining many thousands of English recruits at very short notice. The pay of the private foot soldier in the army of the Commonwealth had been seven shillings a week, that is to say, as much as a corporal received under Charles the Second ; and seven shillings a week had been found sufficient to fill the ranks with men decidedly superior to the generality of the people. On the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that, in the reign of Charles the Second, the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings a week ; but that, in some parts of the kingdom, five shillings, six shillings, and, during the summer months, even seven shillings were paid. At present a district where a labouring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is very much higher ; and, in prosperous counties, the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings.

(Macaulay : *History of England*.)

5. Consumable commodities, whether necessities or luxuries, may be taxed in two different ways. The consumer may either pay an annual sum on account of his using or consuming goods of a certain kind ; or the goods may be taxed while they remain in the hands of the dealer, and before they are delivered to the consumer. The consumable goods which last a considerable time before they are consumed altogether, are most properly taxed in the one way. Those of which the consumption is either immediate or more speedy, in the other. The coach-tax and the plate-tax are examples of the former method of imposing ; the greater part of the other duties of excise and customs, of the latter.

A coach may, with good management, last ten or twelve years. It might be taxed, once for all, before it comes out of the hands of the coach-maker. But it is certainly more convenient for the buyer to pay £4 a year for the privilege of keeping a coach, than to pay all at once £40 or £48 additional price to the coach-maker ; or a sum equivalent to what the tax is likely to cost him during the time he uses the same coach. A service of plate, in the same manner, may last more than a

century. It is certainly easier for the consumer to pay 5s. a year for every 100 oz. of plate, near one per cent. of the value, than to redeem this long annuity at 25 or 30 years' purchase, which would enhance the price at least 25 or 30 per cent. The different taxes which affect houses are certainly more conveniently paid by moderate annual payments, than by a heavy tax of equal value upon the first building or sale of the house.

It was the well-known proposal of Sir M. Decker, that all commodities, even those of which the consumption is either immediate or very speedy, should be taxed in this manner; the dealer advancing nothing, but the consumer paying a certain annual sum for the license to consume certain goods. The object of his scheme was to promote all the different branches of foreign trade, particularly the carrying trade, by taking away all duties upon importation and exportation, and thereby enabling the merchant to employ his whole capital and credit in the purchase of goods and the freight of ships, no part of either being diverted towards the advancing of taxes. The project of taxing in this manner goods of immediate or speedy consumption, seems liable to the four following very important objections. I. The tax would be more unequal, or not so well proportioned to the expense and consumption of the different contributors, as in the way in which it is commonly imposed. The taxes upon ale, wine, and spirituous liquors, which are advanced by the dealers, are finally paid by the different consumers exactly in proportion to their respective consumption. But if the tax were to be paid by purchasing a license to drink those liquors, the sober would, in proportion to his consumption, be taxed much more heavily than the drunken consumer. A family which exercised great hospitality would be taxed much more lightly than one who entertained fewer guests. II. This mode of taxation, by paying for an annual, half-yearly, or quarterly license to consume certain goods, would diminish very much one of the principal conveniences of taxes upon goods of speedy consumption; the piecemeal payment. In the price of 3½d., which is at present paid for a pot of porter, the different taxes upon malt, hops, and beer, together with the extraordinary profit which the brewer charges for having advanced them, may perhaps amount to about three-halfpence. If a workman can conveniently spare those 1½d., he buys a pot of porter. If he cannot, he contents himself with a pint, and, as a penny saved is a penny got, he thus gains a farthing by his temperance. He pays the tax piece-meal, as he can afford to pay it, and when he can afford to pay it; and every act of payment is perfectly voluntary, and what he can avoid if he chooses to do so. III. Such taxes would operate less as sumptuary laws. When the license was once purchased, whether the purchaser drank much or drunk little, his tax would be the same.

IV. If a workman were to pay all at once, by yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly payments, a tax equal to what he at present pays, with little or no inconveniency, upon all the different pots and pints of porter which he drinks in any such period of time, the sum might frequently distress him very much. This mode of taxation, therefore, it seems evident, could never, without the most grievous oppression, produce a revenue nearly equal to what is derived from the present mode without any oppression. In several countries, however, commodities of an immediate or very speedy consumption are taxed in this manner. In Holland, people pay so much a head for a license to drink tea.

(Adam Smith: *Wealth of Nations*.)

6. Using the following article, write a brief statement of not more than 200 words, setting out the complaints made by the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants against the Government Departments :—

EX-SERVICE CIVIL SERVANTS.

The letter signed by four members of Parliament, three of them Conservatives, which appeared in *The Times* yesterday, concerning the plight of some 5,000 ex-Service Men holding "temporary" clerical posts in the Civil Service, is seriously disturbing to those who take the view that these men should not be subject to unemployment while new entrants are being taken into the Service. Feeling is particularly strong that at a time when the Prime Minister has appealed to employers to keep as many men in work as possible, dismissals should not be permitted of men who served in the War, the majority of them overseas, and who have carried out satisfactorily for eight or nine years the duties assigned to them in the Government Departments to which they are attached.

It is asserted by the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants that the discharges have recently assumed serious proportions. There have been substantial dismissals of ex-Service "temporaries" by the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Health, and 72 who have been employed in the expiring Enemy Debts Department expect to go shortly. It will be remembered that at the time of the Southborough Report, which proposed that 5,000 of the unestablished ex-Service men employed in the Government Departments should be given permanent positions, the Association of ex-Service Civil Servants protested against the inadequacy of the recommendation. Under the Guinness Agreement of January, 1925, it was arranged that all the men who could pass an examination to be imposed should be placed in the permanent and pensionable class of Civil servants. Over 8,200 passed this examination and a further 8,000 to 9,000 were admitted to a new "P" class which gave permanency without pensions. Approximately 5,000 were then left without protection.

On the face of it these represented the less competent men, but they included many who could not sit for the examination and others who could not pass the medical test. The association watching their interests has always rebutted a suggestion that the temporary staffs were inefficient or not up to standard, and from its inception has never sought the retention of men incapable of performing the duties expected of them. The position since 1925, it was stated yesterday, has been that the temporary clerks have hoped to get into the "P" class as vacancies arose, but comparatively few have been able to do so, and gradually they have become or are becoming redundant in their departments. In hundreds of cases already, as work for them has failed, they have been given notice and thrown on to the Joint Substitution Board. This has meant very often months of unemployment without pay. Some have been reallocated and many are still doing nothing.

Meanwhile, as stated in the letter to *The Times*, the policy of at least some of the Government Departments appears to be to give permanent posts to young women called writing assistants, who are put on clerical work which could be performed by the men who are being dismissed. The complaint is made by the men's Association that the substitution is not carried on openly. It is not a question of ten men being dismissed and ten women being put in. What happens in certain departments, it is contended, is that the women are introduced to do certain work, and men of the "P" class are transferred to another section where redundancy develops and temporary servants are then selected to receive notice of discharge. Even at Woolwich Arsenal young girls and boys have been brought in in cases where ex-Service men have been transferred and have taken up their work. Men with many years' service are now under notice at the Arsenal on the grounds of redundancy, but the girls, it is stated, remain.

The submission of the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants is that the Government only partially completed the settlement of the ex-Service men, and the Treasury has been formally approached with a request that the outstanding temporary men should be granted "P" class status subject to efficiency. No claim is made in respect of ex-Service men who have found employment in Government Departments since 1925, as these were warned that their employment must be regarded as casual. When there is a rush of work at the Post Office or in the Inland Revenue Department, extra men are required, but the tendency is to engage them locally, and a few may be retained when the pressure has subsided.

With regard to the distinction between men in the "P" class and those whose employment is still officially considered to be temporary, it is pointed out that the original allocation of non-pensionable permanent

positions was unfair in its operation. The Civil Service did not take 9,000 men as a body, but each department had a quota of nominations, with the result that some departments were in the position to nominate men in the home service category while others could not give security to temporary workers with oversea service.

So far as the Civil Service Commission is concerned it may be said that writing assistants are not assigned to a Government Department unless the assurance is given that their appointment will not involve the displacement of ex-Service men. This is in accordance with a Treasury rule which lays down that no ex-Service men or temporary women are to be discharged to make room for writing assistants. Notwithstanding such a precaution the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants is firm in its allegation that Government pledges are being broken in a way that results in women being employed at the expense of ex-Service men, and that women are retained while men are discharged.

The attitude of the Government, as explained by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the House of Commons this month, is that 16,000 ex-Service men have secured appointments in the established clerical classes, that 9,000 temporary ex-Service men who failed to qualify by examination for admission to the established classes are on a permanent unestablished footing in the "P" class, and that, while it is impossible to guarantee the retention of all the outstanding 5,000 Ex-Service clerks in employment irrespective of the work which may be available, every effort will be made to secure for them continued employment. The assurance would be better appreciated by the men concerned if there were a more general recourse to the pool under the direction of the Joint Substitution Board when an expanding Department is in need of clerical additions to its staff. (From *The Times*.)

7. AN ARTICLE ON THE SIGNING OF THE PACT (PROPOSED BY THE U.S.A.) FOR THE RENUNCIATION OF WAR.

The Pact that will be signed to-day in Paris by the representatives of fifteen States is at once definite in its aim and nebulous because of its many implications. In this document the signatories will bind themselves to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. With a greater solemnity and a wider unanimity than ever before the Governments of the leading peoples of the civilized world will affirm their determination to employ peaceful methods in the settlement of international disputes. That alone implies a great deal. At the very least it implies that the signatories are keenly aware of one of the greatest dangers that civilization has to face and are anxious to prevent it. The aim is to renounce war. But from the dawn of history war has been a habit, an institution, one of the chief factors in the making and unmaking of

peoples, in the evolution from the tribe to the nation, from the nation to the empire. Most of the great States whose wealth and power gave a stimulus to the arts of life grew up through a series of wars, and it was by war again that oppressed nations won their freedom. In every age war has been a most powerful motive force. Can that ancient habit be broken? The question is vital, but there is another question equally vital. Dare we look forward to a future in which war shall continue to play the part it has hitherto played in the changing fortunes of the human race? This is no abstract question. It is urgent, and to-day's ceremony in Paris is a plain recognition of its urgency. We know now what war means in the modern world; we have had ten depressing years in which to think about what it means. It was a very narrow escape. For in the world as it now is, with a dense and rapidly increasing population only kept alive by a high development of technical resources in a special type of civilization that must have the whole earth for its scope, war on any large scale means destruction and collapse. No such creative and no such destructive forces have ever been accumulated before. To control and to direct them requires infinite caution, great restraint, and a strong common determination. The signing of the Pact to-day shows that that determination is growing. It is a signal advance.

The direction is plain; the course is fairly set, so far as may be perceived in an era in which all races, all national temperaments and interests, all grades of civilization and ethical standards have to be taken into account in schemes or plans that must be world schemes, or they are nothing. The Pact is primarily an act of faith and will, and, if its significance is psychological rather than legal, it is none the less important as a very serious attempt to break away from an age-long obsession. It has been urged that the simplicity of the American initiative has been obscured by European reservations and by untimely and still half-explained partial agreements on the details of a policy of peace and security. These are not the matters upon which at present it is necessary to insist. The greatest gain to all can come by taking full advantage of the impulse that means the accession of a new and powerful factor in the world-wide work of securing peace. Some reservations—explicit in the case of certain European nations with complex interests, partially implicit in the case of America—are inevitable on such an occasion. The sharp diversion of recognised policy, the break with the past, has to be made without risking a balance precariously achieved. But it is a notable fact that Mr. Kellogg, the Secretary of State in the United States Government, which has for years held aloof from the intimacies of the peace struggle, has himself crossed the Atlantic on the eve of a Presidential election to sign the Pact in associa-

tion with the representatives of fourteen other States, including all the members of the British Empire, Japan, and the leading nations of Europe. The terms of the Pact are very broad. They may fairly be described as vague, or nebulous. But if this general affirmation of a new principle of international order may in itself appear slightly indeterminate, if the price of signing it appears to be a somewhat sceptical commitment to a nebulous ideal, the price is more than worth paying; and the commitment may be most hopefully undertaken if the signing of this treaty by the assembled nations means that the United States is really coming in, that the great, wealthy, rapidly rising American Power which lies between a straining Europe and an East in turmoil will at last really lend a hand, in Mr. Kellogg's sober phrase, to render war more difficult.

In this treaty the backing of America means everything. Without that backing it has little more significance than such as may be implied in the resolutions of a Peace congress. The ratification of Mr. Kellogg's signature by the Senate at Washington will mean that the power of the United States is enlisted in a definite movement of world policy, that what may now seem a faint breeze will fill the flapping sails; that what in the meantime appears to be almost a platitude will acquire a most practical significance. The movement away from war has been hampered hitherto by the negations or the relative inertia of large tracts of the world. The force of that dragging, delaying, inconclusive tendency will be greatly lessened if the signature of the Pact means that the United States is loosed from her temporary moorings and is prepared to join in the active search for peace. The Pact is being signed at a critical moment in the life of the American nation. Public opinion is deeply moved on a variety of issues before the election of the new President. Domestic issues naturally hold the first place, but even amid the clamour of the primaries, the conflict of personalities, and the struggle between town and country interests it can hardly escape the notice of the electors that the chief nations of the world are associating themselves with a new and distinctively American initiative to promote and assure peace. It is not the League. America rejected the League for reasons of her own, and the rest of the world has learned not to insist upon or to hope for her participation, or even to complain of her abstention. A second failure on the part of the United States could with difficulty be borne, but that, happily, is not anticipated. The new treaty will, in fact, mean much or little to the extent that it has or has not the ardent support of its American authors. In the confidence that this support will be really given our Government, the Governments of the other member States of the Empire, and several Governments besides will sign to-day.

(From *The Times*.)

B.—Passages Mainly or Wholly in Dialogue.

1. Write a paragraph of not more than 150 words reporting the incident to which the following article relates :—

SCENE AT MINERS' CONFERENCE.

There were wild and disorderly scenes at the opening of the session of the Miners' Federation Conference in the Town Hall, Llandudno, this morning. In the public galleries were the six Communists from Lanarkshire whose credentials were vetoed by the Scottish Mine Workers' Union as irregular. Sitting with them was Mr. Nat Watkins, secretary of the Miners' Minority Movement and part author of the National Miners' Union scheme framed on somewhat similar lines to the trade union organizations in Soviet Russia. There were also a number of Communist propagandists present, together with the wives of some of the delegates, who occupied the gallery seats.

Mr. Herbert Smith, president, on taking the chair, asked for a report from the Standing Orders Committee on the work of the conference. *Mr. W. Straker* (Northumberland) had just begun his report, when the doorkeeper announced that delegates from Lanarkshire were at the door demanding admission. Were they to be allowed in or were they to stay out? The *President* said they were to stay out. They could go into the public gallery if they wished.

Mr. William Allan, Secretary of the Lanarkshire miners, then made an attempt to address the conference from the public gallery, claiming the right to sit as a delegate on the floor. This caused great uproar, delegates standing in their places and shouting for the galleries to be cleared.

The President.—I am going to ask you to leave this building.

Mr. Allan.—You are preventing us taking our place in the conference as we have a right to do.

The President.—I am asking you again to leave this building.

Mr. Allan.—But we are here as delegates. There are people sitting in the conference who have no right to be there.

The uproar increased with clamorous cries of "Chair, chair!" from all parts of the floor. *Mr. Allan*, persisting, shouted above the uproar, "You are wrongly trying to keep us out of this conference."

The President.—Leave this meeting. If you don't go out I am taking the necessary steps to have you turned out.

Mr. Allan.—You have got to remember that Mr. Welsh, M.P., is sitting in the conference, while we have the credentials from Lanarkshire.

The President.—Clear that gallery entirely. Leave the conference.

Mr. McKendrick (Lanarkshire).—I want to say you have Mr. Welsh and Mr. Small sitting there, who are not delegates. Those people who

are sitting there have refused to accept our credentials. Is it fair dealing? Now I ask you a fair question. Give me a straight answer.

The President.—Leave this building.

Mr. McKendrick.—We are here elected by the branches as delegates, by the County Association, and Small and Welsh are sitting in our places.

The president then left the chair, presumably to insist upon the ejection from the gallery of the Lanarkshire and other Communists. Mr. A. J. Cook (secretary) and Mr. Arthur Horner hurriedly followed the president from the conference. The centre of uproar was then removed to the stairway leading to the gallery. On the staircase an exciting incident happened, Mr. Herbert Smith coming into conflict with Mr. Arthur Horner. Following a wordy conflict, Mr. Herbert Smith and Mr. Hughes (Yorkshire) seized Mr. Horner, and a struggle took place, with a crowd of onlookers seeking to separate the combatants. While the struggle was proceeding on the stairway Mr. Tom Richards (vice-president) appealed to the Lanarkshire men who considered they had a grievance to appreciate that it was a matter which could not be dealt with by that conference; it was a matter for the Scottish Mine Workers' Union. The president then returned to the chair, followed by Mr. A. J. Cook, looking excited, and Mr. Arthur Horner, looking the worse for the struggle.

Mr. W. Small (Lanarkshire).—I want to ask Mr. Cook whether I am a delegate to this conference or not.

Mr. A. J. Cook.—If the question is to be asked it will be answered at the proper time. The nomination was handed in to me on Monday. The question of Scotland will be discussed in the private session.

Mr. Small.—I wish to know if Mr. Cook, general secretary of this federation, was entitled to say, as he did on Tuesday, that Mr. Small is not a delegate to this conference.

Mr. Doonan (Scotland).—Did the secretary go out to help the president?

Mr. Small.—No, he didn't. He went out to help his friends.

Mr. Doonan said he had no desire to create further disorder, but would wait until the private session to make his statement.

Mr. Small.—I want to know whether I am a fully accredited delegate or not.

No answer being given by Mr. Cook, Mr. Small repeated, "Then I must ask Mr. Cook to withdraw the statement he made that I was not a qualified delegate."

Mr. Cook.—I withdraw nothing that was said in private session.

Mr. Small.—A private session does not allow you to open your mouth outside.

Mr. Cook.—I have had to suffer from statements made in the Press to which I could make no defence.

Mr. Small.—That is sob stuff. (From *The Times*.)

2. Give the substance of the following scene from Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* in reported form and in not more than 150 words:—

(*Miss Neville tries to obtain her jewels from her aunt, Mrs. Hardcastle, who has charge of them. Tony, son of Mrs. Hardcastle, has just stolen them from her bureau; she is not yet aware of their disappearance.*)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. H. : Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels ! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss N. : But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. H. : Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance—my lady Kill-daylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to Town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss N. : But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my finery about me ?

Mrs. H. : Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear—does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty ?

Tony : That's as hereafter may be.

Miss N. : My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. H. : A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them ;—they may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony (apart to Mrs. Hardcastle) : Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them ? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. (apart to Tony) : You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you ? He, he, he !

Tony : Never fear me. Ecod, I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes. (*Aside to Mrs. H.*).

Miss N. : I desire them but for a day, madam ; just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. H. : To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know ;—but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss N. : I'll not believe it. This is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. H. : Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony : That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found—I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. H. : You must learn resignation, my dear : for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me—how calm I am.

Miss N. : Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. H. : Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them ; and, in the meantime you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss N. : I detest garnets !

Mrs. H. : The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. *Exit.*

Miss N. : I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony : Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss N. : My dear cousin.

Exit.

Tony : Vanish ! She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds ! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine wheel.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. : Confusion ! thieves ! robbers ! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony : What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma ? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family.

Mrs. H. : We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony : Oh ! is that all ? ha, ha, ha ! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha !

Mrs. H. : Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

Tony : Stick to that, ha, ha ! stick to that ; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. H. : I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony : Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. H. : My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony : By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha, ha ! I know who took them well enough, ha, ha, ha !

Mrs. H. : Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony : That's right, that's right : you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. H. : Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool ? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony : I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. : Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her ! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress ?

Tony : I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. H. : Do you insult me, monster ? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony : I can bear witness to that.

Runs off, MRS. HARDCASTLE follows beating him.

3. Turn the following dialogue into narrative form. Use the third person throughout and do not exceed 200 words :—

(The characters are Hannibal, the Carthaginian general who invaded Italy in 218 B.C., and Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who, after defeating Hannibal several times, was killed in a skirmish near Venusia.)

Hannibal : Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster ? *Marcellus :* ho ! *Marcellus :* He moves not . . . he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers ? Stand wide, soldiers . . . wide, forty paces . . . give him air . . . bring water . . . halt ! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood . . . unbrace his armour. Loose the helmet first . . . his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me . . . they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder ? This horse ? It was surely the horse of *Marcellus* ! Let no man mount him. Ha ! ha ! the Romans too sink into luxury : here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain : Execrable thief ! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders ? The vengeance of the gods has overtaken the impure . . .

Hannibal : We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is. . . . The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. . . . Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome . . . Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man ! I would rejoice and cannot. . . . How awfully serene a countenance ! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature ! Such too, was theirs ! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood . . . few other enter there. And what plain armour !

Gaulish Chieftain : My party slew him . . . indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain . . . it belongs to my king : the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it : rather would she lose her last man. We swear ! we swear !

Hannibal : My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he pierced with his sword, these he showed to the people and to the gods ; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain : Hear me, O Hannibal.

Hannibal : What ! when Marcellus lies before me ? when his life may perhaps be recalled ? When I may lead him in triumph to Carthage ? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me ! Content thee ! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain : For myself ?

Hannibal : For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain : And these rubies and emeralds and that scarlet . . .

Hannibal : Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain : O glorious Hannibal ! Unconquerable hero ! O my happy country ! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude . . . yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal : In all treaties we fix the time : I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station . . . I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus ; the triumph of Hannibal ! What else has the world in it ? Only Rome and Carthage. These follow.

Surgeon : Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus : I must die then ! The gods be praised ! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (to the Surgeon) : Could not he bear a sea-voyage ? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon : He expires that moment.

Marcellus : It pains me : extract it.

Hannibal : Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance : and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(To the Surgeon) : Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain ? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it ?

Marcellus : Hannibal, give me thy hand . . . thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(To the Surgeon) : Go, friend ; others want thy aid ; several fell around me.

Hannibal : Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready : let me take off this ring . . . try to write, to sign it at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile !

Marcellus : Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?" Rome loses one man ; she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal : Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this ? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer of the posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge ; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus : Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal : What then ? What mean you ?

Marcellus : That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend : and I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me : mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent ; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general : but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation ? Or would'st thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's ?

I have spoken too much : let me rest : this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal : I placed my mantle on your head when thy helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus : Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless ! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last ; in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal : What ?

Marcellus : This body.

Hannibal : Whither would you be lifted ? Men are ready.

Marcellus : I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine ; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal : You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus : Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal : Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus : Hast thou any prisoners from my escort ?

Hannibal : A few dying lie about . . . and let them lie . . . they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them . . . he appeared a Roman . . . a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease. Marcellus, why think about them ? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts ?

Marcellus : I have suppressed it long enough. My son . . . my beloved son.

Hannibal : Where is he ? Can it be ? Was he with you ?

Marcellus : He would have shared my fate . . . and has not. Gods of my country ! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks.

(Londor : *Imaginary Conversations*.)

4. The following passages are extracts from the evidence given before the Royal Commission on London Squares (22nd November, 1927). In each case give, in the form of a brief continuous statement, the facts and opinions elicited.

(a) (*The witness is Mr. Cecil A. Levy, on behalf of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents.*)

Mr. Gwyer : I see your business is at Hanover Square. To whom does it belong ?

A.—I have tried for many years to find out.

Q.—That is one of the squares that Sir Howard Frank spoke of with rails all round.

A.—I think it is a square controlled by Act of Parliament. I could not tell you to whom it belongs.

Mr. Hobbs : To the Hanover Square Garden Committee.

Mr. Gwyer : Have the public any rights in it at all ?

A.—Not the general public. The occupiers of Hanover Square, and, I believe, anybody in the immediate vicinity who likes to use it.

Q.—I do not think I have ever seen a soul inside the railings in Hanover Square. Have you ?

A.—Never.

Q.—It is kept up by the residents ?

A.—By the occupiers. They pay a small annual charge.

Q.—Assuming that the public has some right, complete or restricted, would you as a person with a place of business there have any objection to those railings coming down altogether ?

A.—That all depends. I do not think it would be an advantage that all these squares or open spaces should be thrown open to the public to be used for general playing fields.

Q.—No, they need not necessarily be general playing fields.

A.—After all, you cannot prevent children running into an open square, if they have facilities for getting in, and if one considers for instance Leicester Square—

Q.—What harm would be done to Leicester Square if those railings round the square were entirely removed ?

A.—I should not think it would make much difference at all, the general public have access to that.

Mr. Gwyer : They cost a lot of money, I should think.

Chairman : Would it depreciate the value of the surrounding property in those two cases, Hanover Square and Leicester Square, if the railings were removed ?

A.—I should say, as far as Hanover Square is concerned, most decidedly, but as regards Leicester Square, I cannot see that it would make any difference. The public have general access there at present.

Q.—Hanover Square is private ?

A.—Hanover Square is private.

Sir Howard Frank : Hanover Square is only open to the residents of the Square. Personally I have been in favour of pulling down the railings and throwing it open like Leicester Square. I have in fact held two meetings but so far they have been unsuccessful.

Mr. Carmichael Thomas : If you wish to make the experiment of a square without railings round, would it not be more advisable to choose a type of square like Hanover Square rather than Leicester Square ?

A.—I am not suggesting it would be advisable to remove the railings.

(b) (*The witness is Mr. Herbert Morrison, on behalf of the London Labour Party.*)

Mr. Snell : Would you hold the view that where tenants in these squares have entered into possession on a lease, it would be a breach of the landlord's contract with them if he converted these open spaces into building plots ?

A.—If there is a sitting tenant with a lease which was signed under the condition of the existence of the squares, I certainly think the owner would be breaking the conditions of the lease, and would be confiscating perhaps not an economic asset but an amenity asset which is equally real.

Q.—You would hold, I assume, that to build on these public squares would involve a breach of the presumed intention of the founder or person who originally laid them out ?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—You would hold the view that these squares do express an intention and purpose, and that they were designed partly as an amenity, and partly for the better lay-out of the particular estate ?

A.—Yes, certainly, and I think there are, at any rate in respect of some of the squares, historical records to be found of the intention of the original developer.

Q.—You would also hold, would you not, that through usage the public themselves have acquired certain rights ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Rights in these areas which cannot be ignored ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—But that if a case arose of building through an alteration of the lay-out of a town, or the necessity of a road cutting through for transit purposes, those cases should be considered on their merits ?

A.—Yes. I would provide in any measure—as was provided in the Bill introduced in the last session, the No. 2 Bill that Mr. Scurr and some Conservatives and one Liberal Member of Parliament introduced—that there should be a prohibition of building without the consent of the County Council, but that the County Council might consent to building, if, for example, there was an exchange of land, or if there was a contribution to the parks account of the County Council, or if he threw a certain amount into the roadway. All sorts of elasticity might be allowed, provided the essential principle was preserved that the owner had no right to build.

Q.—Have you thought out, in a case like that, how the acquired right of these tenants on a lease would be dealt with ?

A.—That must certainly be a very real factor in any consideration that the County Council might give as to elasticity—a very, very real factor—and their rights must be considered. What I have more particularly in mind is the case of the re-development of an estate, as for example may happen in Bloomsbury and Holborn. In that case it is desirable to allow for elasticity, because a development thought desirable in 1927 might prove to be somewhat different from what it was a century or two ago.

Mr. Norman : Arising out of the answer you gave to Mr. Snell. You told him, I think, that you believed that in some cases there may be a historical record of the intention of the original owners of the squares. What did you have in mind ?

A.—Do not press me too hard on that. All I said was that I had a recollection, a sort of hazy feeling in my mind, that it was so in some cases. I have a feeling that there was certain legislation involved by some of them, or that there were petitions to the King centuries ago, and that in the petition or preamble to the legislation there was a recitation of the benevolent intention of the owner to develop it in a way which would be conducive to public amenity. I will not stand hard on the point, but my recollection is that way.

Q.—You only had reference to whatever might be found in private Acts of Parliament governing these squares ?

A.—I do not think many cases could be found outside either the preambles to Acts or in addresses to the King praying for certain concessions. There might be records in some other way, but those are the things I had in mind.

(c) (*The witness is Mr. Herbert Morrison, on behalf of the London Labour Party.*)

Mr. Carmichael Thomas : You said the general public acquired certain rights by usage, custom and time, as regards the squares. Would that apply to garden enclosures such as you see off Sloane Square where there is a terrace of houses and only the owners have the right of entry to the garden, as well as to places like Hanover Square with a road all round ?

A.—I think on the whole that the same considerations would apply. You see there is the other point. Supposing in the original lay-out of the estate a man had made a road 70 feet wide and he need only have made it 40 feet, and the traffic needs of to-day and the traffic needs of the future as far as one can see only require a 40 feet wide road. He would argue that he had a right to build on the 30 feet. Nobody would concede it to him.

Mr. Gwyer : I do not follow that.

A.—Supposing there was a case where an owner in order to have a good approach to his property, and partly perhaps that he might build higher without darkening the houses opposite, made the road 50, 60 or even 70 feet wide. And then supposing he says I am going to make the road 40 feet wide, which is all that is required for traffic purposes, the Borough Council will stop him doing it. He may say you are confiscating my right to build on a road that does not need to be wider, therefore you should compensate me. I say no, he is not entitled to compensation. I submit it is a case not wholly different in principle from the London squares which are now under consideration. He laid out his estate knowing quite well what he was doing.

Q.—He laid it out with a 70 foot road ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Then he has dedicated that to the public ?

A.—Yes. The case was put to me, supposing an owner does something in one frame of mind when he develops the estate and owing to change of circumstances or value he changes his mind, has he a right to change his mind and receive compensation ?

Q.—He has no right to compensation in the case of the road ?

A.—Not in that case, but in this case he has a legal right to compensation, but not a moral right to compensation.

Q.—I do not follow the argument. I can follow the argument that the squares should remain as they are, and that the owners lose nothing by having them sterilised. I cannot see the argument that the public have acquired any rights in the squares.

A.—Where there are squares I think the district and London as a whole have acquired rights in that the estate was laid out on a basis which takes account of certain amenities, and the amenities have

existed for a long time. The owner has no right to interfere with them without the consent of the public Authority and I take as an analogy the Town Planning legislation which Parliament has passed, which not only deals with property which may be bought in the future, but actually says to a man who bought an estate yesterday what he can do with it, and what he cannot do with it, and Parliament says he has no grievance.

Q.—He gets compensation ?

A.—No. If the London County Council says he must not build upon this, then it is true he gets compensation for sterilisation because it is dealing with property bought as unbuilt upon property. But if the London County Council says to him, and it is equally significant from the economic point of view, that though you want to build twenty houses to the acre we will only let you build ten or even four, and though you want to build houses five storeys high, we will only let you build them two storeys high, though you want to build shops which will have a high rental we will not let you build houses only, in that case there is not a farthing of compensation payable to him.

Q.—I think a higher authority has to certify that the restrictions are reasonable ?

A.—It is true the scheme must go to the Minister and the Minister must approve, and it is true owners of property can appeal to the Minister.

Q.—Those restrictions have to be reasonable restrictions ?

A.—I am sure we should all be reasonable in making restrictions of that kind. The resolution is passed, the preliminary statement is made, and the scheme is made, and an appeal can be made to the Minister. If the Minister thinks fit he can upset the scheme, but the Minister approves most of these schemes and in the end they are in the general interest of the development of the estate.

Q.—My only point was the London County Council has not got an absolutely free hand in these restrictions it puts on. If they put on restrictions which the Minister thought unreasonable they would have to pay compensation.

A.—I agree. Or they can do this. They can say, "If we are to pay compensation we will alter the scheme and the public must suffer. We will not pay compensation because we cannot afford it."

Q.—I do not follow your argument about the rights of the public. Perhaps you could answer this question. Supposing some man provides out of his own pocket an amenity voluntarily for the public and continues to do it for 20, 30 or 40 years ; at the end of that time he says, "I can do it no longer" ; should he be compelled to go on doing it ?

A.—In the case of these squares he must be compelled to go on doing it.

Q.—If you please. I am not drawing a distinction between the squares and ordinary amenities.

A.—I am dealing with the squares. Supposing a man goes down into the suburbs of London and becomes a candidate for a constituency in a County Borough and supposing partly because he is interested in a Boys' Brigade and partly to secure votes for the next election he buys a cricket field and presents it to the Boys' Brigade. And supposing two elections later he loses his parliamentary seat and he says, "I have lost all my interest in the Boys' Brigade, I will let the land go." I am not proposing to interfere with him. But where the whole lay-out of a district and the whole amenities of the district have grown up for many years under certain conditions and implied public rights have been acquired it is an entirely different case. I cannot subscribe to an abstract thing because it will tie me into situations I do not want to be tied into.

CHAPTER V.

PRÉCIS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

67. Sometimes for practical purposes a précis of a series of letters is required. All that is important in the correspondence has to be presented in a consecutive and readable statement expressed as briefly and distinctly as possible. The object of such a précis is that anyone who has not time to read the original letters may, by reading the summary, be put in possession of all the leading features of what passed.

The production of a précis of this kind does not differ in essentials from the exercises dealt with in earlier chapters, though—especially when the correspondence is lengthy—closer concentration and more sustained attention is needed if a good result is to be obtained. One or two special rules concerning the form and the length of the summary must also be observed, and these are explained below.

68. Form.—The précis must not be drawn up letter by letter, but must take the form of a *continuous narrative*. A title should be given. The events should be recorded in chronological order, and the topics should be introduced in their logical sequence. It is advisable to mention *the date* at the commencement, but dates need not subsequently be inserted unless they have a special significance. *The past tense should be used throughout.*

69. Omission.—In comparison with the original correspondence a précis is very short, and therefore very drastic omissions have to be made. Frequently, indeed, whole letters may be ignored because, in the light of subsequent developments, they are seen to be unimportant.

In official correspondence, the same point is sometimes dealt with twice, first in a telegram and later in a letter. This repetition will, of course, be avoided in the summary.

Again, the material to be summarised may contain the detailed statement, article by article, of some political proposal or agreement. The main purport of the document must be given in a sentence or two, and the details must be neglected.

In deciding how much space can be devoted to a particular topic the *précis*-writer must be guided by the cardinal principle of proportion. He must first make up his mind what points it is essential to include in his statement, and then he must devote to each the amount of space its *relative* importance demands.

70. Length.—Obviously summaries of correspondence must vary in length according to the number of the letters and the nature of the subject-matter, but they are always kept very brief in relation to the original material. Whereas the summary of a continuous passage is generally required to be about one-third of the length of the original, a *précis* of letters seldom contains more than one-twentieth of the number of words in the material supplied. About 150 words should suffice for the average exercise : for a particularly long set of letters as many as 300 words may be required.

71. Method.—In working exercises of this kind the student should read through the letters at least twice so as to obtain a clear idea of the main purport, and this should be expressed in a brief title. He should then make a further careful reading in order to decide which are the essential passages. These should be underlined, or brief notes should be made of them.

A first draft of the summary can now be made. This should be submitted to further pruning, if necessary, and particular attention should be given to the grammar, punctuation, etc., so that the final *précis* may be perfectly smooth and clear in style.

72. We now give two illustrations of the rules explained above. The student is advised to attempt a summary of his own of each of the sets of letters given below ; afterwards he should read the model *précis* in order to discover any faults he may have committed

LEEWARD ISLANDS.

(1)

Acting-Governor Melville to Mr. Chamberlain.

(Telegram.)

August 10th, 1899.

Regret to report have received information from Montserrat, stating island completely devastated by hurricane, 7th August; every church and chapel completely destroyed; all buildings destroyed or damaged; 74 deaths reported up to the present time; whole country homeless. Suggest Mansion House Relief Fund should be started at once.

(2)

Colonial Office to Treasury.

Sir,

August 11th, 1899.

I am directed by Mr. Secretary Chamberlain to transmit to you, to be laid before the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, a copy of a telegram, which has been received from the Officer Administering the Government of the Leeward Islands, reporting that the Colony under his government has been visited by a hurricane which has caused much loss of life and property.

As their Lordships are aware, under ordinary circumstances Mr. Chamberlain is most desirous of holding to the rule that the expenditure in these Islands should be kept as low as possible, in order to lighten the burden on the Imperial Exchequer, but, in the circumstances disclosed by this telegram, he feels that it is necessary to make an exception, if great suffering and possibly even loss of life are to be avoided. He, therefore, proposes with their Lordships' concurrence, to authorise the Officer Administering the Government by telegram to expend a sum not exceeding £500 for relief in Montserrat and, if absolutely necessary, a further sum not exceeding £500 for relief in the other islands visited by the hurricane.

I am to request the favour of a reply at their Lordships' earliest convenience.

Mr. Chamberlain is not yet in a position to decide whether or not the Acting-Governor's suggestion, that a Mansion House Fund should be opened, should be conveyed to the Lord Mayor.

I am, etc.,

C. P. LUCAS.

(3)

Treasury to Colonial Office.

Sir,

August 12th, 1899.

As requested by Mr. Secretary Chamberlain in Mr. Lucas's letter of the 11th instant the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury concur in the proposal to authorise the Officer Administering the Government of the Leeward Islands by telegram to expend a sum of £500 for relief in Montserrat, and (if absolutely necessary) a further sum not exceeding £500 for relief in the other islands visited by the hurricane.

I am, etc.,

FRANCIS MOWATT.

(4)

Mr. Chamberlain to Acting-Governor Melville.

(Telegram.)

August 12th, 1899.

In answer to your telegram of 10th August, deeply regret to learn distress and loss of life caused by hurricane in Montserrat and other islands. You are authorised to expend sum not exceeding £500 for relief Montserrat, and, if absolutely necessary, an equal amount for relief of other islands. Fear it might be of little avail to suggest Mansion House Fund unless necessity most urgent, as to which I await further information.

(5)

Acting-Governor Melville to Mr. Chamberlain.

(Telegram.)

August 14th, 1899.

Further intelligence received from Montserrat: £10,000 required to feed destitute population; 1,000 want medical assistance.

(6)

Mr. Chamberlain to the Lord Mayor.

My Lord Mayor,

August 14th, 1899.

Your Lordship will have already noticed through telegrams which have been communicated to the newspapers, that some of the West Indian Islands have been visited by a hurricane, and that among the islands which have suffered are British Colonies in the Leeward Islands group, and especially the island of Montserrat.

A week has passed since the disaster took place, and though the first telegram received from the Acting-Governor on the 10th inst.

asked that a Mansion House Relief Fund should be started at once, I deferred communicating with your Lordship in the hope that later news might indicate that it would not be necessary to repeat the appeal which you made on behalf of the West Indian Colonies in September last. There is no submarine cable to the island of Montserrat, and up to date full particulars have not been received, but such details as have been given point to great loss of life and to want of food and clothing for several thousands, while in the island of St. Kitts it is stated that 3,000 people are homeless. Under these circumstances, I do not feel justified in further postponing an appeal to you to invite public subscriptions on behalf of the sufferers in the Leeward Islands, and I would wish to emphasise the fact that the islands which have suffered this year, as much as, or even more than, those which suffered last year, were already from other causes impoverished and distressed; that their administration has only been carried on with Imperial aid; and that poor relief has been a growing charge against falling revenues. Montserrat, in particular, has been year after year subject to visitations of various kinds, and I have already on a previous occasion been forced to enlist the aid of the Mansion House on its behalf.

Should your Lordship see fit to open a fund on the present occasion, I venture to hope that, in view of the pitiful succession of calamities which have befallen our West Indian Colonies, the appeal may meet with a speedy and liberal response.

I remain, etc.,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

73. Comments.—The first telegram contains details of the damage and distress. These (except the date) are seen to be unimportant. The suggestion in the last sentence, however, must be kept in mind in view of later developments, though it perhaps need not be mentioned in the early part of the précis.

Letters 2, 3, 4 are quite straightforward. Note that Mr. Chamberlain's hesitation about the Mansion House Fund (stated at the conclusion of Letter 2) is brought to an end by Telegram 5.

In Letter 6 Mr. Chamberlain suggests to the Lord Mayor the opening of a Mansion House Fund. It is necessary to state in general terms the reasons he gives for such a step, but the facts which he adduces to support his case may be omitted.

74. Our précis of the preceding correspondence will then be somewhat as follows :—

DISTRESS IN THE LEEWARD ISLANDS.

Having been informed by the Acting-Governor of the Leeward Islands that Montserrat was completely devastated by a hurricane on 7th August, 1899, the Colonial Secretary asked the Treasury to sanction an Imperial grant of not more than £500 for the relief of Montserrat, and, in the event of dire need, a like sum for the other afflicted islands. To this request the Treasury readily assented. The Colonial Secretary did not at first agree to the proposal that an appeal should be made to the Lord Mayor to start a Mansion House Relief Fund. However, on the receipt of further intelligence from Montserrat showing the extent of the destitution, he made the suggestion to the Lord Mayor, basing the request not merely on the immediate affliction of the Leeward Islands, but also on the repeated misfortunes that the islands had recently encountered.

75. As a second example we may take the following :—
“ Write out in your own words a précis of the following letters, which relate to the appointment of Lord Malmesbury in 1796, as plenipotentiary in Paris, and to his negotiations with the Directory.”

Original.

(1)

Lord Malmesbury, who is appointed by the King to treat with the French Government for a just and equitable peace, calculated to restore repose to Europe, and to ensure the public tranquillity for the time to come, will have the honour of delivering this letter from me to M. Delacroix. The distinguished rank and merit of the Minister of whom His Majesty has made choice on this occasion makes it unnecessary for me to say anything in his recommendation ; at the same time that it furnishes a fresh proof of the desire of His Majesty to contribute to the success of this negotiation ; for which object I entertain the most sanguine wishes. Monsieur Delacroix will have the goodness to accept from me the assurance of my most perfect consideration.

(Signed) GRENVILLE.

Westminster, Oct. 13, 1796.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris.

(2)

Lord Malmesbury, named by His Britannic Majesty as his plenipotentiary to the French Republic, has the honour to announce, by his secretary, to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, his arrival at Paris; and to request of him, at the same time, to be so good as to appoint the hour at which he may wait upon him, for the purpose of communicating to him the object of his mission.

Paris, Oct. 22, 1796.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

(3)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs has the honour to apprise Lord Malmesbury, commissioner plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty, that he has received from the Executive Directory the necessary powers for negotiating and concluding peace between the Republic and His Majesty.

To-morrow, if Lord Malmesbury pleases, the respective powers shall be exchanged. The Minister for Foreign Affairs will then be ready to receive the propositions which Lord Malmesbury is commissioned to make to the Republic on the part of His Britannic Majesty.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs requests Lord Malmesbury to accept the assurances of his high consideration.

(Signed) CH. DELACROIX.

2 Brumaire, An 5 (Oct. 22, 1796).

(4)

Lord Malmesbury has the honour to present his acknowledgments to the Minister for Foreign Affairs for the communication which he has just made to him, and he will have the honour to wait upon him to-morrow, at the hour which he shall have the goodness to appoint, to receive the copy of the full powers with which he is furnished on the part of the Executive Directory; and as soon as they shall have been exchanged, he will be ready to commence the negotiation with which he is charged. He requests the Minister for Foreign Affairs to accept the assurances of his high consideration.

(Signed) MALMESBURY.

Paris, Oct. 23rd, 1796.

(5)

Extract from the Register of the Decrees of the Executive Directory.

The Executive Directory having heard the report of the Minister for Foreign Affairs,

The citizen Charles Delacroix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is charged to negotiate with Lord Malmesbury, commissioner plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty, furnished with full powers to prepare and negotiate peace between the French Republic and that Power, and to conclude it definitely between them. The Directory gives to the said minister all powers necessary for concluding and signing the treaty of peace to take place between the Republic and His Britannic Majesty. He shall conform himself to the instructions which shall be given him. He shall render a regular account, from time to time, of his progress and of the issue of the negotiation.

(Signed) L. R. REVEILLERE LEPEAUX.

(A true copy.)

(6)

Memorial.

His Britannic Majesty, desiring, as he has already declared, to contribute, as far as depends on him, to the re-establishment of public tranquillity, and to ensure, by means of just, honourable, and solid conditions of peace, the future repose of Europe, is of opinion that the best means of attaining that salutary end will be to agree, at the beginning of the negotiation, on the general principle which shall serve as a basis to the definitive arrangements.

The first object of negotiations for peace generally relates to the restitutions and cessions which the respective parties have mutually to demand, in consequence of the events of the war.

Great Britain, from the uninterrupted success of her naval war, finds herself in a situation to have no restitution to demand of France, from which, on the contrary, she has taken establishments and colonies of the highest importance, and of a value almost incalculable.

But, on the other hand, France has made on the continent of Europe conquests to which His Majesty can be the less indifferent, as the most important interests of his people, and the most sacred engagements of his Crown, are essentially implicated therein.

The desire of the King to restore repose to so many nations induces him to consider this situation of affairs as affording the means of procuring for all the belligerent Powers just and equitable terms of peace, and such as are calculated to insure for the time to come the general tranquillity.

It is on this footing, then, that he proposes to negociate, by offering to make compensation to France, by proportionable restitutions, for those arrangements to which she will be called upon to consent, in order to satisfy the just demands of the King's allies, and to preserve the political balance of Europe.

(Signed) MALMESBURY,
Minister Plenipotentiary from His
Britannic Majesty.

Paris, 24 October (5 Brumaire), 1796.

(7)

Extract from the Register of the Deliberations of the Executive Directory.

Paris, 5 Brumaire, 5 year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

The Executive Directory sees with pain, that at the moment when it had reason to hope for the speedy return of peace between the French Republic and His Britannic Majesty, the proposal of Lord Malmesbury offers nothing but dilatory or very distant means of bringing the negociations to a conclusion.

[The document goes on to state that Lord Malmesbury's words point to the necessity of holding a general congress, a proceeding that might involve interminable delay. It hints that the British Government has a double object in the negociations—to prevent, by means of general propositions, the partial propositions of other Powers, and to obtain from the people of England the means of continuing the war, by throwing upon the French Government the odium of a delay for which English ministers are responsible. Finally, the Directory considers the principle laid down by the British Government as inadequate.]

(8)

[In a Note addressed to the Executive Directory Lord Malmesbury, passing over the "offensive and injurious insinuations" contained in the foregoing document, answers that the delay complained of was unavoidable, being due to the necessity of ascertaining from home the views of the allies of Great Britain; that he had never led the French authorities to believe that he had power to do anything more than to negociate and conclude the peace, the form and conditions of which could only be prescribed by a general congress of the allied forces. It was to prepare the way for such a congress that he had laid down the principle of compensations, in regard to which principle he complains that the French Government had returned him no answer of any kind.

En passant he affirms that the English King had, at the beginning of the campaign, given the French Government a striking proof of his disposition to treat with it on a just and equitable basis.]

(9)

The undersigned is charged by the Executive Directory to invite you to point out, without the smallest delay, and expressly, the objects of reciprocal compensation which you propose.

He is moreover charged to demand of you, what are the dispositions to treat, on a just and equitable basis, of which His Majesty, the Emperor and King, gave to the French Government so striking a proof, at the very commencement of the campaign. The Executive Directory is unacquainted with it. It was the Emperor and King who broke the armistice.

(Signed) CH. DELACROIX.

Paris, 22 Brumaire (Nov. 12).

(10)

The undersigned does not hesitate a moment to answer the two questions which you have been instructed by the Executive Directory to put to him.

The memorial presented this morning by the undersigned proposes, in express terms, on the part of His Majesty the King of Great Britain, to compensate France, by proportionable restitutions, for the arrangements to which she will be called upon to assent, in order to satisfy the King's allies, and to preserve the political balance of Europe.

Before the formal acceptance of this principle, or the proposal on the part of the Executive Directory of some other principle, which might equally serve as the basis for a negotiation for a general peace, the undersigned cannot be authorised to designate the objects of reciprocal compensation.

As to the proof of the pacific dispositions given to the French Government by His Majesty, the Emperor and King, at the opening of the campaign, the undersigned contents himself with a reference to the following words contained in the note of Baron D'Engleman on the 4th of June last:—

“The operations of the war will in no wise prevent His Imperial Majesty from being ever ready to concur, agreeably to any form of negotiation which shall be adopted, in concert with the belligerent powers, in the discussion of proper means for putting a stop to the further effusion of blood.”

This note was presented after the armistice was broken.

MALMESBURY.

Paris, Nov. 12, 1796.

(11)

Note.

The Court of London, having been informed of what has passed, does not think it necessary to add anything to the answer made by the undersigned to the two questions which the Directory thought proper to address to him.

That court waits therefore for an explanation of the sentiments of the Directory, with regard to the principle it has proposed as the basis of the negotiations.

The undersigned has, in consequence, received orders to renew its demand of a frank and precise answer on this point, in order that his Court may know with certainty whether the Directory accepts that proposal; or desires to make any change or modification in it; or lastly, whether it would wish to propose any other principle that may promote the same end.

MALMESBURY.

Nov. 26, 1796.

(12)

In answer to the note delivered yesterday the undersigned minister for foreign affairs is instructed by the Directory to observe, that the answers made on the 5th and 22nd of last Brumaire contained an acknowledgment of the principle of compensation, and that the undersigned now makes a formal and positive declaration of such acknowledgment.

In consequence, Lord Malmesbury is again invited to give a speedy and categorical answer to the proposal made to him on the 22nd of last Brumaire, which was conceived in these terms: "The undersigned is instructed by the Executive Directory to invite you to designate without the least delay, and expressly, the objects of reciprocal compensation which you have to propose."

CH. DELACROIX.

Paris, Nov. 27.

(13)

The undersigned minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty, in answer to the note dated this morning, which was sent to him by the minister for foreign affairs, hastens to assure him that he will not delay in communicating it to his Court, from which he must necessarily wait for further orders, before he can explain himself upon the important points which it contains.

(Signed) MALMESBURY.

Paris, 27th Nov., 1796.

[A "Confidential Memorial," dealing with the points upon which the French Minister had asked for information, having been received from England by Lord Malmesbury and forwarded by him to the Directory, the French Foreign Minister replies as follows:—]

(14)

The undersigned minister for foreign affairs is charged by the Executive Directory to answer Lord Malmesbury, that the Executive Directory will listen to no proposals contrary to the constitution, to the laws, and to the treaties which bind the Republic.

And as Lord Malmesbury announces at every communication, that he is in want of the opinion of his Court, from which it results that he acts a part merely passive in the negociations, which renders his presence in Paris useless; the undersigned is further charged to give him notice to depart from Paris in eight-and-forty hours, with all the persons who have accompanied him, and to quit, as expeditiously as possible, the territory of the Republic. The undersigned declares moreover, in the name of the Executive Directory, that if the British cabinet is desirous of peace, the Executive Directory is ready to follow the negociations by the reciprocal channels of couriers.

(Signed) CH. DELACROIX.

Paris, 19th Dec., 1796.

(15)

Lord Malmesbury hastens to acknowledge the receipt of the note of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated yesterday. He is preparing to quit Paris to-morrow, and demands in consequence the necessary passports for himself and his suite.

He requests the Minister for Foreign Affairs to accept the assurances of his high consideration.

Paris, 20th Dec., 1796.

76. Comments.—It at once becomes clear that Documents 1—5 are merely preliminary in character: they serve to establish the credentials of the negotiating parties. The important part of the correspondence begins with Document 6, which gives the English proposals. Observe that, although the English Memorial is a fairly long statement, the gist of it can easily be given in a single sentence. The references in Documents 8, 9, 10 to the proofs of the English King's pacific intentions are irrelevant to the main issue. The essential

point is the French treatment of the English proposals. For some time the Directory hesitated about accepting them as a basis for discussion, but at length (in Document 12) it formally acknowledged the general principle involved. The opening of Document 14 indicates that the detailed proposals of the English Government proved unsatisfactory.

77. Our précis of the preceding correspondence will then be as follows :—

Précis.

THE NEGOTIATIONS OF LORD MALMESBURY WITH THE DIRECTORY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Towards the close of the year 1796 the British Government, with a view to the restoration of tranquillity to the Continent of Europe, sent Lord Malmesbury to Paris as plenipotentiary to treat with Charles Delacroix, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had been fully empowered by the Executive Directory to conclude peace between the French Republic and Great Britain.

As a general principle for the basis of a treaty, Lord Malmesbury submitted that Great Britain should restore to France certain possessions wrested from her during the war, and that France should make proportionable restitutions to the European allies of Great Britain. For some time the Directory, thinking that Great Britain merely wished to forestall the proposals of the other Powers and desired an excuse for carrying on the war, demurred ; but finally accepted the principle and demanded that the objects of reciprocal compensation should be severally designated. In reply Lord Malmesbury forwarded to the Directory a " Confidential Memorial " containing the specific proposals of his government ; these, however, were considered so contrary to the constitution, laws, and treaties of the French Republic that the Directory peremptorily refused to negotiate with the British plenipotentiary and ordered him to quit France forthwith.

EXERCISE V.

1. Make a précis of the following letters :—

" To Dr. Samuel Johnson.

" My Dear Sir,

" I beg leave to address you in behalf of our friend Dr. Percy, who was much hurt by what you said to him that day we dined at his house ; when, in the course of the dispute as to Pennant's merit as a traveller, you told Percy that ' he had the resentment of a narrow mind against

Pennant, because he did not find everything in Northumberland.' Percy is sensible that you did not mean to injure him ; but he is vexed to think that your behaviour to him on that occasion may be interpreted as a proof that he is despised by you, which I know is not the case. I have told him, that the charge of being narrow-minded was only as to the particular point in question ; and that he had the merit of being a martyr to his noble family.

" Earl Percy is to dine with General Paoli next Friday ; and I should be sincerely glad to have it in my power to satisfy his Lordship how well you think of Dr. Percy, who, I find, apprehends, that your good opinion of him may be of very essential consequence ; and who assures me, that he has the highest respect and the warmest affection for you.

" I have only to add, that my suggesting this occasion for the exercise of your candour and generosity, is altogether unknown to Dr. Percy, and proceeds from my good-will towards him, and my persuasion that you will be happy to do him an essential kindness. I am, more and more, my dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

" JAMES BOSWELL."

" To James Boswell, Esq.

" Sir,

" The debate between Dr. Percy and me is one of those foolish controversies, which begin upon a question of which neither party cares how it is decided, and which is, nevertheless, continued to acrimony, by the vanity with which every man resists confutation. Dr. Percy's warmth proceeded from a cause which, perhaps, does him more honour than he could have derived from juster criticism. His abhorrence of Pennant proceeded from his opinion that Pennant had wantonly and indecently censured his patron. His anger made him resolve, that, for having been once wrong, he never should be right. Pennant has much in his notions that I do not like ; but still I think him a very intelligent traveller. If Percy is really offended, I am sorry ; for he is a man whom I never know to offend any one. He is a man very willing to learn, and very able to teach ; a man, out of whose company I never go without having learned something. It is true that he vexes me sometimes, but I am afraid it is by making me feel my own ignorance. So much extension of mind, and so much minute accuracy of enquiry, if you survey your whole circle of acquaintance, you will find so scarce, if you find it at all, that you will value Percy by comparison. Lord Hailes is somewhat like him ; but Lord Hailes does not, perhaps, go beyond him in research ; and I do not know that he equals him in elegance. Percy's attention to poetry has given grace and splendour to his studies of antiquity. A mere antiquarian is a rugged being.

"Upon the whole, you see that what I might say in sport or petulance to him, is very consistent with full convictions of his merit.—I am, dear Sir, your most, etc.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"April 23, 1778."

"*To the Reverend Dr. Percy, Northumberland House.*

"Dear Sir,

"I wrote to Dr. Johnson on the subject of the *Pennantian* controversy; and have received from him an answer which will delight you. I read it yesterday to Dr. Robertson, at the Exhibition; and at dinner to Lord Percy, General Oglethorpe, etc., who dined with us at General Paoli's; who was also a witness to the high *testimony* to your honour.

"General Paoli desires the favour of your company, next Tuesday to dinner, to meet Dr. Johnson. If I can, I will call on you to-day. I am, with sincere regard,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL.

"South Audley Street, April 25."

2. Make a précis of the following material in about 120 words :—

DISPATCH FROM THE BRITISH DELEGATE AT THE INTERNATIONAL
CONFERENCE AT ALGECIRAS TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Sir A. Nicolson to Sir Edward Grey.

(Received April 19.)

Algeciras, April 7, 1906.

Sir,—

In accordance with your instructions to bring before the Conference the question of limiting the importation into, and sale of alcoholic drinks in Morocco, it seemed to me that the best course to take would be for me to address a letter to the President of the Conference on the subject. I have the honour to transmit a copy of the communication which I made to the Duke of Almodovar.

His Excellency read my letter at the sitting of the Conference on March 29, and I suggested that the question should be referred to the Diplomatic Body at Tangier, who would be best able to deal with it. This proposal was unanimously adopted, and at the suggestion of the Duke of Almodovar it was decided, in communicating the letter to the

doyen of the Diplomatic Body, to add that the proposals contained in it and the views which were expressed, met with the entire concurrence of the Conference.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) A. NICOLSON.

Enclosure.

Sir A. Nicolson to President of Moroccan Conference.

Algeciras, March 24, 1906.

Mr. President,—

I have the honour to request you to be good enough to bring before the Conference, when the question of the surtax is again discussed, a proposal, which I wish to submit to the favourable consideration of the honourable Deputies, respecting the trade in alcoholic drinks in Morocco. At the Brussels Conference in 1890, certain measures restricting the trade in spirituous liquors were agreed upon and a zone was created, within the limits of which the entry of distilled drinks was prohibited. Morocco is undoubtedly outside the limits of this zone, and I do not wish to propose that the Regulations contained in the Act of the Brussels Conference should be applied in their entirety.

The consumption of alcoholic drinks is unfortunately somewhat on the increase amongst the natives resident in the ports or their neighbourhood, contrary as it is to their religion and detrimental to their morality.

It would be desirable if some measures could be taken to prevent or lessen the growth of this evil; and I should be glad if the honourable Delegates would be good enough to take into consideration a proposal to limit the introduction of distilled drinks to those destined for the consumption of the extraneous population, and at the same time to request the Moorish Government to prohibit the manufacture of distilled drinks in Morocco. The Diplomatic Body at Tangier could, perhaps, deliberate on the best means of restricting the introduction into Morocco of alcoholic drinks.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) A. NICOLSON.

3. The following letters are concerned principally with the controversy about the poems of Ossian. A few years before the date of these letters Macpherson had published the poems of Ossian (including *Fingal*, an epic poem): he claimed that they were translations of ancient Gaelic originals. Dr. Johnson considered them forgeries. His opinion was strengthened by the inquiries he made while on a tour in the Hebrides with Boswell in 1773. The next year, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, he plainly stated his view. Macpherson was furious.

Make a précis of the material in this correspondence relating to the Ossian controversy :—

“ *Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.*

“ Edinburgh, February 2, 1775.

“ As to Macpherson, I am anxious to have from yourself a full and pointed account of what has passed between you and him. It is confidently told here, that before your book came out he sent to you, to let you know that he understood you meant to deny the authenticity of Ossian's poems ; that the originals were in his possession ; that you might have inspection of them, and might take the evidence of people skilled in the Erse language ; and that he hoped after this fair offer, you would not be so uncandid as to assert that he had refused reasonable proof. That you paid no regard to his message, but published your strong attack upon him ; and then he wrote a letter to you, in such terms as he thought suited to one who had not acted as a man of veracity. You may believe it gives me pain to hear your conduct represented as unfavourable, while I can only deny what is said on the ground that your character refutes it, without having any information to oppose. Let me, I beg it of you, be furnished with a sufficient answer to any calumny upon this occasion.

“ Lord Hailes writes to me (for we correspond more than we talk together), ‘ As to Fingal, I see a controversy arising, and purpose to keep out of its way. There is no doubt that I might mention some circumstances ; but I do not choose to commit them to paper.’ What his opinion is I do not know. He says, ‘ I am singularly obliged to Dr. Johnson for his accurate and useful criticisms. Had he given some strictures on the general plan of the work, it would have added much to his favours.’ . . .

[*The following letter had been written by Dr. Johnson to Macpherson.*]

“ Mr. James Macpherson,

“ I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel ; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

“ What would you have me retract ? I thought your book an imposture ; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable ; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will,

“ SAM. JOHNSON,”

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"My Dear Boswell,

"I am surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition of your countrymen to tell lies in favour of each other, you can be at all affected by any reports that circulate among them. Macpherson never in his life offered me a sight of any original or of any evidence of any kind; but thought only of intimidating me by noise and threats, till my last answer—that I would not be deterred from detecting what I thought a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian—put an end to our correspondence.

"The state of the question is this. He, and Dr. Blair, whom I consider as deceived, say, that he copied the poem from old manuscripts. His copies, if he had them, and I believe him to have none, are nothing. Where are the manuscripts? They can be shown if they exist, but they were never shown. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus*, says our law, *eadem est ratio*. No man has a claim to credit upon his own word, when better evidence, if he had it, may be easily produced. But so far as we can find, the Erse language was never written till very lately for the purposes of religion. A nation that cannot write, or a language that was never written, has no manuscripts.

"But whatever he has never offered to show. If old manuscripts should now be mentioned, I should, unless there were more evidence than can be easily had, suppose them another proof of Scotch conspiracy in national falsehood.

"Do not censure the expression; you know it to be true.

"Dr. Memis's question is so narrow as to allow no speculation; and I have no facts before me but those which his advocate has produced against you.

"I consulted this morning the President of the London College of Physicians, who says, that with us, *Doctor of Physick* (we do not say *Doctor of Medicine*) is the highest title that a practiser of physick can have; that *Doctor* implies not only *Physician*, but teacher of physick; that every *Doctor* is legally a *Physician*; but no man, not a *Doctor*, can practise physick but by licence particularly granted. The Doctorate is a licence of itself. It seems to us a very slender cause of prosecution.

* * * * *

"I am now engaged, but in a little time I hope to do all you would have. My compliments to Madam and Veronica.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"February 7, 1775."

“ *Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.*

“ *Edinburgh, Feb. 18, 1775.*

“ You would have been very well pleased if you had dined with me to-day. I had for my guests, Macquharrie, young Maclean of Col, the successor of our friend, a very amiable man, though not marked with such active qualities as his brother ; Mr. Maclean of Torloisk in Mull, a gentleman of Sir Allan’s family ; and two of the clan Grant ; so that the Highland and Hebridean genius reigned. We had a great deal of conversation about you, and drank your health in a bumper. The toast was not proposed by me, which is a circumstance to be remarked, for I am now so connected with you, that any thing that I can say or do to your honour has not the value of an additional compliment. It is only giving you a guinea out of that treasure of admiration which already belongs to you, and which is no hidden treasure ; for I suppose my admiration for you is co-existent with the knowledge of my character.

“ I find that the Highlanders and Hebrideans in general are much fonder of your ‘ *Journey*,’ than the low-country or *hither* Scots. One of the Grants said to-day, that he was sure you were a man of a good heart, and a candid man, and seemed to hope he should be able to convince you of the antiquity of a good proportion of the poems of Ossian. After all that has passed, I think the matter is capable of being proved to a certain degree. I am told that Macpherson got one old Erse MS. from Clanranald, for the restitution of which he executed a formal obligation ; and it is affirmed that the Gaelick (call it Erse or call it Irish), has been written in the Highlands and Hebrides for many centuries. It is reasonable to suppose, that such of the inhabitants as acquired any learning, possessed the art of writing as well as their Irish neighbours, and Celtick cousins ; and the question is, can sufficient evidence be shewn of this ?

“ Those who are skilled in ancient writings can determine the age of MSS. or at least can ascertain the century in which they were written ; and if men of veracity, who are so skilled, shall tell us that the MSS. in possession of families in the Highlands and isles, are the works of a remote age, I think we should be convinced by their testimony.

“ There is now come to this city, Ranald Macdonald from the Isle of Egg, who has several MSS. of Erse poetry, which he wishes to publish by subscription. I have engaged to take three copies of the book, the price of which is to be six shillings, as I would subscribe for all the Erse that can be printed, be it old or new, that the language may be preserved. This man says, that some of his manuscripts are ancient ; and, to be sure, one of them which was shewn to me does appear to have the duskyness of antiquity.

* * * *

"The enquiry is not yet quite hopeless, and I should think that the exact truth may be discovered, if proper means be used. I am, etc.,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"To James Boswell, Esq."

"Dear Sir,

"I am sorry that I could get no books for my friends in Scotland. Mr. Strahan has at last promised to send two dozen to you. If they come, put the name of my friends into them; you may cut them out, and paste them with a little starch in the book.

"You then are going wild about Ossian? Why do you think any part can be proved? The dusky manuscript of Egg is probably not more than fifty years old; if it be an hundred, it proves nothing. The tale of Clanranald is no proof. Has Clanranald told it? Can he prove it? There are, I believe, no Erse manuscripts. None of the old families had a single letter in Erse that we heard of. You say it is likely that they could write. The learned, if any learned there were, could; but knowing by that learning, some written language, in that language they wrote, as letters had never been applied to their own. If there are manuscripts, let them be shewn, with some proof that they are not forged for the occasion. You say many can remember parts of Ossian. I believe all those parts are versions of the English; at least there is no proof of their antiquity.

"Macpherson is said to have made some translations himself; and having taught a boy to write it, ordered him to say that he had learnt it of his grandmother. The boy, when he grew up, told the story. This Mrs. Williams heard at Mr. Strahan's table. Don't be credulous; you know how little a Highlander can be trusted. Macpherson is, so far as I know, very quiet. Is not that proof enough? Every thing is against him. No visible manuscript: no inscription in the language: no correspondence among friends: no transaction of business, of which a single scrap remains in the ancient families. Macpherson's pretence is, that the character was Saxon. If he had not talked unskilfully of *manuscripts*, he might have fought with oral tradition much longer. As to Mr. Grant's information, I suppose he knows much less of the matter than ourselves.

"In the meantime, the bookseller says that the sale* is sufficiently quick. They printed four thousand. Correct your copy wherever it is wrong, and bring it up. Your friends will all be glad to see you. I think of going myself into the country about May.

*Of his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*.

"I am sorry that I have not managed to send the book sooner. I have left four for you, and do not restrict you absolutely to follow my directions in the distribution. You must use your own discretion.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I suppose she is now beginning to forgive me. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"February 25, 1775."

4. Make a précis of the following documents relating to the negotiations for a Treaty of Alliance with Egypt:—

No. 1.

Sir Austen Chamberlain to Lord Lloyd (Cairo).

Foreign Office, March 1, 1928.

My Lord,

In view of the fact that Sarwat Pasha had already communicated the text of the treaty to Nahas Pasha before accompanying His Majesty King Fuad on his recent visit to Upper Egypt, I thought it essential that Nahas Pasha should be left under no illusion as to the serious nature of the decision which Egypt was called upon to make and which he, as leader of the numerically strongest group in the present Egyptian Parliament, would largely influence.

2. I accordingly authorised your Lordship to inform his Excellency that in the event of a rejection of the treaty His Majesty's Government would have to consider how the enactment of certain projected legislation in the Egyptian Parliament would accord with their responsibilities under the Declaration of the 28th February, 1922, and to add that the wording of recent manifestos by students and the reported association with them of undesirable characters, raised the question of the obligations imposed on His Majesty's Government by that instrument for the protection of foreigners.

3. Your Lordship reported on the 27th February that in the course of your interview on the preceding day with Nahas Pasha, the latter had stated that he felt it useless to discuss what advantages might or might not be afforded to Egypt in various clauses of the treaty, inasmuch as the treaty clearly failed to provide for the complete evacuation of Egyptian territory by the British army. You added that on the question of the British army in Egypt he was entirely uncompromising and repeated himself on this point again and again.

4. Nahas Pasha, in fact, is as little ready as was Zaghlul Pasha in his conversations with my predecessor in 1924 to recognise the realities

of the situation which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald defined in his despatch to Lord Allenby :—

“No British Government in the light of that experience (the European war) can divest itself wholly, even in favour of an ally, of its interest in guarding such a vital link in British communications (the Suez Canal). Such a security must be a feature of any agreement come to between our two Governments, and I see no reason why accommodation is impossible, given goodwill.

“The effective co-operation of Great Britain and Egypt in protecting those communications might in my view have been ensured by the conclusion of a treaty of close alliance. The presence of a British force in Egypt provided for by such a treaty freely entered into by both parties on an equal footing would in no way be incompatible with Egyptian independence, whilst it would be an indication of the specially close and intimate relations between the two countries and their determination to co-operate in a matter of vital concern to both. It is not the wish of His Majesty's Government that this force should in any way interfere with the functions of the Egyptian Government or encroach upon Egyptian sovereignty, and I emphatically said so.”

It was Sarwat Pasha's recognition of these realities which made it possible to negotiate the treaty with him : it is Nahas Pasha's refusal to recognise them which, if adopted by the Egyptian Government, will once again have made a settlement impossible. The fact that grossly inaccurate and misleading versions of the treaty are appearing in the Egyptian press makes it imperative that publication of the full text should not be further delayed. I shall therefore present the text of the treaty and the covering correspondence to Parliament in the immediate future, probably during the course of next week, and I request that your Lordship will inform Sarwat Pasha of this step.

5. Unless, therefore, the final decision of the Egyptian Government, which your Lordship reported that Sarwat Pasha did not expect to be able to give before the 1st March, differs widely from the attitude adopted by the leader of the Wafd [one of the Egyptian political parties], the situation contemplated in the second paragraph of this despatch will have arisen. In this event your Lordship should address an official note to the Egyptian Government in the following terms :—

“His Majesty's Government have for some time past viewed with misgiving certain legislative proposals introduced in the Egyptian Parliament which, if they were to become law, would be likely seriously to weaken the hands of the administrative authorities responsible for

the maintenance of order and for the protection of life and property in Egypt.

"So long as there was any prospect of the early conclusion of a Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Egypt which would define anew the responsibilities and rights of the two parties, His Majesty's Government were content to refrain from all comment in the expectation that they might rely with confidence on the Egyptian Government to avoid legislation which might make it impossible for the Egyptian Administration to discharge successfully the increased responsibilities inherent in the treaty régime.

"But now that conversations with the Egyptian Government have failed to achieve their object, His Majesty's Government cannot permit the discharge of any of their responsibilities under the Declaration of the 28th February, 1922, to be endangered whether by Egyptian legislation of the nature indicated above, or by administrative action, and they reserve the right to take such steps as in their view the situation may demand."

I am, etc.,

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

No. 2.

*Telegram from Lord Lloyd to Sir Austen Chamberlain, March 1
(Received March 2), 1928.*

Prime Minister called on me this evening to inform me that his Government were unable to sign the treaty and that news to this effect would be published in the papers to-morrow. The decision of the Government was imposed upon it by the Wafd, which had unanimously rejected the treaty. He will let me have the text of the decision to-morrow.

No. 3.

*Telegram from Sir Austen Chamberlain to Lord Lloyd,
March 2, 1928.*

Your telegram of yesterday.

My second despatch of 1st March* now on its way to you was summarised in my telegram† of the same date and foresaw and made provision for the situation which has arisen. You should read declaration quoted in my above-mentioned telegram and despatch to Sarwat Pasha and hand him a copy when he gives you the Egyptian reply.

* Paper No. 1.

† Not printed.

No. 4.

Telegram from Lord Lloyd to Sir Austen Chamberlain, March 4, 1928.

Sarwat Pasha came to see me this evening to hand me reply of his Cabinet, and to inform me that he had this afternoon tendered his resignation to the King.

I handed him a copy of declaration contained in your telegram and despatch of 1st March. I am seeing King to-morrow morning and will hand him a copy for the information of Sarwat's successor.

My immediately following telegram contains text of Egyptian Cabinet's reply.

No. 5.

Telegram from Lord Lloyd to Sir Austen Chamberlain, March 4, 1928.

My immediately preceding telegram.

Following is translation from the French :—

“ Excellency,

“ I have the honour to inform you that in accordance with the wish expressed by his Excellency Sir Austen Chamberlain in the message which he was so good as to address to me through you, I have submitted to my colleagues draft Treaty of Alliance which resulted from our conversations last summer, at the same time acquainting them with different phases of these conversations as well as with the notes exchanged and discussions carried on subsequently.

“ My colleagues have reached the conclusion that draft, by reason both of its basic principles and of its actual provisions, is incompatible with the independence and sovereignty of Egypt and, moreover, that it legalises occupation of the country by British forces.

“ My colleagues have accordingly charged me to inform His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that they cannot accept this draft.

“ I shall be grateful if your Excellency will be so good as to communicate the above to his Excellency Sir Austen Chamberlain and will at the same time repeat to him my most sincere thanks for the friendly spirit in which his Excellency began and carried on our conversations.

“ I take this opportunity of thanking your Excellency also for the cordiality which you have shown in the course of our discussions regarding draft treaty and to renew,” etc.

5. Make a précis of the following correspondence respecting the Agreement between the United Kingdom and Italy in regard to Lake Tsana :—

No. 1.

Mr. Bentinck to Ras Taffari.

British Legation,

Addis Ababa, June 9, 1926.

Your Imperial Highness,

In obedience to the instructions which I have received from His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I have the honour to hand to your Imperial Highness the text of the note which His Majesty's Government addressed last December to the Italian Government asking for their co-operation in the negotiations with the Ethiopian Government regarding Lake Tsana when His Majesty's Government decide to reopen them. A translation of the note in Amharic is attached.

In accordance with article 18 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the notes exchanged between His Majesty's Government and the Italian Government will be laid before the Secretariat of the League, but for reasons of friendship and courtesy the two Governments desire that these notes should first be shown to the Ethiopian Government.

In communicating to your Imperial Highness the text of the British note, I am to express the hope that the Abyssinian Government will find the notes acceptable to them, and I am authorised to offer to you full and frank explanation if you should be in doubt as to the meaning of any points in the British note when I return from England. In the meantime I trust that your Imperial Highness will consider the notes sympathetically.

Sir Austen Chamberlain directs me to add that he hopes that the text of the enclosed note will be sufficient to dispel any misconceptions or malicious rumours which may be current regarding the alleged intentions of His Majesty's Government. Further, Sir Austen Chamberlain directs me to assure your Imperial Highness of the continued friendship of His Majesty's Government, and to express the hope that the Ethiopian Government will find in this exchange of notes only further proof of that friendship, inasmuch as the object which the exchange has in view will, it is hoped, prove to be as beneficial to Abyssinia as to the other countries concerned.

C. BENTINCK.

No. 2.

Ras Taffari to Mr. Bentinck.

Peace be with you !

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your note dated the 2nd day of Senié, 1918 (9th June, 1926).

This communication, which is identical with the note I have received from his Excellency Count Colli, the Italian Minister, informs me of the agreement concluded between your respective Governments with a view to obtaining from the Abyssinian Government a concession for the conservancy of the waters of our Lake Tsana for England and a concession for the construction of a railway through Abyssinia for Italy. The fact that you have come to an agreement, and the fact that you have thought it necessary to give us a joint notification of that agreement, make it clear that your intention is to exert pressure, and this, in our view, at once raises a previous question.

The British Government had already entered into negotiations with the Abyssinian Government in regard to its proposal, and we had imagined that, whether that proposal was carried into effect or not, the negotiations would have been concluded with us ; we should never have suspected that the British Government would come to an agreement with another Government regarding our Lake.

This question, which calls for preliminary examination, must therefore be laid before the League of Nations.

Given on the 8th day of Senié, in the year of grace 1918 (15th June, 1926).

TAFFARI MAKONNEN,

Heir to the Throne of Abyssinia.

No. 3.

Count Colli to Ras Taffari.

Italian Legation,

Addis Ababa, June 9, 1926.

Sir,

I have the honour to send you an exact copy of the note addressed by his Excellency B. Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy, to Sir R. Graham, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Rome, on the 20th December, 1925, in reply to a note addressed by the British Ambassador to M. Mussolini on the 14th December, 1925.

As your Highness will observe, the two notes in question constitute an agreement between the Italian and British Governments defining the respective aspirations and the mutual obligations of the two Governments in Abyssinia, and establishing friendly co-operation between them with a view to the attainment of their aims

On behalf of my Government I have the honour to inform your Highness that the agreement referred to is of a purely economic character, and, so far from being designed to infringe (injure) the sovereign rights of the Abyssinian Government, constitutes a further proof of the friendly intention of Italy and Great Britain towards the Abyssinian Empire, which remains entirely free to grant or refuse any requests in connection with economic questions which either of the two Governments may make.

I shall have the greatest pleasure in furnishing your Highness with any particulars for which you may ask in regard to the agreement.

I have no doubt that, after due consideration, your Highness will receive in a friendly manner, and without suspicion, the communication which I have the honour to make on behalf of my Government.

COLLI.

No. 4.

Ras Taffari to Count Colli.

Peace be with you !

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your note dated the 2nd day of Senié, 1918 (9th June, 1926).

This communication, which is identical with the note I have received from his Excellency Mr. Charles Bentinck, British Minister, informs me of the agreement concluded between your respective Governments with a view to obtaining from the Abyssinian Government a concession for the conservancy of the waters of our Lake Tsana for England and a concession for the construction of a railway through Abyssinia for Italy. The fact that you have come to an agreement, and the fact that you have thought it necessary to give us a joint notification of that agreement, make it clear that your intention is to exert pressure, and this, in our view, at once raises a previous question.

This question, which calls for preliminary examination, must therefore be laid before the League of Nations.

Given on the 8th day of Senié, in the year of grace 1918 (15th June, 1926).

TAFFARI MAKONNEN,

Heir to the Throne of Abyssinia.

No. 5.

Ras Taffari to the Secretary-General, League of Nations.

Peace be with you !

I have the honour to forward herewith copies of the correspondence* communicated to us by the British and Italian Governments, constituting

* See Nos. 1 and 3 above.

an agreement concluded between them without our knowledge in regard to their interests in Abyssinia, and copies of our replies.* I also enclose the protest which we are addressing to the States members of the League of Nations, making known that we cannot accept this agreement.

I beg that you will be good enough to communicate these documents to the States members in order that the question may be considered.

Given in the city of Addis Ababa on the 12th day of Senié, in the year of grace 1918 (19th June, 1926).

TAFFARI MAKONNEN,
Heir to the Throne of Abyssinia.

Enclosure in No. 5.

To the States Members of the League of Nations.

Our Government has recently received from the British and Italian Governments identical notes informing us that these Governments have arrived at an agreement to support each other with a view to obtaining a concession for the British Government to undertake the conservancy of the waters of our Lake Tsana, and for the Italian Government to construct a railway through our Empire.

We have been profoundly moved by the conclusion of this agreement arrived at without our being consulted or informed, and by the action of the two Governments in sending us a joint notification.

In the first place, on our admission to the League of Nations we were told that all nations were to be on a footing of equality within the League, and that their independence was to be universally respected, since the purpose of the League is to establish and maintain peace among men in accordance with the will of God.

We were not told that certain members of the League might make a separate agreement to impose their views on another member even if the latter considered those views incompatible with its national interests.

Secondly, one of the subjects covered by the agreement had already been discussed between the British Government and our own, and that no conclusion had yet been reached was due to reasons of whose nature and importance we were fully aware; we had, however, never given any definite reply.

We cannot help thinking, therefore, that in agreeing to support each other in these matters, and in giving us a joint notification of that agreement, the two Governments are endeavouring to exert pressure on us in order to induce us to comply with their demands prematurely, without leaving any time for reflection or consideration for our people's needs.

* See Nos. 2 and 4 above.

The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress ; but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence. With God's help, and thanks to the courage of our soldiers, we have always, come what might, stood proud and free upon our native mountains.

For this reason prudence is needed when we have to convince our people that foreigners who wish to establish themselves for economic reasons in our country, or on the frontiers between it and their possessions, are genuinely innocent of concealed political aims ; and we doubt whether agreements and joint representations such as those now in question are the best means of instilling that conviction.

Nor must it be forgotten that we have only recently been introduced to modern civilisation, and that our history, glorious though it be, has not prepared us for ready adjustment to conditions which are often quite beyond the range of our experience. Nature herself has never gone forward by sudden bounds, and no country has been metamorphosed in a night.

With our well-known eagerness for progress—given time, and the friendly advice of countries whose geographical position has enabled them to out-distance us in the race—we shall be able to secure gradual but continual improvements which will make Abyssinia great in the future as she has been throughout the past. But, if we try to go too fast, accidents may happen.

We should like to hear from the members of the League whether they think it right that means of pressure should be exerted upon us which they themselves would doubtless never accept.

We have the honour to bring to the notice of all the States members of the League of Nations the correspondence which we have received, in order that they may decide whether that correspondence is compatible with the independence of our country, inasmuch as it includes the stipulation that part of our Empire is to be allotted to the economic influence of a given Power. We cannot but realise that economic influence and political influence are very closely bound up together ; and it is our duty to protest most strongly against an agreement which, in our view, conflicts with the essential principles of the League of Nations.

Addis Ababa, this 12th day of Senié, in the year of grace 1918 (19th June, 1926).

TAFFARI MAKONNEN,

Heir of the Throne of Abyssinia.

No. 6.

*The Acting Secretary-General of the League of Nations to
Ras Taffari.**Geneva, July 22, 1926.*

Sir,

In a letter dated the 12th day of Senié, 1918 (19th June, 1926), your Imperial and Royal Highness was good enough to send me a note accompanied by copies of the correspondence, together with translations into French, between the Imperial and Royal Government of Abyssinia and the Governments of the British Empire and Italy, with reference to an agreement stated to have been concluded recently between the two latter Powers.

Inasmuch as the object of your Imperial and Royal Highness's letter was to bring the contents of these various documents to the knowledge of the States members of the League of Nations, I have made all necessary arrangements to do so.

I have also forwarded your letter in a special despatch to the British and Italian Governments, as those directly concerned. Should they think it desirable to send me any observations on your letter, I shall in the same manner transmit them to your Imperial and Royal Highness.

You further added in your letter that you hoped that the communication of these documents to the States members of the League of Nations would enable the question at issue to be considered. As, however, your Imperial and Royal Highness omitted to indicate in what form and by what procedure you would wish this consideration to be conducted, I have the honour to request that you will be so good as to inform me whether your request is to be interpreted as an application for the inclusion of the question in the agenda of an early session of the Council of the League of Nations. Should you desire the question to be placed on the agenda of the next session of the Council, which opens at Geneva on the 2nd September, 1926, I would call your attention to the desirability of furnishing me by telegram with all further particulars that may be of assistance in this matter.

INAZO NITOBÉ,
Acting Secretary-General.

CHAPTER VI.

PRÉCIS OF VERSE.

78. In making a *précis* of a passage of verse one is generally attempting a more difficult task than in making a *précis* of prose. For one thing, it is in the nature of verse to demand from the writer greater compression—the laws of metre, the necessities of rhyme, the length of a stanza, all bind the poet: thus if he is writing a sonnet, he has his fourteen lines and no more in which to say all he has to say, and the structure of his poem must conform to a particular model. And again a poet tends naturally to metaphors, which are a kind of poetic short-hand, and often such metaphors are out of place in prose and must therefore be translated by the writer of a *précis*.

It is, of course, not true to say that all poetry is thus compressed: there is the diffuse writer of poetry too, and the same poet may sometimes be compressed in his expression, and sometimes diffuse, as the young Shakespeare was an extravagant and the older Shakespeare was a condensed writer.

Tennyson in contrast with Browning is diffuse, and the narrative poems of Byron and Scott gallop fast, with the reins very loose in the poet's hands. But the style of much poetry is condensed, and it requires more careful reading than prose on the part of the *précis*-writer. The thought is more subtle, and the reader finds perfect comprehension more difficult to achieve. And, at its most condensed, verse is almost unrivalled by prose. For instance, only in verse can one conceive such economy of words as in Milton's "eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves."

79. But though poetry thus tends to greater compression of thought and expression, it tends also to a more constant use of amplifying ornament and illustration than prose employs. Not often does the average poet seem capable of being satisfied with a statement of his chief ideas, or sentiments; seldom

is he content to tell a plain story plainly. The figures of speech are his heritage, and he enjoys making the fullest use possible of them. Thus there are few passages of verse that do not contain similes, or metaphors, or alliteration that have tempted the writer to indulge in additional adjectives. These ornaments are the flounces of the Muse and from them poetry derives much of its charm ; but they present a fresh problem for the writer of *précis*.

80. Indeed, from the point of view of the *précis*-writer, there are these two opposed difficulties in considering poetry : the expansion of the metaphors, and of the condensed expressions which embody the main ideas, and the elimination of the metaphors (perhaps equally compressed) which are merely part of the poetic ornamentation. These difficulties may, of course, be found in dealing with a prose passage, but they nearly always face the writer of a *précis* of poetry, and, in addition, he has the task of doing away in his version with the poetic diction and rhythm, and perhaps rhyme, of the original. Yet the last task should really be inconsiderable, for the *précis*-writer is concerned only with the matter, and, when he has mastered that, his re-expression of the ideas is only influenced in the direction of poetry by his memory of the phrasing of the original ; the more he has concentrated on the meaning alone, the less the difference of form should trouble him.

81. The method of approach in making a *précis* of a passage of poetry, therefore, does not differ in any vital point from that adopted in dealing with prose. The material is often harder to understand, and the initial steps consequently need even greater care, but otherwise the procedure will be the same ; the same general principles, the seven Lamps of *Précis*-writing as we called them in Chapter II, guide us here.

Sometimes students treat the order of a *précis* of verse more freely than that of a *précis* of prose, but, exceptional passages apart, this should be avoided. The order of thought in verse does not differ from that in prose, and there is therefore no reason why the order in the *précis* should differ. In fact, it is generally safest to keep to the order of the original : the need of a change should be absolutely clear before a change is made.

82. Candidates at Civil Service examinations, in particular, are often given a passage of poetry rather than of prose to summarise, and it is worth noting the form which the instructions to candidates generally take. The wording is somewhat as follows :—" Write out in your own way the story which is contained in the following poem " : the desired length of the précis is added. Then follows a warning which all précis-writers should take to heart : " Do not introduce bits of the original into your summary, but write it in your own words."

Whether the original is prose or poetry, the warning not to follow the phrasing of the original must be heeded, but in making a précis of poetry the temptation to keep the poet's own words is sometimes particularly strong—poets have such a seductive way of choosing what seems the inevitable word.

Yet the temptation must be all the more strongly resisted. One reason for this is that the tendency to rely on the original words shows a laziness of thought—a reluctance to understand the original so thoroughly that we can express its matter simply in our own words. Another is that the poet's compression may lead us astray, with the result that we may fail to make the thought quite clear, or we may make a sharp transition from one thought to another—a fault which would be avoided if we were thinking the thoughts of the original entirely in our own words. And a final reason is that the retention of groups of the poet's words may result in a disregard of the principle of unity. The précis which follows the poet too closely may easily be a patch-work, and not a unity : poetic phrases in a prose setting, and poetic rhythm inset in a prose rhythm will be responsible for glaring incongruities.

83. The following will serve as an example of a précis of a passage of poetic narrative :—

Original.

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again ;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,

And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King ;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea :
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear ; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew ;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle ; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist ;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell ; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the fie'd
Of battle : but no man was moving there ;

Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
 Nor yet of heathen ; only the wan wave
 Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
 Tumbling the hollow helmets, of the fallen,
 And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores
 The voice of days of old and days to be.

(Tennyson : *The Passing of Arthur.*)

84. Comments.—The essential stages in this poetic narrative are the events leading up to the battle, the battle itself, and the end of the battle. Of the first and the last of these Tennyson has given fairly concise descriptions ; poetic amplification is most conspicuous in the second. In the beginning, however, statements are made which are not essential to the plain story ; *e.g.*, to appreciate the position clearly we do not require to know anything of the history of Lyonesse, “A land of old upheaven from the abyss, etc.” Then we find a poetic phrase for what in prose we call merely “mid-winter day.” Similarly, at the end, it is not essential to state that King Arthur’s dead soldiers had formerly fought against Rome, and the simile “as by some one deathbed, etc.” is typical of the poetic ornamentation that must be omitted in a brief prose statement.

The greatest compression, however, is possible in dealing with the description of the battle itself. The main point is that the mist brought fear and confusion to the fighters, but the poet has amplified his account in order to create an atmosphere as cerily appropriate as possible. But, to examine it in detail, the two lines “For friend and foe . . . whom he slew” merely repeat “confusion.” Further, the fine onomatopoeic lines “Shocks, and the splintering spear . . .” create only a general picture of the fierce fight, and when one has said “fierce fight” there is no other essential point in the passage to make clear.

85. Our précis of the preceding poem will then be somewhat as follows :—

Précis.—Then the King advanced with his army, and drove Sir Modred westwards to Lyonesse, till his enemy had his back to the sea

and could flee no further. Then, on midwinter day, the armies—Christian against heathen—fought on the desolate sands in a chill, white mist that brought fear and confusion to the fighters, and even to King Arthur himself. Fierce was the battle, and the mist made more horrible the agonies of the dying. At last, in the twilight, all was silent but the sea. A north wind dispersed the mist, and the King looking round saw only the rising tide swaying the dead bodies and the scattered helmets and weapons.

86. As the *précis* of straightforward prose narrative is easier than that of combined narrative and dialogue, or than that of argument, so is the *précis* of poetic narrative easier than that of philosophical poetry. It is not that the latter kind of *précis* involves any difference of attitude or of methods, but that the concrete is always easier to grasp than the abstract, and that the deeper thinker a poet is the more meaning he tries to make his words bear, the more he depends on metaphor.

It was said of Francis Bacon that "his hearers could not cough or look aside without loss," and he who would follow the thoughts of such a poet as Browning is in a similar position. Moreover, poets are privileged people, and they often seem to reach their conclusions in a flash and leave us wondering what the intermediate steps in their reasoning were; while, sometimes, flash succeeds flash, and we are faced with what cannot be summarised but only paraphrased.

87. We therefore give the two following examples of *précis* of non-narrative poetry, the first moderately easy, the second more difficult.

(i) *Original.*

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis true,
By chance collisions and quaint accidents
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed

Of evil-minded fairies) yet not vain
 Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
 Collateral objects and appearances,
 Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep
 Until maturer seasons called them forth
 To impregnate and elevate the mind.
 —And if the vulgar joy by its own weight
 Wearied itself out of the memory,
 The scenes which were a witness of that joy
 Remained in their substantial lineaments
 Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
 Were visible, a daily sight ; and thus
 By the impressive discipline of fear,
 By pleasure and repeated happiness,
 So frequently repeated, and by force
 Of obscure feelings representative
 Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright,
 So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
 Though yet the day was distant, did become
 Habitually dear, and all their forms
 And changeful colours by invisible links
 Were fastened to the affections.

(Wordsworth : *The Prelude*.)

88. Comments.—The thought here is not condensed and is not obscure, but, in so far as it deals with the development of the poet's spiritual nature, it requires careful comprehension. We have to appreciate the poet's conception of scenery as having an intangible, but indelible influence on the boy's spirit, implanting unconsciously ideas which are to germinate later and enrich the character. Thus a very important word is "gleams" in the sixth line ; the poet does not explicitly say of what the gleams are—we have to gather from what follows that they are flashes of spiritual insight ; the most the poet does in the sixth line is, by the aid of his simile, to suggest that there is something sudden, and intuitive in these gleams. This simile in fact is an important one ; if we had crossed it out at once, as we could, for instance, "like a tempest" we should have missed something. The rest of the passage, however, requires little particular attention ; it is, to a slight extent, poetically amplified, and calls for no more than ordinary treatment and condensation.

89. Our précis of the passage will then be as follows :—

Précis.—Even in the wildest moments of childhood I had flashes of insight. Nature spoke to me, and the impressions I received, though they were sometimes mere accidents, and though they often meant little to me at the time, remained unconsciously in my mind to bear fruit later. My childish games I forgot, but not the scenes amid which I played; the mental images of those impressive scenes, the feelings they aroused, all became part of myself.

90. As a second example we may summarise the following extract:—

(ii) Original.

I answer, Have ye yet to argue out
The very primal thesis, plainest law,
—Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
A master to obey, a course to take,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become ?
Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.
How could man have progression otherwise ?
Before the point was mooted " What is God ? "
No savage man inquired " What am myself ? "
Much less replied, " First, last, and best of things."
Man takes that title now if he believes
Might can exist with neither will nor love,
In God's case—what He names now Nature's Law—
While in himself he recognises love
No less than might and will : and rightly takes.
Since if man prove the sole existent thing
Where these combine, whatever their degree,
However weak the might or will or love,
So they be found there, put in evidence,
He is as surely higher in the scale
Than any might with neither love nor will,
As life, apparent in the poorest midge,
When the faint dust-speck flits, ye guess its wing,
Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas' self :
I give such to the midge for resting-place !
Thus man proves best and highest—God, in fine,
And thus the victory leads but to defeat,
The gain to loss, the best rise to the worst fall,
His life becomes impossible, which is death.

(Browning : *A Death in the Desert.*)

91. Comments.—Here, in place of the fairly simple statement of the influence of nature given in the preceding passage, we have the poet developing an argument. This we must follow step by step, marking the leading points and preserving the logical order. The right assumption, says the poet, surely is that man is not God, and that his true purpose is to serve God ; it is only recently that man has ranked himself high in the order of creation, but now he thinks of God as Law without Love or Will. Then the poet proceeds to show what follows from such a belief, and how such a belief deprives man of the goal given by the faith that man is God's servant.

Such is the outline of the argument. The poet has, while remaining concise, amplified his meaning at times, as in the three lines explaining the "primal thesis," and as in the simile of the midge. These amplifications we shall not need in our précis. For the rest, the thought is so developed that it is hardly possible to underline the key-words ; we must grasp the argument and condense it mentally, making our condensed version flow as smoothly as the original.

Thus the last four lines present a problem which demands for its solution the comprehension of the whole, and which no methodology of précis will teach us to solve. The poet's thought is here linked back to his first statement—that man must have a goal at which to aim ; so, in these last lines, he is saying in a different way that life without a goal is intolerable, but none of his concluding words would tell us that if we had not followed the whole thought. Therefore we need a completely fresh expression at the end to make our précis as clear as it should be ; we are not, in précis, justified in making the reader think as closely as does the poet.

92. Our précis of the second example will then be somewhat as follows :—

Précis.—Is not the truth plain that man is only God's servant ? If so, then man has to progress towards a goal. Earliest man thought neither of God's nature nor of his own—he certainly did not think himself the finest being in the universe. But if God, as men now imagine, is only power, without will or love, then man must be above God, because, in whatever degree, man has all three qualities. Yet if he is thus above God, he has no perfection to aim at, and his life becomes not worth the living.

EXERCISE VI.

A.—Easy Exercises.

Give briefly in your own words the substance of each of the following poems or passages of verse :—

(1)

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

(Scott : *Rosabelle*.)

(2)

The King sits in Dumfermline town
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
 " O whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o' mine ? "

O up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king's right knee ;
 " Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The king's daughter o' Noroway,
 'Tis thou must bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laugh'd he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
A tear blinded his e'e.

“ O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea ?

“ Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

“ Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
And a' our queenis fee.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

“ For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

“ Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn.”

“ Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, the top-mast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm !
And the waves cam owre the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

“ O whare will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land ? ”

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”

He hadna gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it came in.

“ Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon ;
But lang or a' the lay was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
 A-waiting for their ain dear loves—
 For them they'll see nae mair !

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

(Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.)

(3)

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 " Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 " Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burghesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Browning : *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*)

(4)

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall,"—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew

Until he roached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy :

You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace

We've got you Ratisbon !

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,

Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently

Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle's eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes :

" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride

Touched to the quick, he said :

" I'm killed, Sire ! " And his Chief beside,

Smiling the boy fell dead.

(Browning : *Incident of the French Camp.*)

(5)

And Enid fell in longing for a dress
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift
Of her good mother, given her on the night
Before her birthday, three sad years ago,
That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,
And scatter'd all they had to all the winds :
For while the mother show'd it, and the two
Were turning and admiring it, the work
To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled
With little save the jewels they had on,
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread :
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,
And placed them in this ruin ; and she wish'd
The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;
Then let her fancy flit across the past,
And roam the goodly places that she knew ;
And last bethought her how she used to watch,
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;
And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool ;
And half asleep she made comparison
Of that and these to her own faded self
And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;
And dreamt herself was such a faded form
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;
But this was in the garden of a king ;
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew
That all was bright ; that all about were birds
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;
That all the earth was rich in plots that look'd
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;
And lords and ladies of the high court went
In silver tissue talking things of state ;
And children of the King in cloth of gold
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks ;
And while she thought, " They will not see me," came
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,
And all the children in their cloth of gold
Ran to her, crying, " If we have fish at all
Let them be gold ; and charge the gardeners now
To pick the faded creature from the pool,

And cast it on the mixen that it die.”
 And therewithal one came and seized on her,
 And Enid started waking, with her heart
 All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,
 And lo ! it was her mother grasping her
 To get her well awake ; and in her hand
 A suit of bright apparel, which she laid
 Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly :
 “ See here, my child, how fresh the colours look,
 How fast they hold like colours of a shell
 That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.
 Why not ? It never yet was worn, I trow :
 Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it.”
 And Enid look'd, but all confused at first,
 Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream :
 Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,
 And answer'd, “ Yea, I know it ; your good gift,
 So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;
 Your own good gift ! ” “ Yea, surely,” said the dame,
 “ And gladly given again this happy morn.”
 (Tennyson : *Geraint and Enid*.)

B.—More Difficult Passages.

1. Write out in your own words the story contained in the following poem. Do not exceed 100 words :—

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, “ Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, ‘ The Good.’ ”

“ This tent is mine,” said Yussouf, “ but no more
 Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard ‘ Nay ! ’ ”

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said, “ Here is gold,
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;
 Depart before the prying day grow bold.”

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindles nobleness :

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

J. R. LOWELL.

(*Civil Service : Typists.*)

2. Write a précis of the following :—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Thought apt, yet coy and difficult to win,—
To arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;
Then to dispose his copies with such art
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost—
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man,
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings.

But ah, not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task

They never undertook, they little note
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find
 There least amusement where he found the most.

(Cowper: *The Task*.)
 (*London Matriculation*.)

3. Give briefly in your own words the argument in the following passage:—

What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated, of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

(Pope.)

4. Give the substance of the following extract from Gray's Eton College Ode in not more than 100 words :—

The poet meditates on the boys who now occupy his old school.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast ;
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day ;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;

And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen.
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings ; all are men,
Comdemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

5. State briefly the substance of the following poem, making the main idea as clear as possible :—

THE PATRIOT : AN OLD STORY.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day !

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies ! "
They had answered, " And afterward, what else ? "

Alack it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep !

Naught man could do, have I left undone :
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
 Just a palsied few at the windows set ;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
 " Paid by the World—what dost thou owe
 Me ? " God might question : now instead,
 ' Tis God shall repay ! I am safer so.

(Browning.)

6. Give briefly in your own words the substance of the following passage on the Bastille (from *The Task*, published 1785) :—

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
 Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
 Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
 Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age
 With music such as suits their sovereign ears,
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !
 There's not an English heart that would not leap
 To hear that ye were fallen at last ; to know
 That even our enemies, so oft employed
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
 For he who values liberty confines
 His zeal for her predominance within
 No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him
 Wherever pleaded. ' Tis the cause of man.

There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change ;
And ever as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music ; that it summons some
To theatre or jocund feast or ball ;
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour ; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard shifting and without her tools—
'To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
'Then downward, and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again :—
Oh comfortless existence ! hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,

And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean God,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

(Cowper).

CHAPTER VII.

PARAPHRASING—VERSE AND PROSE.

A—PARAPHRASE OF POETRY. (i) NON-NARRATIVE.

93. A kind of question often found in the English papers of Civil Service examinations requires what is really the paraphrase of a passage of poetry, although the word "paraphrase" is not used in the instructions to the candidates. The questions are prefaced with such directions as : "Express the following passage in your own words, without the use of poetical imagery." Frequently the passage chosen is part of a narrative or a description, and the instruction to the candidate is : "Read the following passage, and describe the scene in your own prose." Again, there may be a question which sets before the candidate two passages of poetry, dealing in a somewhat similar way with the same subject, and the candidate is asked to give in plain prose the thoughts that are common to both.

94. Practice in *précis*-writing should help a candidate considerably to answer questions such as these, or perhaps it would be more logical to say that practice in the paraphrase of poetry should help one considerably to make a *précis* of poetry. The fact is that in taking the first steps towards a *précis* of poetry (*i.e.*, in understanding the poem) the *précis*-writer is making a mental paraphrase of it: he is grasping its whole meaning, although he does not proceed to put the whole of it into his own words. He who writes a paraphrase of a poem takes the same first steps, but then proceeds to the full, instead of to the limited expression.

95. Our previous remarks on the *précis* of poetry should therefore throw some light on the way in which to approach the task of making a paraphrase. For example, we have

already spoken of the tendency of poets to compress their meaning. In paraphrasing, therefore, (and this is a point which many neglect) especial care must be taken to expand the condensed expression of the original. Even in précis-work this expansion must sometimes be made; however much the writer must aim at condensing the whole of the original, he must make his version full enough to be quite clear.

But in a paraphrase, the writer has no reason to be aiming at compression of the original; on the contrary, he has every justification for expanding the original until it is impossible to mistake the poet's meaning. Indeed, it is well here to bear in mind the proverb, "Penny wise, pound foolish," and to apply it. In writing our paraphrase we are, so to speak, given a free hand with regard to expenditure in the matter of words, and are only asked to produce a good, clear, full account in return for it.

96. The following will serve as an example of how to paraphrase a fairly easy passage:—

Original.

And through thee I believe
 In the noble and great who are gone;
 Pure souls honour'd and blest
 By former ages, who else—
 Such, so soulless, so poor,
 Is the race of men whom I see—
 Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
 Seem'd but a cry of desire.
 Yes! I believe that there lived
 Others like thee in the past,
 Not like the men of the crowd
 Who all round me to-day
 Bluster or cringe, and make life
 Hideous, and arid, and vile:
 But souls temper'd with fire,
 Fervent, heroic, and good,
 Helpers and friends of mankind.
 Servants of God! or sons
 Shall I not call you? because
 Not as servants ye knew

Your father's innermost mind,
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of his little ones lost—
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died !

(Arnold : *Rugby Chapel.*)

97. This passage is quite straightforward. In paraphrasing it the chief difficulty is to do away with the poetic rhythm. This rhythm, too, has partly been responsible for the order of the thought: it explains the use of the parenthesis "Such, so soulless . . . see," and the separation of "souls temper'd with fire" etc., from "others like thee." In prose a slightly different, a closer, marshalling of the thoughts is more natural. Finally, some of the diction is more poetic than is desirable in plain prose, and "a cry of desire," and "a dream of the heart," in particular, call for re-expression. But, in regard to the diction, it is well to note that, where the words are quite simple, it is an unjustifiable waste of time to attempt to change them merely for the sake of change: "Who unwillingly sees one of his little ones lost" is perfectly clear, and one only needs to express it in the rhythm of prose.

98. Our paraphrase of the preceding passage will then be as follows :—

Paraphrase.—And because of you I believe in the great and noble figures of the past, whom former ages honoured and blessed. Indeed, the men whom I see around me are such poor, soulless creatures that, but for you, I should have thought those figures of the past to have been mere figments of the imagination created to satisfy our dreams and aspirations. As it is, I believe that men like you certainly lived in former times—good, heroic men, friends and helpers of their fellows, full of zeal and fiery energy, and not like the braggarts and cowards of to-day who make life seem wretched, ugly and purposeless. Surely you and those men of old were servants of God. Indeed, you should be called not God's servants, but His children, because you understood so well the spirit of our Heavenly Father, who would not willingly see one of His little children lost. It is you and your like that we must praise for the fact that men still persevere in their difficult journey, and have not fallen out, dead or exhausted by the way.

99. The following is an example of a more difficult paraphrase :—

Original.

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
To perish never :
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
(Wordsworth : *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.*)

100. Comments.—This passage well illustrates what we have been saying about the greater difficulty of dealing with poetry. It would be hard to find a stanza which demands at the outset more careful reading before its meaning can be grasped. Wordsworth is expressing and philosophising upon a spiritual experience, and such matter never admits of easy expression. Then, because he is a poet, he has at his disposal a poet's imagination and a poet's diction; worst of all, from the point of view of making a paraphrase of his matter, he has to compress his meaning in order to get all he wants to say within the limits of the stanza of his ode.

The first thing is to follow the general outline of the thought. This is simple enough. The poet begins by saying that he rejoices to think that childhood has not passed away and left nothing behind it. He explains that he gives thanks not merely for the joy and freedom of childhood. Then in the remainder of the stanza he tells us for what he is most deeply thankful—the recollection of the spiritual experiences of childhood. He affirms that these recollections are never quite effaced, and that because of them we are always enabled to remember our immortality.

It is when we begin to fill out the details of his thought that the difficulties arise. We are tempted to cling to some phrases—"breed perpetual benediction," for example—but we cannot, for they are too poetical. Then when we come to the lines following "obstinate questionings" we are faced with a very compressed construction—a construction impossibly condensed for clear prose—and so we must separate the thoughts into distinct sentences. But, perhaps, the greatest task lies in dealing with the metaphors "the fountain light of all our day," and "a master light of all our seeing." Here our success depends on how far we have appreciated the meaning and spirit of the whole passage—on how far, in fact, we have thought ourselves into the poet's mind. No words must be spared, but we must use as many as are necessary to bring out the full force of the poet's meaning.

The concluding image of the "immortal sea" is poetic, but it is an image that can be transferred into prose, and is, indeed, the only image by which the idea can be expressed without

losing something of the poet's thought. "See the children sport upon the shore" is too concrete—too vivid an embodiment of the poet's idea—and so are "the mighty waters rolling evermore," but, those apart, the image needs merely restating more clearly and directly, as is done in the following specimen paraphrase.

In this model it will be noticed that the poet's first person has been retained. This is the usual method when the original extract is written entirely in the first person. The paraphrase should not be put into the third person unless the examination question definitely demands that it shall be: such a change merely introduces an additional and needless difficulty.

101. Our paraphrase will then be somewhat as follows:—

Paraphrase.—What a joy it is that, as we grow older, we do not lose everything, but carry with us something which survives from our early years. Thinking of our childhood makes me offer up constant thanks and praise, but my gratitude is not for the delight and freedom which make up the simple faith of the child whose heart is still gaily full of new-born hope. For those things we ought, indeed, to be grateful, but I lift up my heart in joyful thanksgiving rather for the strong doubt of the reality of the whole external world which sometimes comes over a child. In that mood everything seemed to fall away from us, leaving us at the mercy of almost overwhelming feelings of doubt, so that we appeared to be alone in a spiritual world of the imagination, while the divine instinct that bade us doubt made us also feel startled and guilty, as though we, mortal as we were, had no right to intrude into these mysterious realms.

Again, my thanksgiving is for those first feelings, and those dim recollections, which, whatever else they may be, are the source from which all our knowledge of the truth comes, and are also a great light to guide us on our way through life and to help us to interpret our experience. Indeed, these memories sustain us and give us strength, and, by reminding us of the eternal world from which we came, make us realise that our unquiet life on earth is only an interlude in a life that neither begins nor ends here. These recollections are never completely effaced from our souls; neither idle thoughtless living, nor feverish absorption in the bustle of life, neither our life as men, nor our life as boys, nor even all our sorrows, anxieties, and misfortunes, can altogether make us forget them.

So it is that, though every year of our life on earth has led us far inland from that sea of eternity over which we first travelled to this world,

we can still, in hours of quiet thought, look back, in virtue of these early recollections, to the shores of eternity, understand the glories of childhood, and realise our immortal nature.

A—PARAPHRASE OF POETRY. (ii) NARRATIVE.

102. We have so far been speaking of the paraphrase of poetry that is descriptive or philosophic—the poetry of emotions and ideas. We now come to the treatment of narrative poetry, the turning of a poetic tale into a prose tale. In essentials the treatment does not differ from that of the former class, but it deserves to be considered separately because a poetic tale often requires freer handling in order to produce a straightforward prose account.

The poet is allowed to proceed more breathlessly, leaving his readers to insert links by the aid of their own imagination; again the poet often suggests the scene of the action, and the emotion of the actors, and the atmosphere of the tale more incidentally than is desirable in prose. And all the time the writer of a paraphrase has the same difficulties to face as we have noticed before.

103. Let us take the following lyrical narrative by Tennyson as an example :—

Original.

Home they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 “ She must weep or she will die.”

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stepped,
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

(Tennyson : in *The Princess*.)

104. Comments.—This lyric is a perfect example of poetic conciseness. Not a word is wasted, and each word adds to the impression of overwhelming, desolating grief on the part of the lady, unnatural and dangerous in its intensity, and of strain and anxiety on the part of the attendants. But to render this into prose with not a word more would make the tale too blunt, and rob it of that pathos which the poetic form has largely contributed to give it in the original.

There must, then, be some expansion in the paraphrase—additional words to secure the right atmosphere. The poet says nothing in so many words of the anxiety of the watchers, but he contrives to suggest it, and the prose version must give it. Again, the line “She nor swoon’d, nor utter’d cry,” and the two similar lines which are almost a refrain, are perfect, and full of suggestion. But, as prose (unless it is a poet’s prose) is not so capable of suggestion, the paraphrase will do well to bring out by a fuller rendering the unnatural, statuesque silence of the widow.

In the third and fourth stanzas the poet takes advantage of his poet’s license to omit the little linking words—a practice very common in the old ballads, where the omission of these links makes the tale go on all the quicker and more vividly. The paraphrase must insert these little words—a “she,” a “then,” and so on.

Finally, we may note the characteristic use of the pronoun throughout. Here again the paraphrase, while remaining simple, must avoid the complete poetic simplicity, and “the wife,” and “the lady” must be used.

105. Thus we have the following prose version :—

Paraphrase.—When they brought home the body of the fallen warrior, his wife showed no emotion at all : she neither fainted nor cried ; she was like stone. Then her attendants, who were anxiously watching her, said to one another that she must surely die unless her grief found some

expression to relieve it. So with quiet soothing voices they praised the dead soldier, and recalled how noble he was, how staunch a friend and how fair an enemy. But still the wife remained silent and motionless. Then one maiden slipped silently from her place, quietly went up to the body, and lifted the cloth which covered the dead man's face. It was useless—her grief was too deep for tears. Then at last an aged nurse, ninety years old, placed his child on the lady's knee. At once the tears gushed from her eyes, and the unnatural strain and silence was over; she realised that she had her child to live for.

106. For a somewhat harder passage we will take the following stanzas from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and will put the narrative into the third person in order to illustrate a method of treatment nearly always required in an examination when a passage is partly or entirely in direct speech.

Original.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
“ Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the Hermit said—
“ And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lay
My forest-brook along ; ”
“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—”

(The Pilot made reply)
“ I am a-feared ”—“ Push on, push on ! ”
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud but dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

[The “ I ” of the poem may be called “ the old sailor.”]

107. Comments.—Since this passage is only an extract from a longer poem, we are first faced with the difficulty of understanding the circumstances. This it is impossible to do fully, merely from the extract, but it is possible to understand sufficient to make the narrative clear. First we hear about the hermit, and then we learn that he is in a boat which is approaching someone—an old sailor—who is clearly in a weather-beaten ship. That the hermit is not alone we learn from “ I heard *them* talk,” and the dialogue soon shows that there is at least a pilot with the hermit. So we piece together the information we require, and become in a position to proceed with the paraphrase.

From the rest of the passage we have learnt that the hermit at the time of the tale is not at prayer in his wood according to his usual practice. As soon as he has been described, the narrative advances swiftly, and it becomes necessary to apply our knowledge of the circumstances to make our prose account read smoothly. “ The skiff-boat neared ” comes too abruptly, and must be linked to the account of the hermit : so we say, “ The hermit was now in the small boat which was

approaching." Then, if we wish to be quite certain that we are running no risk that our tale will be misunderstood, we can make use of our knowledge and say "which was approaching the strange storm-beaten ship on which the only living thing was the old sailor." But, although sometimes such a direct course is advisable, it is not necessary here, for the hermit's words themselves adequately explain the circumstances.

In fact, the only real difficulty here has been the understanding of the passage. Once that step has been taken successfully, the chief thing is to see that the direct speech is consistently turned into indirect speech. The way in which this should be done has already been explained in Chapter III.

108. The paraphrase, then, will run as follows:—

Paraphrase.—In the wood that sloped down to the sea there lived a worthy hermit. He was a pleasant talker, though a loud one, and he loved to speak with sailors who had come from distant lands. He was earnest in prayer, and with a rotten moss-grown stump of an oak as a soft cushion he used to kneel morning, noon and evening.

He was now in the small boat which was approaching, and the old sailor could hear him and the pilot talking. It was strange, said the hermit, that the many beautiful lights which only just before had been signalling, had disappeared, and that the men on the ship had not answered when they hailed. Then he pointed out how warped the ship's planks were, and how thin and dry the sails looked—the sails were like the dead leaves that floated in the brook in his forest.

The Pilot was frightened at the uncanny appearance of the vessel, but the hermit bade them row on. So the boat came nearer to the ship, but the old sailor sat still and silent until it was right beneath him. Then there came a sound, rumbling under the water, growing rapidly louder and more dreadful, till all the bay seemed about to split, and suddenly the ship sank like lead.

The old sailor was stunned by the greatness and the horror of the sound, which seemed to fill the heavens and the sea too, and his body floated on the surface like a corpse which had been some days in the water. But before he knew where he was, he found himself in the Pilot's boat.

B—PARAPHRASE OF PROSE.

109. Although the passages set for paraphrase are usually in verse, it is by no means uncommon for examination candidates to be asked to give their own rendering of a passage of

prose. In some respects it is easier to paraphrase prose than verse. A prose-passage is usually free from the extreme compression of statement that frequently characterises poetic writing; the vocabulary and the use of words are probably normal; and metaphor and simile are used sparingly, if at all. On the other hand, however, the writer of a paraphrase of prose finds it more difficult to free himself from the trammels of the original wording just because the original is so near the ordinary form of expression.

110. What changes should be made in dealing with a prose-extract? It will be found that the passage set for paraphrase always exhibits some peculiarity of style which makes it possible to give an alternative rendering in a form that diverges considerably from the original. Perhaps the writer has expressed himself in a rather pompous or involved manner; perhaps he employs an unusual sentence-structure; perhaps his style is rather antiquated. In any case, the changes to be made in order to produce a new rendering are almost always in the direction of *simplicity* of statement.

111. Sometimes a modern rendering of a piece of old-fashioned prose is required. Here the task is simpler, for the changes to be made are obvious. Archaic words and words used in obsolete senses must first be eliminated. Then attention must be paid to the sentence-structure. The older writers frequently constructed their sentences in a way that seems awkward to us: they often favoured long, involved sentences containing many clauses, whereas the fashion to-day is to use, in the main, fairly short sentences. Again, their grammar was sometimes rather slipshod: it is, of course, necessary to get rid of errors in syntax in the new version. In order to produce a translation into normal twentieth century English it is necessary to free oneself entirely from the original forms of expression and to substitute modern idioms for the old-fashioned ones.

In working exercises of this sort it is particularly important that the student should read the first draft of his paraphrase very carefully, *without reference to the original*, with the purpose of seeing that it is a piece of ordinary modern prose which

does not exhibit signs of being based upon an antiquated original.

112. We now give two examples to illustrate the above remarks :—

(i) **Original.**—In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed ; and though no work was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that which it condemns ; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great ; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive ; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians, did not secure them from the censure of Beni ; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me ? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds : I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

(Dr. Johnson : from *The Preface to the English Dictionary*.)

113. Comments.—A cursory examination of this passage is sufficient to show that, in order to give a rendering in prose of to-day, we must divide the long sentences : the sentence beginning “ If the laxicons of ancient tongues . . . ” will especially need simplification. Modern writers do not favour the long periods found in much eighteenth century prose. A more careful reading will reveal the old-fashioned use of abstract in place of concrete nouns ; thus, “ curiosity ” means “ curious persons,” and “ malignant criticism ” stands for “ malignant critics.” We shall note also that there is a tendency to employ unnecessarily long words, and that in

places the phrasing is somewhat archaic ("delusive" for instance, occurs instead of "unreliable," and "economy," instead of "form," "arrangement.>"). We must keep all these points in mind in writing our paraphrase.

114. Our paraphrase of the first example will then be as follows :—

Paraphrase.—Those who observe that much has been omitted in this work must not forget that much has also been accomplished. It is not to be expected that critics will spare a book merely out of regard for the author, nor are they likely to be concerned about the causes of the faults which they condemn.

It may be of interest to some people, however, to know that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance from scholars and with no patronage from the great. The work was carried out not in comfortable seclusion or in the congenial surroundings of a college, but in inconvenient and distracting circumstances, in ill-health and in sorrow.

Hostile critics will no doubt delight to point out the incompleteness of this work. They should remember, however, that no one has yet succeeded in producing a perfect dictionary. The ancient tongues are now immutably fixed, and all the extant writings are comprised in a few volumes; and yet the lexicons are still inadequate and unreliable in spite of ages of toil to improve them. The Italian scholars pooled their knowledge and co-operated in the production of a dictionary; and yet the result was not beyond criticism. Again, the critics of France worked together for fifty years on their dictionary; and even then the arrangement of the first edition was found to be unsatisfactory and had to be changed.

I shall not be at all disappointed, therefore, if my work does not receive the praise due to a perfect achievement. In any case, such praise would be of little value to me in my present gloomy and solitary condition. My task has lasted so long that most of those whom I wished to please are dead, and the words success and failure have little meaning for me. I therefore dismiss the book without emotion, fearing little from criticism and hoping little from praise.

115. As our second example we will take the following :—

(ii) **Original.**—I took my gold which was about £2,350, W. Hewer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I

come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and a great helpe given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke-lane end as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afear'd to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner.

(Samuel Pepys: from his Description of the Fire of London.)

116. Comments.—Whereas the passage by Dr. Johnson dealt with in the last example was a piece of fine prose that was only slightly old-fashioned in character, we have in the extract from Pepys the rapid jottings of a diarist who gives no attention to the graces to style, and whose writing everywhere reveals itself as belonging to another age than our own. We observe that verbs like “went,” “returned” are omitted, that the tenses are often confused, that the sentences are carelessly built up, and that there are obvious archaisms in expression, *e.g.*, “discourse,” “a good stop given to it,” “afear'd.” We must treat the original with considerable freedom if we are to produce a readable modern version.

117. Our paraphrase of the second example will be as follows:—

Paraphrase.—Accompanied by W. Hewer and Jane, I went by Proudny's boat to Woolwich, taking my gold, which was worth about £2,350. It was terrible to see in the moonlight almost the whole of the

City on fire, and the houses blazing so fiercely that we could see them as plainly from where we were as if we had been close at hand. When I reached Woolwich, I found the gates shut, although no guard was kept. This made me anxious because of the rumour abroad that the fire was the result of a plot in which the French were concerned.

When I had got the gates opened, I went to Mr. Shelden's. Here I locked up my gold and told my wife and W. Hower that at least one of them was always to be in the room night and day. Then I went back to the City. On the way I saw my goods safely in the lighters at Deptford, and set men to watch them. I reached home about seven o'clock, fully expecting to see our house on fire; but luckily it was not. Going to the fire, I found the position more hopeful than I expected, for I had been so certain that our office would be on fire that I had not dared to ask anybody about it; I waited till I saw the truth for myself.

Houses had been blown up, and great assistance had been given by workmen sent by Sir W. Pen from the King's yards, so that the fire had been checked both at the Mark Lane end and at ours. The dial and a part of the porch of Barking Church were burnt, but the rest of the building was saved. From the top of Barking steeple I saw the most heartrending scene of desolation: everywhere stores of oil, brimstone, and other combustible material were ablaze. The fire seemed to extend as far as I could see, and, fearing to stay there longer, I came down again as fast as I could. Then I went to Sir W. Pen's and ate some cold meat. I had eaten nothing since Sunday except the remains of Sunday's dinner.

EXERCISE VII.

A.—Passages of Verse.

Paraphrase the following :—

1. (a) 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
- (b) Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
- (c) Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.
- (d) For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
- (e) Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

2. They say, the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 He that no more must say is listen'd more,
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
 The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
 (Shakespeare : *Richard II.*)

3. But, after all,
 Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
 To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance ?
 The natural roof of that dark house in which
 His soul is pent ! How little can be known—
 This is the wise man's sigh ; how far we err—
 This is the good man's not infrequent pang !
 And they, perhaps, err least, the lowly class
 Whom a benign necessity compels
 To follow reason's least ambitious course ;
 Such do I mean, who, unperplexed by doubt,
 And uncited by a wish to look
 Into high objects farther than they may,
 Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
 The narrow avenue of daily toil
 For daily bread.
 (Wordsworth : *The Excursion.*)

4. Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
 His charger trampling many a prickly star
 Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
 He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
 And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from a cliff,
 And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :
 And high above a piece of turret stair,
 Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
 And sucked the joining of the stones, and look'd
 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.
 (Tennyson : *Geraint and Enid.*)

5. One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee—
 One lesson that in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties served in one,
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of toil unsevered from Tranquillity ;
 Of Labour, that in still advance outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in Repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
 Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil ;
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.
(Matthew Arnold.)
6. I see a column of slow-rising smoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
 From his accustom'd perch. Hard faring race !
 They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great skill they have in palmistry, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its place ;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
 Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast
 In human mould, should brutalise by choice
 His nature ; and though capable of arts
 By which the world might profit, and himself,
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer
 Such squalid sloth to honourable toil.
(Cowper : *The Task*.)
7. " Enlarge my life with multitude of days,"
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,

That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

(Johnson : *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.)

8. Read the following passage and describe the scene in your own prose.

AN EXECUTION IN PATAGONIA.

(In 1578, during Drake's voyage round the world, Thomas Doughty, "a gentleman adventurer," was executed at Port St. Julian in Patagonia for an attempt to stir up a mutiny.)

At last they rose, just as the sun's last rays
 Rested upon the heaving molten gold

Immeasurable. The long slow sigh of the waves
 That creamed across the lonely time-worn reef
 All round the island seemed the very voice
 of the Everlasting : black against the sea
 The gallows of Magellan* stretched its arm
 With that gaunt skeleton and its rusty chain
 Creaking and swinging in the solemn breath
 Of eventide like some strange pendulum
 Measuring out the moments that remained.
 There did they take the holy sacrament
 Of Jesus' body and blood. Then Doughty and Drake
 Kissed each other as brothers, on the cheek ;
 And Doughty knelt. And Drake, without one word,
 Leaning upon the two-edged naked sword
 Stood at his side, with iron lips, and eyes
 Full of the sunset ; while the doomed man bowed
 His head upon a rock. The great sun dropped
 Suddenly, and the land and sea were dark ;
 And as it were a sign, Drake lifted up
 The gleaming sword. It seemed to sweep the heavens
 Down in its arc as he smote, once, and no more.
 Then, for a moment, silence froze their veins,
 Till one fierce seaman stooped with a hoarse cry ;
 And, like an eagle clutching up its prey,
 His arm swooped down and bore the head aloft :
 And a great shout went up, " So perish all
 Traitors to God and England." Then Drake turned
 And bade them to their ships ; and, wondering,
 They left them.

(Alfred Noyes : *Drake, an English Epic.*)
 (*Civil Service : Indian Police.*)

9. Hotspur has been accused of refusing to give up to King Henry IV. the prisoners whom he had taken at the Battle of Holmedon. The following speech contains his explanation of what occurred. Render it into your own words, without condensation :—

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

* At Port St. Julian in 1520 Magellan crushed a formidable mutiny in his fleet.

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box*, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose and took't away again ;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff† ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay‡,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—
 And telling me the soveriegn'st thing on earth
 Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and that but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

(Shakespeare.)

* Pouncet-box : scent-box.

† Took it in snuff : a play upon words—(1) snuffed it up, (2) was angry, i.e., sneezed.

‡ Popinjay : conceited person, fop (*lit.* parrot.)

B.—Passages of Prose.

1. Express the following passage in simpler language (without condensation):—

It may be observed in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances, for which scarce any other would be persuaded to esteem them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from its first mean state by the successive labours of unnumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation he was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.

(Dr. Johnson.)

2. Without condensing, reproduce the following passage in everyday English:—

How silent, on the other hand, lie all cotton-trades and such like; not a steeple-chimney yet got on end from sea to sea! North of the Humber, a stern Willelmus Conquestor burnt the country, finding it unruly, into very stern repose. Wild fowl scream in those ancient

silences, wild cattle roam in those ancient solitudes; the scanty sulky Norse-bred population all coerced into silence—feeling that, under these new Norman governors, their history has probably as good as ended. Men and Northumbrian Norse populations know little what has ended, what is but beginning! The Ribble and the Aire roll down, as yet unpolluted by dyers' chemistry; tenanted by many trouts and piscatory otters; the sunbeam and the vacant wind's blast alone traversing those moors. Side by side sleep the coal-strata and the iron-strata for so many ages; no Steam-Demon has yet risen smoking into being. Saint Mungo rules in Glasgow; James Watt still slumbering in the deep of Time. *Mancunium*, Manceaster, what we now call Manchester, spins no cotton—if it be not *wool* "cottons," clipped from the backs of mountain sheep. The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the four-and-twenty hours, with eddying brine, clangorous with sea-fowl; and is a *Lither-Pool*, a *lazy* or sullen pool, no monstrous pitchy City, and Seahaven of the world! The centuries are big; and the birth-hour is coming, not yet come. (Carlyle: *Past and Present*.)

3. Reproduce the following passage in everyday English, without the use of figurative language:—

A place replete with shadowy shapes, this Mugby Junction in the black hours of the four-and-twenty. Mysterious goods trains, covered with palls and gliding on like vast weird funerals, conveying themselves guiltily away from the presence of the few lighted lamps, as if their freight had come to a secret and unlawful end. Half-miles of coal pursuing in a detective manner, following when they lead, stopping when they stop, backing when they back. Red hot embers showering out upon the ground, down this dark avenue, and down the other, as if torturing fires were being raked clear; concurrently, shrieks and groans and grinds invading the ear, as if the tortured were at the height of their suffering. Iron-barred cages full of cattle jangling by midway, the drooping beasts with horns entangled, eyes frozen with terror, and mouths too: at least they have long icicles (or what seem so) hanging from their lips. Unknown languages in the air, conspiring in red, green and white characters. An earthquake accompanied with thunder and lightning, going up express to London. Now, all quiet, all rusty, wind and rain in possession, lamps extinguished, Mugby Junction dead and indistinct, with its robe drawn over its head, like Cæsar.

Now, too, as the belated traveller plodded up and down, a shadowy train went by him in the gloom which was no other than the train of a life. From whatsoever intangible deep cutting or dark tunnel it emerged, here it came, unsummoned and unannounced, stealing upon him, and passing away into obscurity. Here mournfully went by a child who had

never had a childhood or known a parent, inseparable from a youth with a bitter sense of his namelessness, coupled to a man the enforced business of whose best years had been distasteful and oppressive, linked to an ungrateful friend dragging after him a woman once beloved. Attendant, with many a clank and wrench, were lumbering cares, dark meditations, huge dim disappointments, monotonous years, a long jarring line of the discords of a solitary and unhappy existence.

(Dickens.)

4. Give a modern rendering of the following :—

Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City ; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow, Elborough, is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down ; I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat) ; and there up to the King's closett in the Chappel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall ; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs.

(Samuel Pepys.)

5. Give a modern rendering of the following :—

To what do Cæsar and Alexander owe the infinite grandeur of their renown if not to fortune ? How many men has she extinguished in the beginning of their progress, of whom we have no knowledge ; who brought as much courage to the work as they, if their adverse hap had not cut them off in the first sally of their arms ? Amongst so many and so great dangers, I do not remember to have anywhere read that Cæsar was ever wounded ; a thousand have fallen in less dangers than the least of these he went through. A great many brave actions must be

expected to be performed without witness for one that comes to notice. A man is not always at the top of a breach, or at the head of an army in the sight of his general, as upon a platform. He is often surprised between the hedge and the ditch, he must run the hazard of his life against a hen roost; he must dislodge four rascally musketeers out of a barn; he must prick out single from his party, as necessity arises, and meet adventures alone. (Montaigne: Florio's Translation.)

6. Tell the following story in modern English:—

Where talke was a few dayes agoe of the Countrie or world newly found out by the Mariners of Portugal, and of straunge beastes and other matters brought from thence, that friende I tolde you of, affirmed that he had seen an Ape, very divers in shape from such as we are accustomed to see that plaied excellently well at Chestes.

And among other times upon a day before the King of Portugal the gentleman that brought her plaied at Chestes with her, where the Ape shewed some draughtes* very subtil, so that she put him to his shifts, at length she gave him Checkemate. Upon this the gentleman being somewhat vexed (as commonly they are all that lose at the game) toke the King in his hand which was good and bigge (as the fashion is among the Portugales) and reached ye Ape a great knocke on the heade. She forthwith leaped aside complaining greatly, and seemed to require justice at the King's handes for the wrong done her.

The gentleman afterward called her to play with him again, the which with signes she refused a while, but at last was contented to playe another game, and as she had done the other time before, so did she now drive him to a narrow point.

In conclusion: the Ape perceiving she could give the gentleman the mate, thought with a new devise she would be sure to escape without any more knockes, and privily conveyed her right hand without making semblant of what her intent was, under the gentleman's left elbowe, leaning for pleasure upon a litle taffata coushin, and snatching it slightly away, at one instant gave him with her left hand a mate with a paunef, and with her right hand cast the coushing upon her head to save her from strokes: then she made a gamboll before the king joyfully, in token (as it were) of her victory. (*The Courtier*: Hoby's translation, 1561.)

7. Express the ideas of the following extract in plain modern prose avoiding metaphorical language:—

Here is the best solitary company in the world, and in this particular chiefly excelling any other, that in my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society

* Moves.

† Checkmated him with a pawn.

of fools. What an advantage have I, by this good fellowship, that besides the help which I receive from hence, in reference to my life after this life, I can enjoy the life of so many ages before I lived!—that I can be acquainted with the passages of three or four thousand years ago, as if they were the weekly occurrences! Here without travelling so far as Endor I can call up the ablest spirits of those times, the learnedest philosophers, the wisest counsellors, the greatest generals, and make them serviceable to me. I can make bold with the best jewels they have in their treasury, with the same freedom that the Israelites borrowed of the Egyptians, and, without suspicion of felony, make use of them as mine own. I can here, without trespassing, go into their vineyards and not only eat my fill of their grapes for my pleasure, but put up as much as I will in my vessel, and store it up for my profit and advantage. . . . I would therefore do in reading as merchants used to do in their trading; who, in a coasting way, put in at several ports and take in what commodities they afford, but settle their factories in those places only which are of special note; I would by-the-bye allow myself a traffic with sundry authors as I happen to light upon them, for my recreation; and I would make the best advantage that I could of them: but I would fix my study upon those only that are of most importance to fit me for action, which is the true end of all learning.

(Sir William Waller: *Meditation upon the Contentment I have in my Books and Study.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

EXERCISES INVOLVING PARAPHRASING.

118. In the English papers of the Civil Service (particularly the Army Entrance) and other public examinations questions are frequently set which require on the part of the candidate the ability not only to paraphrase but also to detect faults of grammar or style. The passage to be dealt with is written in bad English: it is perhaps the production of an inferior journalist or a foreigner. The exercise is sometimes difficult because the meaning of the original is obscured by the faulty expression. Essentially, however, the candidate's task is the same as that which he has to perform in ordinary paraphrasing: he must translate another person's thoughts into a new form of words. In addition to re-writing the passage, the candidate is sometimes asked to criticise its style.

119. Some typical questions, with comments and model answers, are given below:—

Example 1.

Comment on the following as a specimen of English, and write it in a form that you would prefer:—

“The departure of Mr. K—— to take up work in New Zealand had been known for some time to the members of the Club, and it was evident from his popularity that a large number of members should desire to give him some little memento. His stay in the district had only lasted two years, but in that time he had acquired the sympathy of all. His untiring energy caused his influence to be appreciated and all will miss his genial presence although they wish him God's speed upon his journey and success upon his work far, far away. Mr. C——, upon whom resolved the inaugural part of the evening's proceedings, expressed the pleasure which it afforded him to express on behalf of the donors their outward and visible expression of the high regard which Mr. K—— had won. It had not been a long time he had been with them, but the energy he had shown made the time seem long.

Mr. R—— said that he took up the work when the Club was somewhat deteriorated in numbers and it was going well. The man who succeeds Mr. K—— will find him difficult to follow. Mr. L—— who followed, said

they had been unable to answer such questions as why the testimonial had not been started before and why were different people not asked. While the sum received was not what Mr. K—— deserved, he would realise that it represented the kindly feeling of those who had looked upon him as one of us.

Mr. K——, in responding for the gifts, memorised some of his army work in France.
(*London General School Examination.*)

120. Comments.—This account is the work of a very inferior journalist who exhibits most of the worst faults of style. He misuses words and confuses idioms; he loves circumlocutions and hackneyed phrases; he carelessly repeats words; he does not even consistently observe the rules for converting direct into reported speech.

After this general criticism and before an improved version is given, the faults observable in the passage should be pointed out in detail :—

11. 1-2 To say that the *departure* of Mr. K—— *had been known* implies that he had already gone. The active voice would be preferable.
1. 3 *should* : *would* is required here : *should* means that they *ought to*.
1. 4 *only* is misplaced : it should come before *two*.
1. 5 *acquired the sympathy* does not convey the meaning intended. Probably *won the goodwill* is meant.
1. 6 *caused his influence to be appreciated* has little or no meaning in this context.
1. 7 *genial* is not an appropriate adjective to go with *presence*. *God's speed* should be *god-speed*, the original meaning of the phrase being *May God prosper you*.
1. 8 *success upon* : *in* is required.
far, far away : this phrase is incongruously sentimental here.
11. 1-8 The mixture of tenses in these lines is puzzling. Apparently the first three sentences are the reporter's introductory comments. We should therefore expect *has lasted*, *has acquired*, and *has caused* instead of the verbs actually used.
1. 9 *upon whom resolved . . . proceedings* : the whole phrase is verbose, and *resolved* is misused for *devolved*.
11. 9-11 The repetition in *expressed*, *express* and *expression* is very clumsy. One does not *express the expression of regard*—one *expresses regard*.

1. 12 *It had not . . . them* : needlessly verbose. Further, the meaning is not clearly expressed, and the concluding words, instead of being complimentary, suggest that the stay had seemed too long.
1. 14 *he* is ambiguous.
1. 15 *deteriorated* is wrongly used. *To deteriorate* is to become worse, not to diminish.
and it was going well is ambiguous. (*When was it going well?*).
11. 15-16 *succeeds, will find* : wrong tenses for reported speech.
succeeds . . . follow . . . followed : clumsy repetition.
1. 18 *different* is probably wrongly used for *various*. The correct reported form is : *why various people were not asked*.
1. 21 *us* : the first person may not be used in reported speech.
1. 22 *responding* is incorrectly used.
memorised is misused. *To memorise* is to commit to memory.

121. The preceding passage may now be amended as follows :

Improved Version.

The members of the Club had known for some time that Mr. K—— was about to leave them in order to take up work in New Zealand, and it was evident from his popularity that many members would desire to give him some little gift by which he would remember them. He has been in the district only two years, but in that time he has won the goodwill of all, and his untiring energy has given him wide influence. All will miss his genial personality although they wish him god-speed upon his journey and success in his new work.

Mr. C—— opened the evening's proceedings, and, speaking on behalf of the donors, said that it gave him great pleasure to present Mr. K—— with a token of the high regard in which he was held. He had not been long with them, but his great energy had enabled him to accomplish much in a short time. Mr. R—— said that Mr. K—— had taken up the work when the membership of the Club had diminished, and through his efforts a great improvement had been made. Mr. K——'s successor would find it difficult to maintain the high standard which had been set. Mr. L——, the next speaker, stated that they had been unable to say why the testimonial had not been started before, and why various people had not been asked to contribute. While the sum received was not as great as Mr. K—— deserved, he would realise that it represented the kindly feelings of those who had looked upon him as one of themselves.

Mr. K——, in thanking the company for the gifts, recalled some of his army work in France.

[Observe that the paraphrasing has been changed.]

122. The next example is taken from a letter written by Miss Jenkins, in Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*.

Example 2.

Rewrite the following in simple language :—

The Honourable Mrs. Jamieson has only just quitted me, and in the course of conversation she communicated to me the intelligence that she had yesterday received a call from her revered husband's quondam friend, Lord Mauleverer. You will not easily conjecture what brought his lordship within the precincts of our little town. It was to see Captain Brown, with whom, it appears, his lordship was acquainted in the "plumed wars," and who had the privilege of averting destruction from his lordship's head, when some great peril was impending over it, off the misnomered Cape of Good Hope. You know our friend the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson's deficiency in the spirit of innocent curiosity, and you will therefore not be so much surprised when I tell you she was quite unable to disclose to me the exact nature of the peril in question. I was anxious, I confess, to ascertain in what manner Captain Brown, with his limited establishment could receive so distinguished a guest ; and I discovered that his lordship retired to rest, and, let us hope, to refreshing slumbers, at the Angel Hotel ; but shared the Brunonian meal during the two days that he honoured Cranford with his presence. Mrs. Johnson, our civil butcher's wife, informs me that Miss Jessie purchased a leg of lamb ; but besides this I can hear of no preparation whatever to give a suitable reception to so distinguished a visitor. Perhaps they entertained him with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" ; and to us, who are acquainted with Captain Brown's sad want of relish for "the pure wells of English undefiled," it may be matter for congratulation that he has had the opportunity of improving his taste by holding converse with an elegant and refined member of the British aristocracy.

123. Comments.—This letter is written in a pompous, verbose, affected style. In re-writing it we must replace the round-about phrases by simple expressions. Our paraphrase will therefore be considerably shorter than the original.

124. The letter may now be amended as follows :—

Improved Version.

The Honourable Mrs. Jamieson has only just left me, and in the course of conversation she told me that she had yesterday received a call from her husband's former friend, Lord Mauleverer. You will not easily guess what brought his lordship to our little town. It was to see

Captain Brown, with whom, it appears, he was acquainted during the war, and who had somehow saved his lordship's life off the Cape of Good Hope. As you know, our friend the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson lacks curiosity, and you will therefore not be surprised that she could not tell me details of the affair. I wondered how Captain Brown, with his small establishment, could accommodate his guest; and I discovered that his lordship slept at the Angel Hotel, but took meals with the Browns during the two days that he remained in Cranford. Mrs. Johnson, the butcher's wife, tells me that Miss Jessie bought a leg of lamb, and this seems the only preparation they made for their distinguished visitor. Perhaps they entertained him with serious conversation, and we may congratulate Captain Brown, who has no liking for elegant talk, upon his having had an opportunity of improving his taste by conversing with a refined British nobleman.

125. Example 3 is a question set in a Civil Service examination paper.

Example 3.

Someone once said of Dr. Johnson that if he wrote about little fishes, he would make them talk like big whales. Here are two examples of his English :—

(i) A young lady is speaking : “ I was surprised after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated.”

(ii) Another lady informs us that she “ had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph, but had danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy and the gratulations of applause, had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love.

Criticise this style. Let it be sound criticism; do not let it be all “cons” and no “pros.” Then re-write the passages in very simple English.
(Civil Service : Army Entrance.)

126. The following may be given as an answer to the preceding exercise :—

Model Answer.

(a) *Criticism of Johnson's style.*—The obvious criticism of these passages is that the language is inappropriate to the person supposed to be

speaking. People do not talk in sentences of artificially balanced structure such as these exhibit, nor do they use such a learned vocabulary.

Apart from the fact that little fishes are made to talk like big whales, has this style other defects? Let us consider first of all Johnson's practice, here shown, of building up a sentence with balanced parts of similar form, and of grouping phrases and clauses in threes. This certainly produces an unusual effect on the modern ear, accustomed as it is to the conversational character of the prose of to-day. But Johnson's grand manner is not to be condemned merely because it is artificial. In his time most writers made a wider divergence between the written language and the colloquial language than is usual to-day. We must make allowance for the change in fashion. Moreover, the balanced sentence has a rhythmical quality which is a distinct virtue.

Another stylistic feature exhibited in these passages is the preference for abstract nouns in places where the modern writer would use concrete nouns (*e.g.*, in (ii), envy, applause, gallantry, wit, love). No doubt writing gains in directness and vividness by the use of the concrete, but again, before adversely criticising Johnson, we must remember that the liking for abstractions was general among eighteenth century writers both in prose and in verse.

In attempting to paraphrase these sentences (especially the second) we are made to realise that they have qualities which we are at first apt to overlook. When we consider clauses and phrases in detail, we discover in them a weight of meaning and a compression of thought which make adequate paraphrase very difficult. We find that our version has to be longer than the original, and even then it lacks something of the vigour, the precision, and the rhythm of the original.

(b) *Paraphrase*.—(i) After the pleasant way in which I was welcomed on my arrival I looked forward to the leisure and tranquillity which country life ought to provide, but I was surprised to find instead that everybody had a disturbed and careworn appearance, and that everything was done with hurry and anxiety.

(ii) In her earlier years she had been flattered by the attentions of suitors and had known the joy of defeating her rivals in love. She had moved in the highest society, where she had met the great, as well as the merely frivolous and vain, and among these people she had lived a life of pleasure, arousing dislike in some and admiration in others. Men of all kinds sought her notice: fine gentlemen followed her with assumed humility, wits amused her with their vivacity, and lovers paid her diffident attention.

EXERCISE VIII.

1. Rewrite the following in intelligible English as *briefly* as possible, including every essential point, but without comment:—

(i) The staff of the Company are motivated by a sincere belief in the potentialities of the service and by a keen enthusiasm for those ideals and that standard of attainment which they believe it is destined to interpret and encompass.

(ii) In ordinary use the best and most nearly immediate result is obtained by using only such an amount of gum as will just uniformly moisten the surface without leaving any obvious excess to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of a gummed postage stamp just moistened as ordinarily applied to a letter.

(iii) The honourable member is addressing to me inquiry upon subject-matter cognisance of which on my part is a matter of impossibility.

(iv) There are probably many firms in the British Isles manufacturing articles exported to Canada through various channels who know very little about Canada from a commercial standpoint, but if they or the exporters knew the difficulties retarding the growth of British trade, which many of us are up against and cannot improve, they might be induced to come out to Canada, study conditions and requirements, hear complaints so often repeated, and then go back fully determined to overcome the ever-growing prejudices brought about by old-fashioned methods, dilatory attention to shipment of goods required by a certain time, and—in many cases—unsuitable packing, all of which is the cause to-day of so much business going to the United States.

(*London General School Examination.*)

2. Recast into correct and intelligible English the following preface to a book :—

“The decided and acknowledged superiority possessed by our publication over others of the like nature (and of which kind we were the first who appeared before the public weekly) cannot be more strongly and forcibly exemplified than that a similar work, the *Universal Songster* (a periodical much larger in size than ours and which is totally unfit for the pocket, an universal requisite for a Song Book), not only copies those Songs which we have altered expressly for our work, but likewise our original ones—from this latter plagiarism, however, is the proof of our assertion above most fully substantiated, and no one, we are confident, will for a moment require stronger, though the source from whence they derive their excellencies might, in common courtesy, have been acknowledged, but we forgot—it is unreasonable to expect pilferers to label those articles they may have clandestinely obtained.”

(*London General School Examination.*)

3. Rewrite in sensible English the following cutting from a local paper and explain the reason of each alteration you make :—

" On Thursday last a large and fashionable gathering assembled at the parish church of — to witness the marriage of Miss A. Brown to the Rev. Mr. Smith. The ceremony, which was fully choral, was performed by the Vicar of the parish, Mr. Smith's ecclesiastical colleague. The sacred edifice was profusely decorated with ferns and hothouse plants in pots which formed an avenue beneath which the happy pair walked to the hymeneal altar. Shortly before ten o'clock the bridegroom's equipage dashed up to the door drawn by a pair of spirited bay steeds amid a thronging crowd of spectators. The bride looked lovely as she proceeded up the aisle leaning on the arm of her cousin, Mr. C. Brown, attired in a gown of oyster satin, the *corsage* garnished with a *berthe* of priceless Brussels lace."

4. Turn into clear and concise English the following newspaper paragraphs :—

(i) Where the seats rose in tiers, the stands, with their myriad occupants in brilliant toilets, resembled nothing so much as great banks of flowers, and the many brightly coloured sunshades enhanced the charming effect. From the height of the Press-box the low covered stands, which describe a semi-circle on the one side, were like nothing so much as a variegated garden border.

The several drags lining the open spaces between the stands are always an interesting feature on these occasions, and never more so than at luncheon time, when their occupants make merry over the appetising morsels unearthed from the recesses of the spacious hampers which they carry.

(ii) Since I first referred to this matter in a scornful tone of ink others have not been slow in following my lead, at least five London newspapers having now joined in the demand that this piece of unseasonable silliness should be put an end to. I do not claim any special credit for having set the ball rolling, for in this, as in other matters—such as the "Scrap the Panel System" campaign—I merely supplied a sort of gramophone record of what men in the street and women in the home all over England were saying.

(iii) The slow, haunting music, the half-lights, the lyrical movements of the dancer, movements in which there was poetry and music unexpressed by the orchestra, gripped the audience, so that it sat still, strained and silent.

There was a pathos in it which no words could ever have told and no brush have portrayed. All the soul of Elise was in it, her fears and her despair. She stripped her thoughts and her emotions for the multitude to see, and in the stripping she made them understand.

The music drooped and died at last. The dim lights dimmed still further. From twilight the stage became darkened. The dancer seemed to melt into nebulous space at the back of the stage, her hands outflung appealingly.

(iv) Like Wordsworth, whom he hardly resembles much in other respects, he loves to describe his own books, striving always to capture some fresh felicity, to insinuate some new grace into a style which flows with a perfection of urbanity and ease unmatched in English letters since Sterne wrote *The Sentimental Journey*.

(v) Almost everybody takes the annual plunge, generally on a very modest scale, which is really a gesture of defiance to the commonsense and prudence which have regulated the rest of the year's conduct. The Derby sweep satisfies a majority, but there is a still more grateful sense of knowing recklessness in backing an outsider.

If it loses nothing need be said; if it wins there is the luxury of assuming a darkly mysterious instinct for merit in horseflesh and giving out vaguely that one has behind one a family history of "genuine sport."

(*London Matriculation.*)

5. The following passage was written by an Indian. Rewrite it in good English, not attempting to correct it piece-meal, but re-writing it bodily: confine yourself to the facts and opinions given by the original writer:—

The more recent discoveries of the science have no doubt improved the transport, but the negative side too cannot entirely be left in the back shade. With the rise in the number of motor-cars, the dangers arising from them has immensely increased. Looking to condition of road transport in 1900 of London all traffic was horse-drawn and number killed by street accidents was 179 and that of injured was 9,252. But in 1924 the number totally killed in London from such accidents were 844 and of injured 35,065. The main cause of these accidents were due by these new innovations unknown in the past. The heaviest number of deaths was caused by lorries and trade-carts, who were responsible for 263 out of 844. The greatest number of lives killed are those of pedestrians being 613. It is natural if public should view this innocent massacre with anxiety. The condition is deplorable. A few people's comforts are causing infinite oppression and blood of God's creatures is needlessly being spilt. Public consists mostly of pedestrians and number of killed is mostly pedestrians. Poor men are alone the sufferers. It is government's duty to eradicate this evil in name of justice and to minimise curtailment of its citizens. A maximum number of speed per hour should be definitely followed.

(*Civil Service : Army Entrance.*)

6. The passage given below is from a guide book to Madeira published by a native printer for the use of tourists.

Rewrite in good English the information that the writer intended to convey :—

As for the discovery of this lovely island of Maderia, which is indeed a glorious pearl in the sea, it was probable in 1370 : but not by the Portuguese, which comes much later. The first was discovered by sad accident by a lovely, oldest legend by an Englishman named Robert Matcham. He was a brave lover of a too beautiful woman to describe named Anna d'Arfet, his dear love, which he could not marry because the enterprise was not recommended by his patrons.

History teaches us that these two evaded together to establish in France and took shipment with a pilot captain friend named Peter Morales, who was a great fighting pilot of Spain. They delivered free on board and everything of best description, until the ship ran against a storm which was indeed terrible. Many days they blow where the Pilots could not say : and after varied assortment of trouble they came against this strange shore of Maderia and all wrecked. So perished in each other's arms this famous love story, which are indeed a strange and lovely legend. The pilot Pedro escaped and went away to Portugal where he told the King about the Island. So it was discovered again by a navigator of the King. (Civil Service : Army Entrance.)

7. Rewrite the following passages in good English, bringing out clearly and in simple language the meaning intended. Make no more change in the original than is necessary :—

(a) Will some kind reader help young lady at once with £3, in dire necessity, while seeking engagement, and which would be returned.

(b) Shake the Thermometer until the Mercury registers 95° or under, now place well under the tongue, the mouth being rigidly closed during the full specified time, or it may be placed in the arm-pit with the arm well pressed against the side.

Thermometers are marked 30 and 60 seconds and also 2 minutes, to ensure accuracy the bulb must be kept in the source of heat a little longer than these specified times, and do not allow any saliva to collect in the mouth.

(c) (*From an account of a visit to a cinema*).—Hand in hand we descended the steps and came upon a young lady in a cage. Having bestowed specimens of the national coinage upon her, we negotiated a door and were at once enfolded in a solemn twilight. A dimly seen minion materialised out of the gloom, and under his guidance we battled with a curtain, defeated it, emerged upon its other side, sank into two armchairs and peered about. (Civil Service : Army Entrance.)

8. The following newspaper paragraph contains a number of faults in grammar and style. Rewrite it in improved form :—

The British producer is doing his best to turn out a fine and durable product, and discovers himself faced with inferior productions which are finished with the ingenuity and cleverness manifested even in smallest matters by Continental firms ; and tempting-looking in appearance, they are offered in British markets at a price with which it is hopeless to attempt to compete ; having been made by labour paid for at a far lower rate than the British artisan. While pondering this the question arises as to whether the importance of the carpet industry would justify the application of the Safeguarding of Industries Act to it. It will be found upon examination that it most certainly does.

CHAPTER IX.

NARRATIVE-WRITING.

127. Excellent practice in composition is afforded by the writing of narrative based on material supplied in note-form. An exercise of this kind is often included in Civil Service English papers as a test of candidates' powers of expression. A biographical outline or some diary-jottings may be given, and the examinee is required to work up this material into a consecutive statement presented in a readable form. In carrying out this task he must, of course, use intelligence and imagination in order to supply the missing links, but the chief quality demanded of him is the ability to construct a clear, well-written narrative.

It will be observed that we are here engaged in a process which is the reverse of *précis*-writing. We are given the dry bones, and we have to clothe them with living flesh.

Methods of treatment are best explained in connection with actual examples. This chapter will therefore contain a number of typical questions with specimen answers.

128. In the first example two incidents, related in disconnected form, are to be described in continuous English.

NOTES OF AN INCIDENT.

Rewrite in correct and consecutive English (a) the account given below by "the stranger" (Mr. Jingle) of his behaviour during the French Revolution of July, 1830; and (b) his anecdote of his dog Ponto.

"Poet, sir?" inquired the stranger, turning to Mr. Pickwick.

"My friend, Mr. Snodgrass, has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! think I was. Fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—

another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportsman, sir ? ” abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

“ A little, sir,” replied that gentleman.

“ Fine pursuit, sir. Dogs, sir ? ”

“ Not just now,” said Mr. Winkle.

“ Ah ! You should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go ; stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto—wouldn’t move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—‘ Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure ’—wouldn’t pass it—wonderful dog, that—very.”

(Dickens : *Pickwick Papers*.)

129. The above notes may be expanded as follows:—

Narrative.—(a) Mr. Jingle said that he, like Mr. Snodgrass, had a strong poetic turn. He had written an epic poem of ten thousand lines on the French Revolution of July. He composed it on the spot. He himself took part in the fighting and was alternately soldier and poet. In the midst of the firing he would be seized with an idea for his poem, and would rush off to a wine-shop, snatch up a pen, and commit his thoughts to paper. Back he went to the fighting-line until another idea forced him to return to the wine-shop and his poem. Thus, under the inspiration of the actual events it described, the epic came into being.

(b) Hearing that Mr. Winkle was interested in dogs, Mr. Jingle related a story about a dog of his own, named Ponto, an exceptionally sagacious animal. He was out shooting one day and was about to enter an enclosure. He expected Ponto to follow him, but the dog stopped, and, in spite of his master’s whistles and calls, remained stock still, staring at a board. At last it became clear why the dog refused to move. On the board was the inscription “ Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure,” and the dog would not pass it. He was a wonderful animal !

130. Comments.—In the above answers the stories have been turned into the reported form. The change was not actually necessary in this case, but some examination questions definitely demand it. It is more difficult to tell the story in the third person than in the first because, unless care is exercised, the pronouns become ambiguous. (This difficulty will be observed especially in connection with (b).)

131. A similar exercise is provided by the writing of a connected account from material such as is supplied by a ship's log or by entries in a diary.

SHIP'S LOG.

With the aid of the particulars which are printed below, write a clear and concise account of the voyage of the *Manchester Producer*. Do not copy dates and details, but aim at broad outlines.

The Voyage of the S.S. "Manchester Producer."

(6,576 tons—Capt. Mitchell.)

- Jan. 26, 1926. Left Halifax (Nova Scotia) for Manchester: cargo—338 cattle and general food stuffs.
- Jan. 26—Febr. 22. Heavy gales in the Atlantic.
- Febr. 2 Rudder broken: ship adrift: S.O.S. signals broadcast.
- " 3 S.S. *Hanover* standing by: many cattle swept overboard or so badly maimed that they had to be slaughtered.
- " 4-6 S.S. *Comino* standing by.
- " 6-8 S.S. *Menominee* standing by.
- " 3-8 Vain efforts by above vessels to take the *Manchester Producer* in tow.
- " 8 S.S. *London Commerce* and *Mongolian Prince* come up. They and the *Manchester Producer* run together before the wind. The tug *Zwarte Zee* dispatched from Queenstown with salvage appliances.
- " 8-18 The *London Commerce* keeps by, makes efforts to take the *Manchester Producer* in tow.
- " 10 Waves 40 to 50 feet high: more cattle maimed.
- " 16 Shortage of drinking water on board. Seaman Bentsen's leg broken and set by Captain.
- " 17 *Manchester Producer* sighted by the *Zwarte Zee*.
- " 18 *Manchester Producer* taken in tow by *Zwarte Zee*: now 500 miles out of her course.
- " 24 Arrival of *Manchester Producer* (in tow) at Fayal (Azores).
- March 15 Arrival of *Manchester Producer* (in tow) at Manchester, 1,500 miles from Fayal: 253 cattle still on board.

(Civil Service: Army Entrance.)

132. Comments.—In working questions of this kind the student would do well to read through the material two or three times to master the contents and then put it aside while writing the connected account. In this way he will naturally

tend to keep to the main outlines and omit unimportant details.

It will be observed that the notes given above contain several details that need not appear in the narrative. The size of the ship, the name of the captain, the accident to Seaman Bentsen, and the exact number of cattle on board need not be mentioned. Again, the names of the five vessels that attempted to assist the *Manchester Producer* can be omitted, and we need give no details of what they did, because their efforts were fruitless. Only the most important dates should be given.

We shall find it necessary to make one or two changes in the order of the facts so as to give coherence to our narrative.

133. Our connected account will then be somewhat as follows :—

Narrative.—On Jan. 26, 1926, the S.S. *Manchester Producer* left Halifax (Nova Scotia) for Manchester with a cargo of cattle and food-stuffs. She immediately ran into heavy gales, and a week after leaving port her rudder was broken and she was adrift. In response to her S.O.S. signals five vessels came up one after another and tried to render assistance. The weather was so bad, however, that they were unable to take the disabled ship in tow. Meanwhile many of the cattle on the *Manchester Producer* were either swept overboard or were so badly maimed that they had to be slaughtered. The gales continued with unabated force, and at one time the ship encountered waves of forty to fifty feet high. The position of the crew became even more serious when the drinking water began to fail. Fortunately the vessel was sighted by the *Zwarte Zee*, a tug that had been despatched from Queens-town with salvage appliances. The *Manchester Producer*, now 500 miles off her course, was towed by the *Zwarte Zee* first to Fayal (Azores) and then to Manchester. She reached port after a voyage of seven weeks.

134. The kind of treatment required in amplifying diary-jottings is illustrated in the following example:—

EXPANSION OF NOTES OR DIARY-JOTTINGS.

Suppose that the notes given below are jottings in your own diary recording a walk which you took yourself. Write a composition in about 200 words fully describing what you saw and the impression it made on your imagination.

August 5th.

This afternoon walked through a wood of beeches and limes and a few silver birches—just the sort of wood to be haunted by nymphs—my fancy peopled the wood with them—narrow hollow-shaped purple paths—edges of moss—warm and still—golden light in the upper boughs.

135. Comments.—A question of this sort is intended to give scope for the student's imagination. Making use of the hints given, he should try to call up a mental picture of the scene in which he is supposed to have been. Then he must ask himself what effect the sights and sounds would have had on him, and what would have been the main impression left on his mind.

In the case of the diary-jottings given above it is clear that the fancy concerning the nymphs dominated the writer's mind as he walked through the wood. This idea should therefore be given full treatment in the complete narrative.

In a piece of imaginative writing of this kind great attention must be paid to style.

136. In order to illustrate how a great writer has expanded the ideas suggested by the above jottings we have adapted a passage from George Eliot's *Adam Bede* for the narrative given below.

Narrative.—This afternoon I walked through a wood of beeches and limes, with here and there a light, silver-stemmed birch—just the sort of wood most haunted by the nymphs: you see their white sunlit limbs gleaming athwart the boughs, or peeping from behind the smooth-sweeping outline of a tall lime; you hear their soft liquid laughter—but if you look with a too curious sacrilegious eye, they vanish behind the silvery beeches, they make you believe that their voice was only a running brooklet, perhaps they metamorphose themselves into a tawny squirrel that scampers away and mocks you from the topmost bough. It was not a grove with measured grass or rolled gravel for you to tread upon, but with narrow, hollow-shaped, earthy paths, edged with faint dashes of delicate moss—paths which look as if they were made by the free-will of the trees and underwood, moving reverently aside to look at the tall queen of the white-footed nymphs. The air was warm and still as I passed under an avenue of limes and beeches. The golden light was lingering languidly among the upper boughs, only glancing down here and there on the purple pathway and its edge of faintly sprinkled moss.

137. A frequent form of exercise consists in the writing of a continuous historical narrative from a summary of events.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Turn the following summary of events into the form of a continuous narrative :—

A.D. 1640.—The Long Parliament meets in November. Attack on King's Ministers. Impeachment of Strafford. Arrest of Archbishop Laud.

1641—Feb.—Triennial Bill passed.

March.—Trial of Strafford.

April-May.—The charges against Strafford not amounting to high treason, he is charged under a Bill of Attainder and executed.

Bill providing against adjournment or dissolution of Parliament without its own consent.

June.—Ship money declared illegal. Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission abolished.

Sept.-Oct.—Recess of Parliament.

Nov.—Grand Remonstrance presented to the King. Division between Cavaliers and Roundheads first appears.

1642—June.—Attempted arrest of five Members. Commons demand control of Militia.

May.—Falkland, Hyde, and a number of Peers and Members of Commons secede to the King.

July 12.—Army raised for the "Defence of King and Parliament." Essex made Captain-General.

Aug. 22.—Charles raises Royal Standard at Nottingham.

138. *Comments.*—An exercise of this type is rather more difficult than those so far dealt with. A certain background of historical knowledge is needed if the facts are to be properly linked up and a coherent statement is to be produced.

With regard to the dates, it will not be necessary, of course, to mention any except the most important.

When the events can be grouped according to stages, the narrative should be given a corresponding division into paragraphs. Thus, in the above outline, we see that from its meeting in 1640 to the first recess in September 1641, the Long Parliament had an uninterrupted series of successes in its struggle against the King: the account of this period should

form one paragraph. From the time when Parliament re-assembled division appeared in the ranks of the Commons, and the King attempted resistance : the events of this time should be related in a separate paragraph.

139. Our narrative of the preceding will therefore be as follows :—

Narrative.—On November 3rd, 1640, the Long Parliament met. This body at once took the reins into its hands. First the desire for revenge had to be satisfied, and accordingly Laud and Strafford were arrested. The trial of the latter was begun in March 1641 ; but the Commons, fearing that the Lords would not convict, abandoned the impeachment and passed a Bill of Attainder. To this Bill the King assented and Strafford was executed. During the same year the constitution was in part remodelled : a Triennial Bill declaring that Parliament should meet every three years, even if the King did not summon it, was passed. Charles was obliged to assent to a Bill declaring that the existing Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent ; and Acts were passed abolishing the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and declaring that ship money was illegal. Thus the Crown was stripped of its extraordinary powers, and henceforth it would be impossible for Charles legally to obtain money for carrying on the government without the goodwill of Parliament, or to punish offenders without the goodwill of juries.

For a time the King bore with the altered circumstances, as the unanimity of Parliament on the political issue was complete ; but when the Commons in November 1641 presented the Grand Remonstrance, a document recounting the unconstitutional acts of the King both in Church and State, differences on the religious question appeared between Puritans and Episcopalians. Charles sided with the Episcopalians. In January 1642 he struck at the predominance of Parliament and attempted to arrest the five leaders in full parliamentary session. The attempt failed, Charles left London, and the schism was complete. The Commons at once demanded control of the militia ; and in the summer of the same year raised an army, and placed the Earl of Essex at its head. Meanwhile Falkland and Hyde, together with many peers and commoners, had seceded to the King. In August 1642, unfurling his banner at Nottingham, Charles prepared to take the field.

140. The writing of a biography from details supplied is an exercise resembling the one just considered.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE.

Write a connected account of the life of John Milton based on the following notes :—

- 1608—Born in Bread Street, Cheapside. Father a scrivener.
 1620—St. Paul's School.
 1625-32—Christ's College, Cambridge. Very diligent student. Classics, Hebrew, modern literatures (English, French, Italian), Mathematics, Music.
 1632-8—Entered no profession. Lived with father at Horton (Buckinghamshire). Devoted himself to study. Determined to achieve some great work as a poet.
 Wrote five poems: *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*.
 1638—Travelled abroad. Met scholars in Italy.
 News of quarrels between King and Parliament caused his return.
 1639—Settled in London. Soon espoused the Puritan cause, which he supported with his pen.
 1639-60—Period of prose-writing and political work. No poetry except a few sonnets.
 1641-2—Controversial pamphlets on Church Government.
 1642—Civil War began.
 1643—Pamphlets on Divorce.
 1644—*Areopagitica*. His most famous prose work. Attacked Parliament for attempting to establish a censorship of the Press.
 1649—Charles I executed.
 Milton appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. Arduous duties caused his blindness (1652). Continued work, however, till Restoration.
 1658—Death of Cromwell.
 Paradise Lost begun.
 1660—Restoration of Charles II.
 Milton forced to hide; imprisoned for short time.
 Now free to devote himself to his great poem.
 1667—*Paradise Lost* published.
 1671—*Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* (a tragedy) published.
 1674—Milton died. Buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

141. Comments.—The treatment required is similar to that of the last exercise. Notice that certain of the facts mentioned (e.g., 1642, Civil War began; 1658, Death of Cromwell) need

not be used. The paragraphing of the narrative is a simple matter in this case, for Milton's life can be divided into well-marked periods.

142. Our connected account of Milton's life will be as follows :—

Narrative.—John Milton was born in 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside : his father was a scrivener. At twelve years of age he was sent to St. Paul's School, and from there he went in 1625 to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained until he was twenty-three. He worked extremely hard, and his studies included not only the classics and Hebrew, but the literatures of the moderns—English, French and Italian. Mathematics and music also received his attention.

On leaving Cambridge he went to live with his father at Horton, Buckinghamshire. He did not adopt a profession, but spent six years in further study in order to prepare himself for the great poetical work which he had already determined to achieve. During this time he wrote five poems—*L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. In 1638, still continuing his education, he travelled abroad and met the chief scholars of Italy. News of the political disturbances at home, however, caused him to return the following year. He settled in London.

So far Milton's life had been one of secluded study. Now came twenty years of furious political controversy, during which time he wrote no poetry except a few sonnets. Espousing the Puritan cause, he used his pen to support the Parliament against the King. In 1641-3 he wrote pamphlets on Church Government and on Divorce. His most famous prose work, however, was *Areopagitica*, written in 1644 to defend the liberty of the Press. His zeal on behalf of the Parliamentary cause led to his appointment as Latin Secretary to the Council of State, in 1649. His arduous labours in this post brought about his blindness in 1652. In spite of this terrible misfortune he remained at work until the downfall of the Government in 1660.

At the Restoration of Charles II Milton was forced to go into hiding, and for a short time he was in prison. At last, however, he was free from political strife and could devote himself to his great poetical work. He had begun *Paradise Lost* in 1658 ; he now completed it and published it in 1667. Four years later *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* appeared. Milton died in 1674, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

EXERCISE IX.

1. The following is an extract from *Pickwick Papers*. Give Mr. Jingle's narrative in not more than 250 words of ordinary connected English prose, in the third person.

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach-pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger. "Never recovered the stomach-pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head-first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out and the fountain played again as well as ever."

(*Indian Civil Service.*)

2. Suppose that the two sets of notes given below are jottings in your own diary, recording country walks which you took yourself. Write compositions, in prose or verse as you prefer, fully describing what you saw and the impression which it made on your imagination. About 200 words are expected, if the composition is written in prose.

(a) *Thursday, —July 17th.*—Went for a country ramble: Leatherhead to Reigate, over the Downs. Down in the valley tarred roads and park walks: up on the hills a feast of beauty free to all. What a contrast! After all, poverty has its compensations: the lawns and rosaries of millionaires may be hidden by high brick walls, but the poor man has a garden far more beautiful.

(Entitle your composition *The Poor Man's Garden.*)

(*Civil Service: Army Entrance.*)

(b) *April 5th.—Easter Monday.*—Walked alone up the valley to — Castle. Warm and sunny. Wild flowers everywhere, especially primroses—in the meadows, in the woods, on the hills, on the river bank. Strange effect of the hot sunshine—their mouths wide open, as if shouting. Heralds of summer!

(*Civil Service: Army Entrance.*)

3. Using the following notes, write a connected account in good English of the flight of the *Bremen* from Ireland to Labrador. The narrative should be suitably paraphrased :—

The Flight of the "Bremen."

Thursday Morning, April 12th, 1928.—Junkers monoplane *Bremen* (310 h.-p. Junkers L5 engine) left Baldonnel (Ireland) for New York. Captain Herman Köhl and Captain James Fitzmaurice as pilots and Baron von Hünefeld as passenger. Fuel for 40 hours.

At first machine worked splendidly. Winds favourable. Hope of speedy crossing.

After 900 miles blizzard arose. Head wind. Storm increased to intensity never anticipated. Critical situation.

At nightfall lighting system failed. Impossible to readjust it.

Köhl had to fly blind for about 400 miles. No idea of position or course. Hünefeld and Fitzmaurice made vain attempts to illuminate compass with electric torch.

Hope almost abandoned.

Daybreak. Discovered they had been heading generally in western direction.

Later, fuel running short. Attempt to reach New York abandoned. Dense fog, 2,000 feet high. Impossible to surmount it. Forced to fly only 50 feet above sea. Later, storm forced them to fly through fog.

Late afternoon, saw something like funnel of steamer in ice. Proved to be lighthouse on Greenly Island (Labrador).

Came low down and saw frozen lake. Landed successfully except that ice gave way and wheels went through.

4. With the aid of the following material, describe the voyage of the air-ship *Norge*. Use your judgment in selecting and arranging the information given so as to produce an interesting narrative.

Refer to an atlas for the position of the places mentioned.

Tuesday, May 11, 8.55 a.m.—Airship *Norge*, semi-rigid, designed by Signor Nobile, built in Italy, maximum speed 70 miles an hour, having three 250 h.-p. engines, leaves King's Bay, Spitzbergen. On board: Captain Amundsen, Nobile as pilot, 2 other officers, crew of 15 men, a newspaper correspondent.

Wednesday, 1.0 a.m.—Over the pole. *Norge*, taking observations, descends to 600 feet, then rises to 4,000 feet. Thin ice and open water in patches.

Wednesday—Thursday.—Crosses hitherto unexplored Beaufort Sea, 1,250 miles. Establishes fact that there is no land between North Pole and Point Barrow. Crew on duty continuously without sleep; food frozen, liquids kept hot in thermos flasks. Fog below, and cloud above.

Thursday, 8.30 p.m.—*Norge*, cruising 10 miles from shore in thick haze, sighted by watchers at Point Barrow. Signals made with lights by watchers useless. Airship passes on, heading for Nome, 700 miles away.

11.8 p.m.—Weak wireless messages from *Norge* calling up Nome, picked up by other stations.

Thursday Night—Friday.—*Norge* calling for position by wireless in vain; forced to rise high to take observations by sun. Severe buffeting by snow and wind. Icicles, falling from the rigging, shot by propellers through the envelope; crew engaged in patching holes. Leakage of gas. Position picked up by wireless.

Friday, 8 a.m.—Forced to land at Teller, 75 miles from Nome. Man dropped by parachute. Whole population of Eskimos help. Gas-bag deflated. Distance travelled from Spitzbergen about 3,000 miles; time taken 72 hours.
(Civil Service : Army Entrance.)

5. Turn the following notes into a continuous narrative that shall be as interesting and vivid as possible:—

The Siege and Relief of Londonderry, 1689.

A body of Ulster Protestants, supporters of King William III, took refuge in Londonderry against the Irish army under James II, who was seeking to recover the English throne.

Defences of Londonderry weak and stock of provisions small. Lundy, the governor, was fainthearted and a traitor.

April 14th.—English ships with troops anchored in the bay. Lundy persuaded the commander not to land troops; said defence was hopeless.

James within four miles of city.

Council of chief inhabitants called. Resolution to defend city. Hostile feeling against the governor. Lundy hid himself and finally escaped. Major Henry Baker and Captain Adam Murray appointed governors. All inhabitants organised to withstand siege.

April 20th.—James offered inhabitants pardon on submission. Refused.

James returned to Dublin. Maumont (French general) in command.

April 21st.—Maumont killed during a sally made by Murray. Richard Hamilton now in command of besiegers.

May—June.—Garrison held out.

Final attempt to take city by assault failed.

Blockade decided on. All roads guarded. Boom placed across river.

June 15th.—Ships containing relieving troops from England under Kirke appeared in Lough Foyle. Kirke thought it unsafe to attempt to break through lines of besiegers. Lay inactive for some weeks.

Severe famine in city. Shortage of ammunition. Pestilence. Alarmed by news of Kirke's expedition, James sent Rosen (French general) to take chief command. Attempted to reduce city by display of savagery. James shocked by Rosen's cruelty; ordered his recall. Hamilton again in command.

Negotiations for surrender. Hamilton could not grant terms demanded. Conflict resumed.

July.—Garrison in extremity. Food exhausted.

Kirke now received positive orders from England to relieve Londonderry. Micaiah Browning and Andrew Douglas, masters of two merchant ships (the *Mountjoy* and the *Phœnix*) under Kirke's convoy volunteered to attempt to enter city with food. Escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate, commanded by Captain John Leake.

July 28th.—The three ships sailed up river. *Mountjoy* went at the boom; barricade gave way: *Mountjoy* rebounded and stuck in mud. Covered by guns of *Dartmouth*. *Phœnix* dashed at breach and passed through. Tide rose. *Mountjoy* moved. Ships reached the quay.

Siege lasted 105 days. Garrison reduced from 7,000 to 3,000.

6. Read (i) and (ii). Then throw the diary of events which follows into the form of a continuous narrative describing the events of "the great and terrible year 1066." You may generalise, where you prefer to do so, from the particulars provided:—

(i)

"We have now come to the great and terrible year 1066. In the course of that year England had three kings. I might almost say four; and in the course of that year it was that the line of our native kings came to an end, and that England had to receive a foreign king . . ."

"Soon after Easter a comet was seen which shone with great brightness for seven days. In those days men thought that signs of that kind in the heavens foretold something wonderful which was going to happen, especially that some great king or kingdom was about to be overthrown."

(ii)

In October, 1065, the men of Northumbria revolted against the oppressive government of their earl, Tostig, the brother of Harold, and held a council at York, which voted the deposition and outlawry of Tostig and the election of Morkere as earl. Morkere was supported by his brother Edwin, earl of Mercia. Harold acted as mediator between the King and the Northumbrians, and the Witenagemot confirmed the banishment of Tostig and the election of Morkere.

1066.

(iii)

Jan. 5 Edward the Confessor dies; Harold elected King. Northumbria refuses to acknowledge Harold.

- Jan. 6 Edward buried ; Harold crowned.
- „ 15-April 16 Harold wins over Northumbria with the help of Bishop Wulfstan.
- April 24-30 The Comet.
- May — Tostig ravages the Isle of Wight and the coasts of Sussex, Kent, and the Humber.
- May-Sept. William of Normandy makes ready for his expedition against England. Preparations of Harold : militia gathered and kept under arms.
- Sept. 8 Harold's militia disbanded owing to scarcity of supplies. Invasion of Tostig and Harold Hardrada of Norway ; they ravage the Yorkshire coast, and, sailing up the Ouse, land at Riccall, near York.
- „ 20 The invaders defeat Earls Edwin and Morkere at Fulford (2 miles from York).
- „ 24 York surrenders to Harold Hardrada. Harold of England reaches Tadcaster, near York.
- „ 25 Battle of Stamford Bridge ; victory of Harold of England ; Harold Hardrada and Tostig killed.
- „ 27 William of Normandy sails from St. Valéry.
- „ 28 William lands at Pevensey.
- „ 29 William marches to Hastings.
- Oct. 1-12 Harold hastens to London to collect troops. Edwin and Morkere follow slowly.
- „ 12-13 Harold marches from London and encamps on Senlac, near Hastings.
- „ 14 Battle of Senlac ; defeat of the English ; death of Harold. Edwin and Morkere reach London.
- „ 15-Nov. 1 Edgar, grandson of Edmund Ironside, chosen King ; Londoners prepare for resistance against William. Edwin and Morkere withdraw to their earldoms.
- „ 15 William encamps at Hastings.
- „ 20 William marches on Romney.
- „ 21 Dover submits.
- „ 31-Dec. 1 William's sickness. Winchester submits.
- Dec. 1 Skirmish near London ; burning of Southwark. William marches to Wallingford. Submission of Edgar and others at Berkhamstead.
- „ 25 Coronation of William.

(*Civil Service : Foreign Office Clerkships and Attachéships.*)

7. With the aid of the following particulars, construct a biographical account of Thomas Gray :—

Thomas Gray.

- 1716—Born in London.
- 1727—Sent to Eton. Formed friendships with Richard West and Horace Walpole (son of the Prime Minister).
- 1734-8—At Peterhouse, Cambridge.
Not happy here. Low spirits. Melancholy was to afflict him all his life.
- 1739—Accompanied Walpole on continental tour. Two years and a half. Visited the great cities. Studied music, painting, and architecture in Italy. Became competent critic.
- 1741—Quarrelled with Walpole. Finished tour alone; returned to London.
- 1742—Wrote *Ode on the Spring*.
West died: great blow to Gray.
Sonnet on the death of Richard West. *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, *Hymn to Adversity*.
Returned to Cambridge. Took up residence at Peterhouse. Settled down to life of scholar. Poetic inspiration rare.
- 1745—Reconciled with Walpole.
- 1747—Sent Walpole his *Ode on a Favourite Cat*.
- 1749—At Stoke Pogis finished *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had been started some time before.
- 1751—*Elegy* published anonymously. Received with great applause. His one great poem.
- 1756—Moved from Peterhouse to Pembroke College, Cambridge.
- 1757—*Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*—two Pindaric odes—printed for Gray by Horace Walpole.
Devoted himself to study of early English literature. Spent much time in reading at British Museum.
- 1761—Produced verse translations from Norse and Welsh.
From this time onwards wrote numerous letters to friends. A charming letter-writer.
- 1768—Received Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge.
- 1771—Died.

8. With the aid of the facts given below, construct a biographical account of Lord Clive in good English:—

Lord Clive.

- 1725—Robert Clive born at Styche, Shropshire.
At school, little aptitude for learning. Mischievous; fearless; headstrong temper.
Given writership (clerkship) in the East India Company.
Family glad to get rid of him.

- 1744—Arrived at Madras.
Disliked his work ; homesick ; ill-health through climate.
- 1740-1748—England opposed France in War of the Austrian Succession.
The French East India Company the chief competitor of the English Company in India. Principal French settlement at Pondicherry under governorship of Dupleix.
- 1746—Dupleix captured Madras.
Clive became an officer in Company's army. Distinguished himself against French.
- 1748—England and France concluded peace.
Madras surrendered to English.
But rivalry between French and English in India continued.
Dupleix schemed to obtain control of the Carnatic (the province in which Madras situated). Clive urged that French plans could be counteracted by attacking Arcot. He was entrusted with the task.
- 1751—Captured the town ; withstood siege against vastly superior forces. Dupleix recalled in disgrace. Madras settlement controlled Carnatic.
- 1755—Clive appointed Governor of Fort St. David.
The Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, formed alliance with French, captured Fort William (Calcutta).
Clive sent from Madras to attack Surajah Dowlah.
- 1757—Battle of Plassey. Clive utterly defeated overwhelmingly superior forces. Nabob dethroned : replaced by English dependant.
- 1760—Clive returned to England. Enormously wealthy. Received Irish peerage.
Company's affairs in India fell into confusion. Officials dishonest. Provinces misgoverned. Natives oppressed.
- 1764—Clive made Governor and Commander-in-chief of Bengal. Sent to India to restore order.
In spite of opposition Clive sternly suppressed corruption and restored discipline.
- 1767—Returned to England.
He had made enemies in India. These had influence at home. Ill-feeling stirred up against Clive.
- 1772-3—Clive's proceedings in India discussed in Parliament.
Inquiry by select committee of Parliament.
Clive acquitted of main charges.
His spirits depressed by indignity of the inquiry.
Inactivity increased his gloom. Physical suffering.
- 1774—Committed suicide.

